Childhood, Travel, and British Columbia.

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ILLUSTRATED.

JOHN JOHNSON.

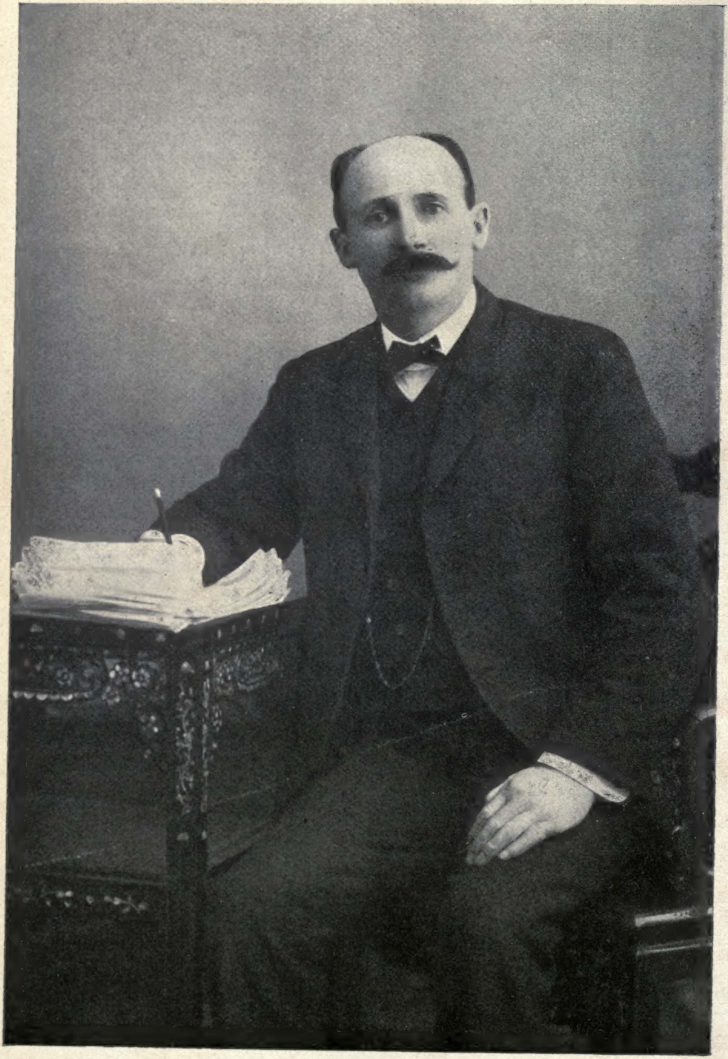
Presented to
Rev. J. B. Kennedy, M.A.
With the Author's Compliments
and best wishes.
John Johnson.

Christiania, August 21st 1920.

I met the Author in Vancou
in 1887. He was a Deacon of
the first Baptist Church of whic
I was Pastor

Received this book by
mail on the 13th of Sept. 1

Jas B. Kennedy
5 Edgar ave Toronto



THE AUTHOR.

Childhood, Travel,

and

British Columbia

With 40 Illustrations.

JOHN JOHNSON.

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IN MEMORY
OF MY MOTHER.

INTRODUCTION.

The writer in the following biography has in simple language and with a beautiful spirit revealed the history of his life. The story reveals many things, among which are:

First—Steady, determined persistence and fidelity to duty stand for success.

Second—A godly life, devotion to morality, and a high sense of justice between man and man, are elements that materially help and in no wise hinder in the search after this world's comforts.

Third—Simplicity of spirit and lowliness of mind in everyday life are of the highest value in the struggle from poverty to wealth. Here is a poor Scandinavian lad who left his home of poverty and faced the hardships and dangers of land and ocean; who went to foreign lands without foreign language; and in the midst of great difficulties pushed forward to success and comfort, and at the same time maintained his integrity.

Fourth—The influence of good parents, especially of a loving, pious mother, remains through life and is of incalculable worth to the young lad going out from home, be it ever so humble, to earn his living in the big, cold world. It is plain that all through the pages of this book "Home, sweet home," in its purest and most delightful influences, has ever been present in the heart and thought of the writer.

Fifth—The poor lad of the European North-land did wisely and well to migrate to Canada, the North-land of the new Western Continent—the continent that Norsemen discovered centuries before Columbus was born. The plain, unvarnished tale, told in a manner that must arouse the interest of all humane and sympathetic readers, is full of information, a considerable portion of which is valuable apart from the account of the writer's life. The elements and influences at work, as one reads the book, are of a helpful character and surely make for righteousness. And as such it is worthy of commendation to the reading public, and especially to the young who are face to face with the difficulties of the big untried life opening before them.

They, too, if upright, faithful, moral and hard-working, may have a success and a ripe manhood somewhat similar to the Norseman who now is a successful and respected Canadian.

E. ODLUM, M.A., B.Sc.

"Grand View,"
Vancouver, B.C.,
Canada,
October 16th, 1907.

PREFACE.

The writer was prompted to write this book in the silence of the night of Monday, November 26th, 1906, immediately after hearing of the death of his mother, who died on the 22nd day of October, 1906. So strong was the impression that he felt he must write it, with the confident assurance that it would be the means of helping someone, somewhere, on the lonely journey of life.

The germs from which grow all knowledge possessed in human life are Sensation and Appetite. These were the original guides to the continuity of life, and as long as they were natural they were accurate guides; but, on the first transgression of the laws governing organic life, pain was introduced as a safeguard against the destruction of life. Then, the two great actuators of man, Pain and Pleasure, became manifest. Pain was the result of sin against nature; Pleasure was harmonious action of the senses with nature. The former became a probe: a scourge to drive us into obedience to laws; and the latter, a bribe to lead us forward to self preservation. Herein was laid the foundation of fear of pain and desire for pleasure, which were to be the arena of the struggle. Pleasure and pain alike are caused by the motion of life: either are exhausters of life and weakening to the organism. No one being is able to endure the intensity of either very long. We can endure pleasure longer than pain, because it is harmonious action; while the other is inharmonious. All nature is motion —a song of harmony; therefore, moderate pleasure is productive of continuous vigour. Health is the normal state; so the first thing to be sought for is health, or harmony with nature, which is the same thing; one being the cause, the other the effect.

We are here in this world, although we had no choice in the matter, and for what purpose? Life often looks long and dreary, and seems at times to have no end to it; but after all when we look back it changes its appearance and seems like the passing of ships in the night, at a rapid rate, and to an unknown destination.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

BIRTHPLACE AND EDUCATION - - - 11
BECOMES A SAILOR AND VISITS ANTWERP - 21
SHIPS FOR CHRISTIANA AND CONVERSES WITH KING OSCAR II. - - - 30
DESCRIPTION OF NEW YORK CITY - - 38
A NEW SHIP, A NEW CAPTAIN, AND A NEW EXPERIENCE - - - - 50
ON BOARD THE BRITISH SHIP "DORSET" - 69
LEAVING CHINA FOR BRITISH COLUMBIA - 85
STARTING OFF FOR A NEW PART OF THE WORLD 119
ARRIVING AT HOME - - - - 141
OFF FOR A FAR COUNTRY - - - 154
FISHING ON COLUMBIA BAR - - - 164
LEAVING PORTLAND, OREGON, FOR VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA - - - 168
CHOSEN PILOT TO CONVEY SIR JOHN A. AND LADY MACDONALD FROM NANAIMO TO NEW WESTMINSTER - - - 195
I LEAVE C.P.N. CO. AND START BUSINESS FOR MYSELF - - - - 213
MY SISTER AND BROTHER ARRIVE FROM NORWAY, AND MY SISTER DIES SHORTLY AFTER - 221
FATHER AND MOTHER COME TO BRITISH COLUMBIA 229
DEATH OF MY BROTHER OLE - - - 243
I TAKE ANOTHER TRIP, AND MY EXPERIENCE IN LONDON WITH PATENTS - - 248
DEATH OF MY FATHER - - - 262
FINALLY THE LONG ROAD TAKES A TURN - 273
OFF TO THE "LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN" - 277
VANCOUVER TO MONTREAL - - - 288
OTTAWA, THE CAPITAL OF CANADA - - 298
MONTREAL, CANADA'S GREATEST CITY - - 305
THE OCEAN VOYAGE AND THE CITY OF LIVERPOOL 311
THE CITY OF PARIS, FRANCE - - - 325
LONDON, THE METROPOLIS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE 331

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Author.
The Author's Birthplace.
Carl Johan (Carl XIV.)
Spot where Carl XII. was shot.
Where Carl XII. was taken after being killed.
Removing the body of Carl XII.
King Oscar II.
The British ship "Dorset."
Capt. C. C. Couves (Master of the "Dorset.")
The wrecked "Beaver."
Victoria, B.C.
Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B.C.
Hastings Street, Vancouver.
Château Frontenac, Quebec.
Farm in British Columbia.
The Norwegian Cabinet.
King Haakon and Queen Maud.
S.S. "Lake Manitoba."
S.S. "Empress of Britain."
C.P.R. Station, Vancouver.
C.P.R. Train.
Threshing, Western Canada.
Lake Louise, Laggan.
Banff Hotel.
Interior of Dining Car.
Three Sisters, Canmore.
Winnipeg.
Parliament Buildings, Ottawa.
Monument of Sir John A. Macdonald.
C.P.R. Station, Montreal.
Dining Saloon, "Empress of Britain."
Norwegian Storthing decides on separation.
Hoisting Norwegian Flag.
A Famous Viking Ship.
Place de la Concorde, Paris.
Arc de Triomphe.
Tomb of Napoleon I.
Palais Du Luxembonrg.
Capt. Thomas F. Gates.
View of Penarth Beach.

THE AUTHOR'S BIRTHPLACE.

CHAPTER I.

THE WRITER'S BIRTHPLACE AND EDUÇATION.

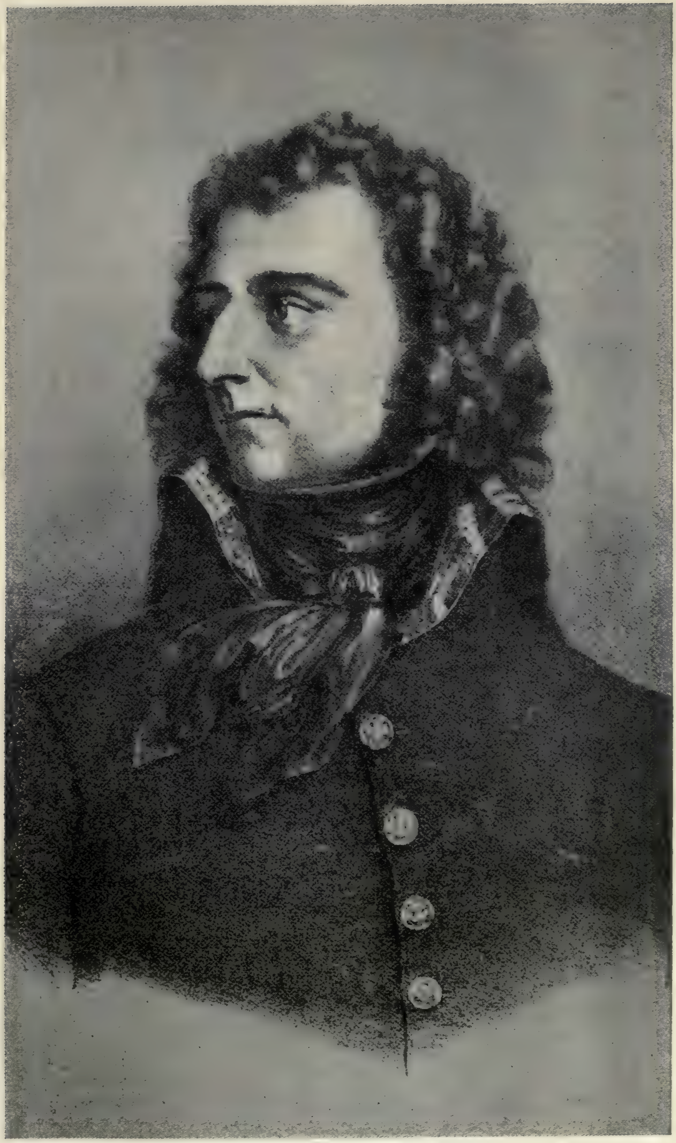
I was born in Fredrikshald, Norway, of Norwegian parents. This is only a small town, about four or five hours' travel by train from the capital, Christiana, and has a population of about 11,000, being about the same as thirty-two years ago, owing to so much emigration. It is situated near the Swedish border.

The principal export has been, and still is, lumber; but of late they have begun to open up granite and marble quarries, a good deal of which is shipped abroad. Some of these quarries are owned and operated in this neighbourhood by English capitalists and a great many men are employed throughout the year. Plans are sent from parties building to the quarries, and the article is cut according to specification and shipped direct. Orders have been received even from Japan—the plan of a fort for instance—which was loaded into steamers and sent to the far East. This has become a great industry. A friend of mine kindly showed me through one of these quarries and I saw some of the most beautiful carving done by hand.

The town has one of the most ancient and noted forts in Norway, its height and beauty attracting great numbers of tourists. Many noted events have occurred in this vicinity. It was here that Carl XII. of Sweden fell, which was in the year 1718. Of this you will find a fuller account in succeeding chapters.

My mother's maiden name was Marie Lundstad, father's name was Christian Johnsen. Mother told me that I was born September 26th, 1860, and that I was christened Carl Johan Johnsen. I told mother that I did not care for my first two names, and she always said that these were good names, as I was named after one of the previous Kings of Norway, namely, Carl Johan (Carl XIV), declared King of Norway and Sweden, November 4th, 1814 and of whom a lovely monument stands in front of the King's Palace, which is at the head of Carl Johan's Gade (the principal street in Christiana). Father and mother had ten children, six boys and four girls, out of whom four boys and two girls are living to-day, I being the oldest boy. There were three sisters older than myself.

Our home was in a tenement building and consisted of one living room about fourteen feet square. The furniture consisted of one three-cornered cupboard, about seven feet high; a table, which had two leaves, one on each side, to turn up or down; seven chairs, and two stools. The bed was made in the shape of a lounge which we could shorten in the daytime and let out at night; and for a mattress we had a sort of sacking filled with shavings, and, when times were good, with straw. In the bed six of us used to sleep, three at each end. There was also a



CARL JOHAN (CARL XIV.).

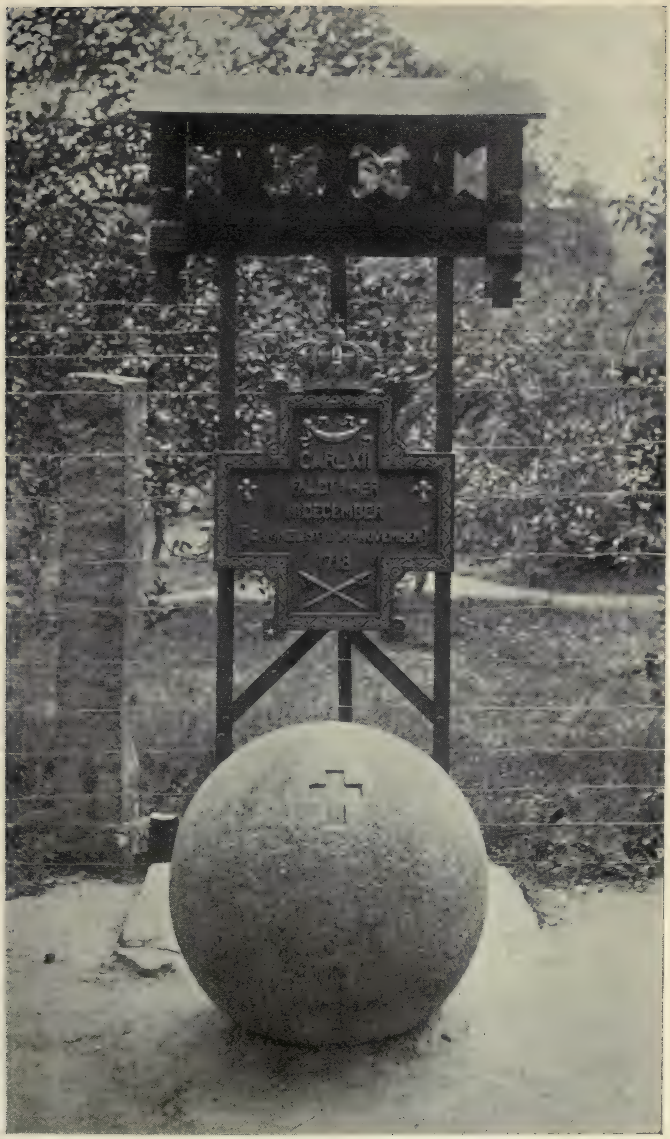
bench made in the same manner as the bed, with the exception of having a wooden cover to it, so that it could be raised up at night, and had the same kind of bedding. The clock was of the old fashioned type, with iron weights attached to chains. There was a chest of drawers, consisting of three. Our stove was partly built into the wall, the same kind being in use at the present day. The old-fashioned washstand, the pictures on the wall, with of course curtains and a sheet which was used for a blind at night, and last but not least the old "red cradle" that rocked us all, completed the list.

The adjoining room was the kitchen, and was occupied by us and a family living across the hall. The size of the kitchen was about twelve feet by fourteen feet, with an open fireplace in it which had a removable stand for cooking purposes, and a rod of iron with a hook on the end of it, on which was suspended vessels for cooking. By the side of the fireplace was an oven, and a cupboard used for storing pots and pans. A large wooden box, in which bread was kept, completed the fittings of this room. When mother used to bake she would make as many as from fourteen to eighteen loaves of a very large size. The flour then used was very different to that which we use to-day, and was very dark in colour.

In this tenement house there were twenty-four families, some having as many as twelve children, and five of this type of buildings were adjoining each other, so one can imagine that we were not very hard up for company, and I often think of "childhood's happy days" and the many evenings we spent together around the old fireplace.

The winters in Norway are very long, and for about four months the houses have to be lighted very early in the evenings; and often when mother was short of coal, oil, or candles, I remember that we had to whittle sticks, and take turn about, to keep light for her in the kitchen when she prepared the evening meal for us, which was nearly always of flour and water and called porridge, and as we could not always afford sweet milk, quite often it was skimmed, and at times sour.

I remember quite well that I often crept into my bed sobbing because we had nothing else to eat, feeling it was hard lines having the same thing over and over again, but soon understood that it was all that we could afford, and, therefore, became reconciled to our circumstances. Father and mother had a hard struggle to provide food, clothing and books for so many of us. Often I lay in my bed at night, when I was about nine years of age, wondering what I could do to make a little money to help mother, until I struck the key to the problem, and thought I would go from house to house peddling sand. Sand is largely used for scrubbing purposes, and also in the winter is spread on slippery places around the houses, to prevent anyone falling. The floors in most of the common houses were bare; that is to say, there were no carpets, linoleum or mats on them—just the boards only. These floors were scrubbed with sand and rags every Saturday, and as a rule looked as white as snow.



SPOT WHERE CARL XII. WAS SHOT.

After such a hard day's scrubbing, I remember many Saturday nights mother used to sit up and patch our clothes until nearly midnight.

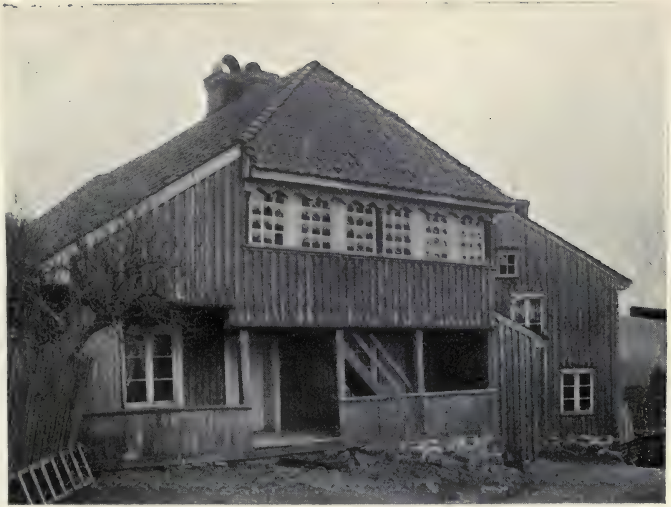
Sunday mornings when we got up, a treat was in store for us, as our food was much better; also clean garments were hanging for each of us on a line across one corner of the room. Often we had so many patches on our clothes that it was hard to know what colour or material the garment was first made of. The first new suit of clothes I ever had was at the passing of my confirmation, when aged 13 years and 9 months, and I felt much elated over this change of clothing. Mother spent a great deal of time darning socks in the winter for us boys, because we had to use wooden shoes and they were very trying for the socks, but with these kind of shoes one never has cold feet, except when the snow gets in from the top.

The girls always managed to get leather shoes. The price of these wooden shoes for children was from eight to ten shillings, equal to ten or twelve American cents. We got very much attached to this kind of shoes, as in the winter we had much pleasure with them.

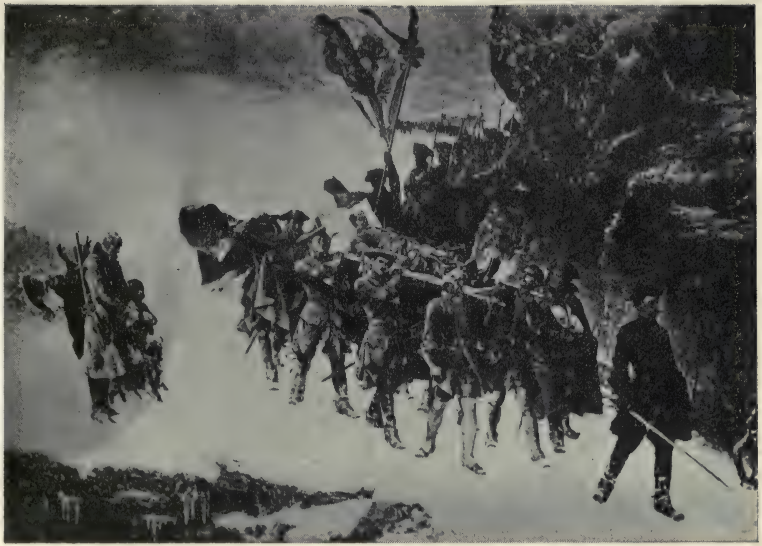
An explanation may be given here regarding the Norwegian coinage at the time when I was a boy in Norway, which will perhaps assist in future chapters. The shilling was a small copper coin—24 of which are equal to 1 mark, and that is equivalent to 27 American cents. Twenty-two Norwegian shillings were thus about equal to an English shilling. This coinage has now been called in. The new system includes copper "öre" and silver" kroner," with, of course, the paper money representing kroner, and are operated on the decimal system.

As there is a lot of snow and ice in Norway in the winter, with these wooden shoes we could slide on the ice and snow, and often used them as " skies " or snow shoes, which was so delightful that the writer is frequently carried back to the scenes of childhood, and feels like saying, " Oh, make me a child again, just for to-day."

About the age of ten or eleven, my mother secured me work at a lumber yard as an errand boy, and to make myself generally useful. My wages were to be eighteen shillings per day. I could only work half a day, which was in the afternoon, as it was necessary for me to go to school in the morning. The custom there was to receive our pay every Saturday night. I remember well the first pay-day, when I received two marks and six shillings. I cannot tell the feeling that came over me when receiving all this money, but I started " on the run," with it in my hand, for home, and the way seemed unusually long that day. I felt on the way home that I was going to say a lot of things to mother, whom I remember was sitting knitting some socks; but I did not have much to say, after all, when I sat down beside her. I looked at her and she looked at me. I remember putting the money on the table and saying, " Mother, you got me this job and here is my first pay." She said, " Thank you, John," and she gave me back some coppers for myself.



WHERE CARL XII. WAS TAKEN AFTER BEING KILLED.



REMOVING THE BODY OF CARL XII.

I continued to work there until I was confirmed in the Lutheran Church, which required six months of study, after leaving the common school. Often boys and girls are put back to school again if they are not qualified for this examination. I was very much afraid that I would not pass when I saw many put back whom I felt were superior to myself, and the last two months I used to count the number of times we still had to go, but I passed through, and not being a good scholar it was a great surprise. I remember the scene of the final passing and the confirmation well, as I was sitting in the same church during the summer of 1906 with my mother.

Often when something had gone wrong for which we children were responsible, and enquiries were being made, I used to smile, and this unfortunate habit seemed to convict me of being the guilty one, although not always in fault; and this self-same smile, even to-day, quite frequently causes me to be misjudged.

I remember at about the age of twelve, the Sunday mornings when father was at home, he often made me walk across the floor, telling me that I was becoming round-shouldered, and to "Keep my shoulders straight." I have often thought of late that it was no wonder this was so, considering the heavy bags of sand I carried around on my back when so young.

At the age of between 13 and 14, I was very fond of playing cards for money, and used to play with groups of men, and remember one particular occasion, when we were playing what is known in Norway as "Bank." I was dealing at the time and it was to be the last round, and what the bank contained belonged to the dealer, and feeling a little nervous regarding the outcome, I told the players to do their bidding, as this was their last chance in this game. As the words left me, a hand was placed heavily on my shoulder, and looking up I discovered my father. He said, "Boy, come home." I knew what it meant, and I immediately followed, leaving cards and money on the table.

Participating in the game was a man named Helmer, who at this time was paying attention to one of my sisters, and he, being very anxious to help me out of the difficulty, followed us home to plead my cause; but father ordered him out, telling him that this was his house and that he had no business there at this particular time, consequently father closed the door and turned the key, so that we were alone. He did not say many words, but proceeded immediately to get down to business, and the business end of that switch I can remember until to-day, as I was unable to sit down with comfort for some time.

I am happy to say that from that day to this I have not touched a card for money, and attribute it to the business end of that switch, which shows that my father must have known his business.

My father was a good, steady worker. I remember one particular feature regarding him—when cleaning his shoes, he never overlooked cleaning mother's at the same time. My mother, I have always thought, was the queen of women in the world. Father's wages averaged from $2.50 to $3.00 per week in American money, he being paid every Saturday. I remember he always used to hide a little of his wages for a rainy day, and often when getting wood for mother from the woodshed, I came across some of the money and showed it to her. She would use some of it during the week, but replaced it on Saturdays. She often felt nervous in case he should discover her. When Saturday came round mother would tell us that she had already bought groceries and clothing during the week, for the half of the week's wages coming, so it was close reckoning to get along. Sometimes on Wednesday or Thursday she would take the best of her own and father's clothes to pawn until the following Saturday for a couple of marks or so.

She also had twelve silver teaspoons which she used to pawn. These were given her on her wedding day, and were very much valued. Last summer when I visited her she said, "John, you have no idea the number of times these spoons have been in security for food and clothing."

It may be imagined that with ten children, most of whom went to school at the same time, and our lessons having to be learned somehow, for none of us liked to leave the house for school except we had lessons mastered, that when four or five were studying their different lessons at the same time, it had a strange melody, and to my mind, as I look back, it sounded like a Chinese play house. Mother therefore adopted the plan of having two of us up alternate mornings at 5 o'clock to study our lessons before breakfast. I might say that the breakfast consisted of coffee, without milk, and often without sugar, and bread with molasses on it, and the coffee sometimes very limited.

Mother told us that the reason for calling us so early was that we could learn our lessons much easier earlier in the morning, as the mind was then brightest, and we could grapple with things much quicker after a good night's rest.

My mother was also a dressmaker, and made the clothes for both boys and girls until we were grown up. She used to go out and sew and also bring sewing home with her, and when she was out working we used to long for her return, as she frequently brought some good things for us to eat.

Having now passed through my schools and confirmation I felt I was a man and had to decide what I should follow for a livelihood. My inclination, for some time, had been to become a sailor.

CHAPTER II.

BECOMES A SAILOR ON THE BARQUE "REGINA" AND UPON ARRIVAL IN THE GREAT CITY OF ANTWERP, BELGIUM, IS LOST.

My mother was acquainted with a sea captain and family by the name of Jort, and mentioned to him my ambition to become a sailor,—I was then past fourteen. His ship at this time was taking in a cargo of lumber for Antwerp, Belgium. This captain sent for me and told me I could come with him on the ship as deck-boy, and as I was very small for my age he would not guarantee any definite wages, like the rest of the crew, but said he would pay me according to my value, as I knew nothing about sea life. I was glad to get on the ship and see the world, if it had only been for my food and clothes, About two weeks later the ship was loaded ready to start. Mother had got me some clothes together. The sailing day came,—and "Good-bye" to Father, Mother, Sisters and Brothers, and off for the high seas.

When we had been towed down the Straits for a few miles I felt the motion of the vessel and began to get sea-sick (the reader may know what that is). I was sick all the way across the North Sea, but had to go aloft and help to loosen and take in sails when required. Sometimes I felt like giving up and thought

I was only in the way. However, we got to Antwerp after an ordinary sailing trip, and I was much taken up with the river scenery, starting from a place called Flushing at the entrance of the river. This river is crowded with commerce of all kinds, going and coming from all parts of the world; and the scenery was most beautiful, it then being summer time.

Antwerp is the main seaport of Belgium; its Cathedral is a fine specimen of ancient architecture, and the paintings in it are grand, among them being "The Descent from the Cross," by Rubens. Antwerp is over 1,000 years old and is to-day the chief military and commercial city of the kingdom. At the beginning of the 16th Century it was at its height, having a population of over 200,000, and a world-wide commerce, and having 2,500 ships in its harbour. The population of Antwerp to-day is about 287,000.

A day or so after arriving in Antwerp, the sailors took me with them up town, as they always liked to have some fun with me and called me the "Boatswain." They wanted me to see the sights. Some of the sailors had been in Antwerp before and were well acquainted with the city. One street we frequented was crowded with music halls, and it seemed then as if the whole street were trembling with music—and there *was* music! The first thing I realised was that the sailors were all in a dance, and I felt like "a fish out of water," as I could not dance a step. After this they commenced to drink, and a glass was also procured for me for every round that came, and this was mostly Holland gin. I tasted it, and then waited my chance to throw the balance on the floor under the table, this plan worked for a while until one of the sailors stepped out to have a dance, when he discovered the liquor on the floor, which did not seem to please him, so he told me I had better go aboard. I started for the ship immediately, but in that large city, and being a long way from the vessel, in the darkness of the night I walked in what I thought to have been the right direction. I could not speak Belgian, and did not run across anyone who could speak Norwegian, but after a long walk I met a policeman and tried to talk and make signs with my hands, thinking he would put me on the right track to find the ship. He pointed in a certain direction and I started, but after walking for some hours I found myself close to the same policeman and not far from where I first met him. This time he asked me if I had any money, and held up two fingers in the air, from which I understood him to mean that he wanted two francs, and he said he would then get someone to go with me to the ship. I had to give him two francs and he got me someone to accompany me. By this time it was early morning and I felt very tired; then of course at seven o'clock I had to start to help and unload the ship, and I longed for the night to come, and rest.

My next trip up the city was the following Sunday; I visited the great Cathedral, which is so well known for its height and beauty, and went to the top of it from a stairway leading up on the inside of the tower; at this point you can get a view of the whole city of Antwerp and away down the river.

Coming down from the tower I met a gentleman who took me to the front of the Cathedral and showed me some pieces of metal, which looked like brass, embedded in the pavement, and told me that these pieces represented the body of a man who fell from the steeple while working there. This I do not quite understand. I visited the spot several times while the ship was in port. On the spire of the Cathedral was a large gilded bird, which was taken down about four years ago to be regilded and was driven around the city on that occasion.

After staying in port for about a month, unloading our cargo and taking in ballast, the sailing day finally came and I had to say "good-bye" to my first foreign port. Although I could not speak the language, I spent many enjoyable hours there, as I met many kind friends and of some of these have pleasant recollections and they are as fresh in my memory as if they had happened to-day.

We were then towed down this beautiful river again to cross the North Sea, for the Baltic, to a place called Stugsund, in the upper part of Sweden. We passed through the narrow straits which are known on the chart as Categat. All sailing vessels passing through these sounds must have fair winds, if not they are bound to anchor and wait until the wind comes in their favor. Here again is attractive scenery as one sails along. We anchored in the sounds in sight of Copenhagen, which is the capital of Denmark. The captain had one of his boats lowered and I was one of the crew who went ashore. This is a beautiful city and very clean. At this time we were lying waiting for fair winds, and in a few days there had gathered a large fleet of sailing ships all around us, waiting for the same purpose, so, when the wind came it was a lively scene of heaving up the anchors and hoisting the sails. There was great singing as the sails went up, and the ships passed very close together. When we got through the sounds and into open water of the Baltic we soon lost sight of one another, but we landed safely at Stugsund.

This part of Sweden is noted for its great forest and consequently the lumber industry is extensive. We at once started to unload the ballast and began loading a cargo of lumber for Fecamp, France. I was placed on a barge with a man to load the timber into the ship. I had to take one end of the plank and he the other and often felt heart-broken when trying to lift some of these planks, and would have liked to ask the captain to give me lighter work, but did not care to complain as I thought the sailors might make fun of me. I thought the captain and officers very cruel to allow me to do this work, as it was considered hard work for men. This is quite fresh in my memory. We remained here about five weeks discharging ballast and loading. And now the vessel is loaded—pilot aboard and ready to start for France.

This time we had a very stormy passage for several days, and my sea-sickness began again as bad as on my first trip, so that I became very sick and weak and could not eat for days. I often asked some of the sailors to throw me overboard as I did not have the courage to do it myself. I heard them say they would like very much to do it as I was only in the way, but they feared the consequences; however, they did not do so—as I am here to tell the tale.

I remember as we were nearing the French coast, a sounding of the water was made quite frequently, to obtain the depth and nature of the bottom, as this is a guide to mariners and often makes their reckonings more accurate. The sounding is made with a lead on the end of which tallow is used, to indicate the nature of the bottom, and some of the sailors once put a coin under the tallow. After sounding I had to clean the lead and consequently discovered the coin, the sailors informing me that we must have located a lost treasure, which created quite a bit of amusement at my expense. In this way our entertainments on board ship are somewhat similar to those when crossing the equator, when a caller is said to be expected by the name of Neptune, who especially visits those who have never crossed the line before, and some very unpleasant experiences are occasioned by his visits.

We arrived in Fecamp at last. In this part of the world I noticed a change in the appearance of the people, who seemed to be especially good-looking. I asked some of the sailors the cause of this and they laughed and told me it was because they drank so much wine. I was very much taken up with this place.

We went ashore quite often to a certain store to buy some clothing—where some of the clerks tried to teach us French, and in a very short time we managed to be able to purchase a few articles by speaking French. We had a great time learning it.

We remained here four or five weeks unloading our cargo and taking in ballast, and I must say we saw some beautiful buildings. I remember on one occasion the sailors took me into a kind of Music Hall which seemed literally made of glass mirrors, all around the walls, and I was so confused that I did not know whether I was going or coming. However, the parting day came and we started sailing again. This time we were on our way home to Norway, in ballast, and being the autumn of the year the ship upon her arrival was going to lay up for the winter.

The experience we had when crossing the North Sea was very wonderful. We had set sails and got clear of the French coast with a fine breeze blowing, the winds being in our favour at first, but soon began to change and became contrary. It blew a perfect hurricane. Sail after sail was taken in, until we had nothing left but the bare rigging and we ran thus for twenty-four hours. At this time we were near the Danish coast. The seas were running very high, and the captain was afraid to "heave to" fearing the loss of the rigging, which would have proved disastrous. We had bags of oil hanging over the bows of the vessel, as is often used on the ocean to prevent the seas from breaking over the ship, and here comes this old saying true: "Like oil on the troubled waters." Well may David say in Psalm cvii., verses 23 to 30: "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep: For he commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind which lifteth up the waves thereof; They mount up to the Heaven and go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble: They reel to and fro and stagger like a drunken man and are at their wits end: Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble and He bringeth them out of their distresses: He maketh the storm a calm so that the waves thereof are still: Then they are glad because they be quiet. So He bringeth them unto their desired haven."

The experience of this trip was the greatest of all that has befallen me in regard to high seas. It has been a wonder to me ever since, how the gallant little barque could bear up, being so light on the water, with no cargo except the ballast, and how hard she tried to keep up under those heavy winds and seas. I can even at this moment see her, as it were, ploughing through the water, and it has been a mystery from that time until the present how we were spared from a watery grave. The feeling that I had when our vessel was on the high wave and shooting down into the hollow has often reminded me of late of going swiftly down in an elevator.

Finally the weather moderated and sail after sail was unfurled and put on, and on the following day the little clipper had once more her white canvas spread from top to bottom and was heading peacefully over the waters for the Norwegian coast; once more like the bird with her wings spread flying to her nest.

We arrived in Fredrickshald without any accident and the second day after our arrival we were paid off. I had often wondered during the summer what my wages would amount to, however, I soon found out; I was paid at the rate of $5.00 per month, which I thought was very fair, and after drawing a little money in each port, I had about $10.00 left, which was for the whole voyage consisting of about four or five months. When I met my people it was like "the prodigal returning," and, of course, I commenced to tell them all about my travels, which was very interesting to them. As soon as my baggage was brought home from the ship I was very anxious to unpack my trunk to distribute my presents to the different members of the family, and the reader may know when a trinket or souvenir is brought from a foreign land, it is valued highly.

Finally the washing day came round, and when my mother began to overhaul my clothes she found more than she expected in the way of patches, as I had been compelled to patch my own clothes and darn my own socks, and I did the best I could. I remember mother calling in the neighbours to see the patches, which caused a great deal of amusement at my expense.

CHAPTER III.

HOME A MONTH, THEN SHIPPED ON A YACHT FOR CHRISTIANA, AND SPOKE TO KING OSCAR II, KING OF NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

I was now fifteen years old and it was in the dead of winter, and there was a lot of ice and snow along the fjord. The captain's name was Olaves Olsen, better known as Olaves Bürre. This man was well known in the eastern part of Norway for being very courageous; he was a wonderful sailor and a great swimmer, being a man of splendid physique. He was also a great humorist. He got converted in middle life, and became a very valuable person to the cause of humanity. We had a hard trip to Christiana, as we had encountered so much ice on the journey up the Christiana fjord, and had to wait our chance to try and get through the broken ice immediately after steamers had gone through, and in order to do this we had to tack ship very often. However, we got there and landed not far from the Fishmarket Dock, and after unloading our cargo, the Captain was called to Sweden on business, and I was left alone on board. When he left me he gave me very little money but plenty to eat and drink, and told me to be a good boy. One morning I was sweeping the snow off the deck, and the tide being very low, two gentlemen looked

KING OSCAR II.

over from the pier on to the yacht and saluted me with a "Good morning, sir,"—I returned the compliment. They asked me where we came from and how we managed to get through the ice, and I told them. As they turned to walk away I heard great cheering close by, and soon learned that I had spoken to King Oscar II, then King of Norway and Sweden. The reader will understand that at this time I was on board the yacht alone, and at this lively city I did not know what to do as money was so limited. However, the next day I had another caller who happened to be a lady. She asked me what kind of cargo we had brought, and I told her it was a cargo of rags. She wanted to know if they were all unloaded. I told her all but a few, which were used as a kind of partition to keep the cabin warm. She asked me if she could go down in the hold and see what was there, and I told her she might, and down she went. When she came up she told me there were some valuable rags left, and persuaded me to sell her ten crowns' worth, equal to about $2.60. I was considering whether I dare do it or not, but I wanted the money so badly to have some enjoyment, that I consented to let her have some, and she gathered up what she wanted. I did not know the price of it but let her take what she thought would be fair, and she did, I getting the money. Now, I longed for the night to come, as I knew where I could hear beautiful music, this being in a music hall. When I got there I tried to dance, but had to give it up. As I was starting back to the ship I met a beautiful girl and made her acquaintance and saw her home. After we had been talking a while at the gate of her house, we arranged to go to a "masquerade" three nights later, but she told me she had no masquerade costume. So I said, "Is there a place that we can hire one?" and she said, "Yes." On leaving her I took particular notice to try and remember her house and the different streets, and I went and procured a costume and started out to find her in this great city. I certainly did try, but I lost my bearings and was sadly disappointed and sorry at not having the pleasure of meeting her again, and returned sorrowfully to the ship. So it has passed into history. A few days later the Captain returned. Before arriving on board someone had informed him that I had sold the rags, but he never mentioned it to me that night. He asked me, however, how I got along, and I told him "very nicely." The following morning he told me that he had been informed, by a friend of his, what I had done, and asked me if it was the truth. I could not help saying it was, and he was very much disappointed, thinking that I would be above doing this, having formed a better opinion of me. He began lecturing me, telling me by doing this it might lead to putting me "behind the bars." This worked on my feelings a good deal and I made up my mind that I would not be found guilty of doing such a thing again. I asked him to deduct the amount I had received for the rags out of my wages when I got home, and not to say anything to my parents or friends, which he promised to do, and he kept his promise. On the following day we started for home.

After remaining home for about two or three weeks I got tired, as there was nothing coming in, and I looked for a situation on another ship. There is a city known as Fredrikstad about three miles from my own town; this city is noted for deep-water vessels loading there, and there was very little trouble in securing a chance on a ship at this place at any time, and not being able to secure a place on a ship at home I went there. I was successful in getting a situation the following day on a large Norwegian ship that was going to Barcelona, Spain; and returned home the same evening bringing the news to my parents. Father informed me that while I was away a pilot by the name of Hakelund had been up to see him and to tell me that the captain of a German schooner wanted me to go with him to a place called Rustasel, Germany. There had been three men on this schooner, the captain, the mate, and an ordinary sailor, the sailor being a relation of the captain. Usually the custom of the ships in this place in securing fresh water for the voyage, is to take two boats up to the fresh water river. One boat is used to bail the water into, and the other for towing this boat to the ship. Of course this fresh water is used for the cooking and washing purposes on the voyage. This work was done by the sailor, and on the way back to the ship he fell overboard and was drowned, and therefore, there was a vacancy, and I was wanted to fill that vacancy. I went to see the pilot and the German captain and told them that I had agreed to ship on the Norwegian ship for Spain, and I had also received a little money in advance. As I could not speak German, the pilot acted as interpreter for me and told him the situation I was in, and also said that if the captain wanted me badly, there might be a way of getting clear from the other ship. So I suggested to the pilot to tell the captain if he would like to go with me the following morning to Fredrikstad, although I could not speak with him, we might be able to meet someone there that could speak German, and by paying back the money I had received in advance to the Agent, and a little extra, known as we called it on the ship, as " blood money," that he might be able to get me released, which he did, and in the evening we started back to Fredrikshald.

I shipped with him the following morning, the schooner being then ready for sea, and we started for Germany the same evening. I felt very peculiar, as I could not speak a word of German, but I always thought it would come all right. That night we got abreast of a Light known as Ferder. To my surprise, the captain and the mate retired after we had the sails set, and gave me the course to steer as the wind was in our favour, and told me to ring a bell which was attached to a rope by the wheel and connected with the captain's stateroom, in case the wind changed or increased, or when my watch was over, which consisted of four hours. As I stood at the wheel, being on deck alone, heading out for the high seas, I felt exceedingly strange at having such a responsibility placed upon me, but everything went on satisfactorily.

One particular feature of the ship's company was that the captain was acting as cook, and was nearly always smoking his long German pipe, but everything was kept exceptionally clean. The captain owned this little vessel himself, and was a fine master. Finally the day came when we arrived in Rustasel. This is only a small city and it cannot be very far from Bremen. If I remember correctly we could see the lights of that city as we headed in for Rustasel harbour.

I had nothing to do with unloading the cargo and had a very easy task in port. I remember one morning the captain giving me one of the pails he used about the ship to go up to his house to get some milk. He gave me his address and an order for the milk on a piece of paper, and I started to find the place, and succeeded in doing so. On going into the cowhouse, I noticed it was exceptionally clean. Here, " I ran up against it," as the American would say, as I could only speak a very few words of German, which I had learned on the trip across. In this cowhouse there were only women working, and they had great fun with me because we could not understand each other. After that I had to make this trip daily while we were in port, which I very much enjoyed. However, we soon got unloaded and started back to another place in Norway known as Kragerö and loaded again for Rustasel. I commenced to pick up a few more words in German which made things more pleasant for me on the ship. We then went back to Kragerö, where I left her.

Here I shipped again in a large schooner called the White Star, which was a beautiful vessel and practically new. She was owned in Grimsby, England, but carried a Norwegian crew and flag. We went up to one of the ice-houses in Christiana fjord after a cargo of ice for Grimsby, this ice being used for the fishing boats, better known as English Trawlers. These boats are very plentiful in the North Sea and stationed on the banks there known as the Dogger Bank. As one crosses the North Sea they can be seen in great numbers, which is a beautiful sight.

However, we were loaded and started across the North Sea again, finally arriving in Grimsby after a sailing trip of about six days. Here I had the privilege of going through the town with some of my shipmates who had been there before, and I saw many new sights. This was my first port in England, and consequently very interesting. After the cargo had been discharged and ballast taken on board we were ready to cross the North Sea again for Norway, for another cargo of ice for the same port. When I arrived in Norway this time I left the ship and started for home.

After being home for about six weeks I then shipped on board a large Norwegian steamer called the "Lendesness," of Christiana, lumber laden, and bound for Antwerp. Arriving at Antwerp I became acquainted with the crew of a Norwegian barque by the name of "Gustave Adolph" of Bergen, Captain Johan Mone. They had arrived from the East Indies with a cargo of coffee. Some of the crew wanted to go home to Norway, while my spirit wanted to roam further abroad, and we asked the captains if they would let us change with one another, and we were granted the privilege. While in port this gave me the opportunity of seeing some more of the city of Antwerp. When we were unloaded and in ballast, our next destination was New York, this being my first trip across the Atlantic Ocean.

CHAPTER IV.

DESCRIPTION OF NEW YORK CITY.

This was in the spring of 1876, if I remember correctly. After an ordinary passage we arrived at New York, where we remained for about three weeks, and I was very much taken up with this great city and its sights.

New York is the largest city in America, in respect to both area and population, and is the second city in the world. It stands at the head of New York Bay. The original New York occupied the long narrow Manhattan Island, which lies between the Hudson (here called North River) and East River, together with 12,100 acres on the mainland, separated by the Harlem river and creek. Manhattan Island is 13½ miles long and averages 1 3-5ths miles in width. The area of the city being 41½ square miles. In 1897, however, the new and greatly enlarged city of New York was constituted, by consolidating the old city with Brooklyn and other cities and the outlying territory, which embraces the former city of New York on Manhattan Island; Brooklyn; the entire county of Richmond, and the portions of Queen's County, including Long Island City; the town of Newton, Jamaica and Flushing and part of Hempstead: and is divided into boroughs. Sandy Hook, eighteen miles south of the battery, marks the entrance to the Lower Bay, which covers eighteen square miles. The Narrows, a mile-wide strait, between Long and Staten Islands, separates it from the Upper Bay, which contains fourteen square miles of anchorage. The Upper Bay can also be entered by ships of light draught by the Kill von Kull, to the west of Staten Island, and from Long Island Sound, through Hell-Gate Pass and down the East River. This inner bay, open throughout the year, is one of the finest and most beautiful in the world. New York's prominence is due to its position as the gateway of North America. At the head of a magnificent harbour, having an immense water frontage, lined with hundreds of docks, while the New Jersey shore is similarly lined, it receives 66 per cent. of the imports of the country and sends out 44 per cent. of the exports. In East River on the various islands are the great charitable and other institutions of the city. In the harbour are three small islands, viz., Governor's Island, occupied by the United States Government; Bedloe's Island, where are now received the emigrants, until lately landed at the famous Castle Garden at the Battery. In some years about half-a-million emigrants enter the port of New York. Old New York, which is still the most densely populated part of the city, abounds in crooked winding streets. New York is famous for noted streets,—Broadway, Wall Street, Maiden Lane, Fifth Avenue, while the Bowery and others are well known everywhere. Noteworthy among public buildings are the City Hall, Post

Office, Tombs Prison, Produce Exchange, Madison Square Garden and Academy of Design. Among the finest churches are:—Reformed (Dutch) Church, one of the finest pieces of architecture in America, Temple Emmanuel, St. Patrick's Cathedral, Trinity Church and the New Protestant Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Among the tallest and finest office buildings are Flat Iron, Park Row, New York Life, St. Paul and Tract Society Buildings. The main pleasure-ground is the famous Central Park. There are also many parks:—The Battery, Union Square, Madison Square, etc. There are four parallel elevated railroads running up and down the island, which carry 800,000 passengers daily, and also numerous trolley lines. There is an underground railway, twenty-one miles in length, which cost thirty-five million dollars. Four railroads enter the city, by a viaduct tunnel from the north. The Great Brooklyn Bridge carries huge crowds daily by means of its electric roads, and perhaps the greatest crush to be seen anywhere is at New York entrance to the Bridge, from 5 to 7 o'clock in the evening. A new East River Bridge is now under construction which will furnish accommodation for four surface railroads, two tracks for elevated trains, two roadways for vehicles, two footpaths for pedestrians and two cycle paths. Towers to be made of steel. Estimated cost, eight millions. The population of New York, including the boroughs is about three and a half millions.

The Associated Press is a combination of newspapers for the purpose of collecting news, instead of each paper having to provide its own reporter.—Nine New York papers, viz., Journal of Commerce, Courier, Enquirer, Tribune, Herald, Sun, Express, Times and the World constitute the Association.

Astor Library. — John Jacob Astor left 400,000 dollars for a Public Library which was increased to a million by his grandson, Mr. Waldorf Astor. It was opened in 1854, with 90,000 volumes. It now has 500,000 volumes and in some departments, such as the oriental languages, it is unsurpassed in the country.

Aqueducts.—Many cities are supplied with water by this means. The Croton Aqueduct, from Croton River to New York City, is one of the greatest of modern times, costing 12½ millions and taking five years to build; it is 40½ miles in length and there are sixteen tunnels, cut mostly through solid rock. An idea of the magnificence of this undertaking may be gained from the fact that the Harlem River is crossed by fifteen arches, seven of which are of fifty feet span, while eight are eighty feet span, the greatest height being 150 feet. The New Croton in New York, cost twenty millions.

Central Park.—The great park of New York City is one of the largest and finest in the world. Laid out in 1858, it lies in what is now the heart of the city. It is 2½ miles long and ½ mile wide. Part is used for two Croton water reservoirs. The surface at first was all rock and marsh, and the expense necessary for preparing forbade it being converted into city lots. The marshes have become lakes, some of the bare rocks are now grassy slopes, and there is the wild appearance of mountain and forest. The Metropolitan Museum of Art and the American Museum of Natural History occupy two large and handsome buildings in the park. Some points of interest are the Obelisk, Casino, Mall, Lake, Cave, Labyrinth and Menagerie.

HELL GATE.—A pass in the East River is between Long Island and New York, and was for a long time dangerous to passage of vessels, but in 1885 the obstruction was removed by blasting.

Resuming now the subject of this work, I may say that we began loading with maize (a kind of corn) for Hull, England. This corn is loaded into vessels from elevators and is done very quickly; I noticed that we had three shoots running down into three different hatches, and when in operation one can stand on the dock and see the vessel gradually sinking down in the water. Our vessel, being about 1,600 tons, could easily be loaded in one day by this method. Ships loading this grain have partitioned apartments in order to prevent the cargo from shifting in heavy weather. Nothing of any importance, as far as I can remember, occurred on the trip across the Atlantic. We arrived all well in Hull.

This town appeared very small to me after coming from New York, but I noticed that it was a great fishing port. Their fishing boats are better known as "trawlers" and have already been referred to. I made many friends in this port—some of whom I have the pleasure of remembering to the present day. After staying there for about a month we started back across the Atlantic in ballast for Baltimore (Maryland), this was in the summer-time.

Arriving near the coast, and just before land was sighted, I was sent aloft to the top of the foremast to hoist a flag which represented seeking a pilot. Shortly after we sighted a pilot cutter and a pilot was obtained. We were headed for the entrance to the Chesapeake river and shortly after engaged a tug which towed us to the city. The Chesapeake river is noted for beautiful scenery to which I could not do justice in the describing. In one particular instance, as we were being towed along, I noticed the reflection of the mountains and the trees of the forest in the water, which was as clear as crystal. A great number of schooners were at the same time passing to and from the oyster beds.

We commenced to discharge ballast and load another cargo of maize for Limerick (Ireland). While in Baltimore the captain was married to a Norwegian lady who came on board to remain, which made it more like home. She was very kind and thoughtful towards the crew, who were very much taken up with her. She proved to be a very good sailor.

On the passage this time I noticed one or two of the most beautiful sunsets on the Atlantic Ocean that I have ever seen. They surpassed all such sights, with the exception of the midnight sun in the northern part of Norway, which I had the pleasure of seeing on the 29th of June, 1906, at the Tourist Hayten at Bodö.

We were towed into Limerick, where also we passed a panorama of beautiful scenery. Finally we made fast at the wharf, and in a couple of days were all paid off, but as I was quite young, the captain asked me to remain on the ship and make another voyage, which I agreed to do.

The steward decided to remain also, and he got me to go up to town every evening with a milk pitcher to bring milk aboard for the captain and his wife. I could speak but very little English at this time. I remember a few days after we arrived I was walking up the pier with the milk pitcher in my hand when I met a young lady with a baby carriage. She bowed to me, and I took off my hat, and then walked up town about my business. Upon my return I saw her not far from the ship; she spoke to me and I understood her sufficiently to know that she asked me if I was going up town. I said "Yes." I left the milk on board, got a cup of tea, and started ashore, and here was the girl waiting for me.

We went up town for a short distance, when we met the captain and his wife coming on board. I felt somewhat bashful when I saw them coming, and as we could not avoid a meeting at this particular place, when nearly abreast of each other I raised my hat and the captain did likewise, and they gave a smile as they passed. We shortly came to a house where I understood her to say her parents lived, and having left the baby carriage, she invited me into the garden and commenced to speak to me. I used to shake my head as I could not understand her, but she was determined to teach me English. She left me sitting on a bench and began to gather some flowers and brought them to me and told me their different names, and when I went on board I had quite a bouquet which she had given me.

The following night she came down again to the ship and we walked up to the garden again, and she gave me another lesson in English, which I seemed to pick up very quickly. She wanted me to try and leave the ship, as she said she could get work for me with her father, who I understood to be a shipbuilder. However, I could not see through that. Finally the ship was discharged, and a couple of days previous to sailing the crew was secured and we had to bend some of the sails and get ready for sea. The day before we sailed I remember well; we were lying aloft bending the fore upper-topsail, which we started at 4 p.m. It was raining, and sure enough there was this young lady on the pier waiting until 6 o'clock when the work would be over. I hurried to get my tea and started for the dock to join her. I then went to her father's house with her. It was a beautiful home, and I spent the evening there, and when the time came to say "good-bye," we both felt badly; but she promised to write to me and I promised to write to her.

The following morning at 4 o'clock, at high tide, we were to start out from the dock for Baltimore, and as the ship passed through the gates I was attending to one of the lines checking the ship through. The captain and his wife were then walking on the promenade deck, and he called out to me "Johnny."

I looked towards him, and he pointed out with his hand and said "Look," and sure enough there was the girl on the pier at this hour of the morning. I can imagine I see her standing there now. I do not know which of the two of us felt the worst, but however, it has passed into history, and is "like ships passing in the night." We made the trip back to Baltimore, which was a very pleasant one, in about thirty-five days.

It is the custom for the captain to go ashore and receive the mail from the ship's agents, for the crew, the first thing on arriving in port. He brought a number of letters aboard and distributed them, and sure enough there was a letter from Limerick for me. When I received this letter, of course I could not read it, and the first officer volunteered to read it for me and explain it in Norwegian. I asked him to treat the contents as confidential, which was understood. After reading it he told me it sounded all right and that he imagined that she was a good girl, and he offered to answer it for me, which he did, and we corresponded for about two years; but I have never had the pleasure of seeing her since.

Of course, it is understood that we always received some money in port out of our wages due. I have always been fond of music, and went with others up to a music hall in the evenings, where they had dancing, and as I was very fond of seeing them dance I made an effort to do it myself, and succeeded, as the partner I had was very patient, being determined to teach me; but I stepped on her feet so often that I felt ashamed of myself and wanted to give it up. However, she taught me to dance the Schottische, and this dance is about the only one that I have any confidence in. At times it requires a good dancer to put me through it. I have often felt that I would like to be able to dance well; this, however, has not been my lot. Many a time I have heard the remark that my father was quite fond of dancing when young and was good at it.

We sailed from Baltimore with another cargo of maize in the same barque, "Gustave Adolph," bound for Belfast, Ireland. Nothing of any importance crossing the Atlantic having occurred, we arrived in port in about three weeks' time, all well. In this city we remained about a month, as usual, and we had a chance of enjoying the sights. The city of Belfast is very well known throughout the world for its great number of factories and extensive shipbuilding yards, consequently there was a great amount of smoke accumulating around the city from this source.

Having unloaded and taken ballast aboard we were ready to start once more on the briny ocean for Baltimore, where we arrived all well in the fall of the year. We were more at home this time, it being our second voyage to this port, having made several acquaintances while there before. We remained in port a fortnight, taking out ballast and taking in another cargo of maize, which having done, and the tug-boat having been secured, we sailed away again, this time being bound for Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.

The winter season was now upon us, and the weather very cold. I remember particularly crossing the Atlantic this trip, because we encountered bad weather and heavy storms nearly all the way. A good deal of water was continually on deck because with this cargo a vessel is laden to her full capacity.

My seaboots at this time were about played out and I was often wet from head to foot. One day as we were standing pumping, while the captain was on the promenade deck, he saw the position I was in and called me up and asked me if I had no better seaboots. I answered, " No, sir, only these I have on." He then asked me what I had done with the money I had drawn while in port. I tried to tell him the best I could, whereupon he made me a present of a pair of his own as he was well supplied, but which were, however, rather large.

A few days later, as all hands were standing at the pumps, the vessel shipped a heavy sea on deck. Some of the sailors saw the sea coming and sprang up in the rigging, while some of us did not have the same chance. I happened to be among those who could not get away in time on account of the seaboots being so large and filling with water. The sea picked me up and took me off my feet and washed me down to the lee scuppers, I feeling sure that I should be washed overboard. I certainly had a narrow escape but managed to grasp a rope, the main staysail sheet, and held on until rescued.

We finally arrived in Newcastle-on-Tyne. Here I left the good old barque " Gustave Adolph," having then crossed the Atlantic Ocean on board of her six times without any serious accident. This was in 1876 and I was then 18 years of age. It was customary when paid off from any ship always to remember those at home by sending them a little money to help them along, which gave me great pleasure to do, and has procured a "hundred-fold" reward.

CHAPTER V.

A NEW SHIP, A NEW CAPTAIN, AND A NEW EXPERIENCE.

While in Newcastle-on-Tyne, I shipped on an old Norwegian barque, by name of "Tagel," belonging to Larvike, Captain Sornsen; this captain being an elderly man, but a very plucky sailor. The barque did not have a very smart appearance, and looked to me when I first saw her like an old collier, but she was better than she looked, however. When she was unloaded we got ballast aboard and sailed for Pensacola, Florida. This ship would overtake anything in sight in the way of sailing, and our captain was noted for carrying on sails to the last moment. We often had to stand by with the gallant and topsail halyards in our hands at his command, so as to let go at a moment's notice, as he used to say that he wanted to make use of all the wind he could. Often we felt as if the masts would be blown out of her, but the ship had good rigging, and was well adapted for this purpose.

One particular characteristic of the captain was that he was very fond of using wooden shoes somewhat similar to those I have already referred to, and was very fond of walking up and down the deck with these heavy shoes, making such a noise as quite frequently to wake up the watch below. One could almost think a regiment of soldiers was passing over the ship.

About half-way across the Atlantic we discovered two "pilots," a small species of fish which are described more fully later on, which always accompany the shark. We therefore knew that there was a shark close at hand and kept a close watch for him, and sure enough in a few moments a great big fellow appeared. One of the officers took a large chain hook (a rod of iron with a hook, used for hauling chains from the locker), and made it fast to the end of the gaff-guy, and fastened a piece of salt pork on the end, and in a short time the shark appeared again for his intended prey, and got more than he expected. He swallowed the pork and a good deal of the hook and made a great struggle for liberty, but we had the rope so adjusted that he could have lots of play in the water, and we were able to haul him in when finally exhausted.

We got him on deck, and the captain took a hand-spike, used for turning the windlass, made of very hard wood, and about five feet long and four inches thick, and placed it in his mouth so as to get the hook out, when, to our surprise, he just ground that hand-spike into splinters! Then we cut him open, as very frequently valuables are found in a shark's stomach, but discovered nothing. We, however, secured his backbone, which makes a curious walking cane, and threw the remains overboard.

The second officer on the barque was a fellow full of fun, and he and I made friends a day or two after we went on board. He had spent most of his time on a ranch previous to going to sea, and after a few years' sailing passed his examination for second officer. He was on the starboard watch, and I happened to be on the same. We were often planning on the watch in the night, when I was away from the wheel or look-out, to have some fun. He told me a good deal of his past experience and I told him mine.

On board of this ship was a fellow named August, who was very fond of talking to us about his girl. This August, and the boatswain, were from a city known as Tunsberg, Norway, and they were well acquainted there. August had worked the previous winter in some captain's home, and the boatswain knew this captain's family. The captain had a daughter with whom August was very much taken up, and he talked about this girl so often on the trip across that it became monotonous. She, however, thought nothing of him.

I remember well the Sunday before we got into Pensacola. It was a beautiful day, and light winds were blowing. The second officer and I were just dying for something to do, so we made up our minds to write a letter to August, making him believe that it was from this girl. We also got a pressed flower which the boatswain happened to have in one of his love-letters from someone, and put it in this letter, which was good fun.

When the ship arrived in port the captain went for the mail for the crew, and we handed him this letter as he went ashore, stating our object in doing so. He took it ashore and brought it on board again with the other mail, and while he was distributing the letters, of course August received his and was delighted to have, as he thought, a letter from his girl, and immediately disappeared with this letter under the forecastle head. After some time he returned on deck and appeared most delighted, and wanted to show us the proof of the statements which we had doubted on the trip across. An invitation was extended to us to go ashore with him that night, and he would treat us. We went, and while the ship was in port August secured some money from the captain to buy his girl (as he supposed) a present.

The boatswain asked me to try and persuade him that we had written the letter ourselves, but in trying to do this we had more than our hands full. He wanted to dispute this by saying that he knew the flower so well, as it was one he had watered so many times in his nursery, and also knew the writing, but we insisted that we had written him instead of the girl, and finally we got him convinced. After this there was quite a change in the boy and he was much disappointed.

Pensacola is a city and port at the entrance of Florida, the capital of Escambia County, 250 miles from New Orleans, on the west shore of a deep bay opening into the Gulf of Mexico. Near by is the Pensacola Navy Yard, with a marine hospital and barracks. Pensacola was settled by the Spaniards before 1700, occupied by the British from 1763 to

1781, and afterward, during the wars with Napoleon, taken from them by Andrew Jackson in 1814, and in 1819, with the remainder of Florida, became a part of the United States. The population is about 18,500.

Pensacola was noted for music-halls, and a great many darkies used to sing in them, and we often frequented these places in the evenings. At this port we were loading with lumber for Shields, England, and finally started on our destination.

One day, about three weeks out at sea, we were running before the wind with the full upper topsail set, and as we were changing watch about twelve o'clock noon, the wind kept on increasing and so did the sea, and the captain suggested to the first officer that we take a reef in the two upper topsails before the watch went below. The second officer with his watch took his own mast. I belonged to the starboard watch, so did August. We went up on the main top-sail, and the port watch went up on the fore top-sail, and we were racing to see who could reef the topsails first and return to the deck. I was sitting on the outside putting the lee reef gasket on, and next to me was August. At this time the ship took such a great cant over to port that the sails gave a flap, and August losing his hold fell overboard. In falling, it was a wonder to me that he did not pull me with him, as he was right by my side. In falling he struck the outside of the main rigging, which threw him a considerable distance into the ocean, and the order was shouted by the captain, "All hands on deck at once."

I remember the captain being on the promenade deck and throwing out a lifebuoy at once and crying out "My boy! My boy!" but owing to the speed that we were running before the wind, it was some time before we could bring the vessel to, and return to the spot where he fell overboard; and when we finally reached it, it was too late! We could see neither the boy nor the lifebuoy. This cast a gloom over the whole ship, and we often felt sorry for the trick that we had played him. I remember the following day the captain came into the forecastle and had August's trunk and his things taken care of, to be returned to his relations, if he had any.

A week or two later we sighted a big full-rigged ship, evidently laden with oil, which was in a blaze of fire with great smoke. This was a pitiful sight. A few days later we ran into heavy weather again and sail after sail was taken in and the ship hove to. She was then lying under a storm sail (a small square of canvas made fast on the weather mizzen-rigging), and was riding the waves with ease. This weather did not last very long, and when it moderated we began to put on sail after sail until the noble barque was dressed in her full attire of white canvas and spreading out her wings, like a bird once more, over the briny ocean.

That morning, early, I remember the second officer sent me aloft to look around and see if I could sight a vessel. At this time it was almost a calm. After getting to the top of the main gallant yards, sure enough I discovered a vessel in the far distance which looked to me like a wreck. I immediately reported to the second officer, and he went aloft with his field-glasses and looked at this vessel, and discovered that she was abandoned. He at once notified the captain, and orders were given to bear off and head for the ship. The time was then 4 a.m. As the breeze was very light at this time it took us about eight hours to reach the wreck, and during this time we had made all kinds of plans to try and divide the crew, and bring her in if possible for salvage, as we were only about 400 miles off the Irish coast.

A boat was lowered when we reached her, and the first officer and four men went on board and discovered that she was a German barque lumber laden, and that the rudder post had broken, and the water in the hold had swollen the lumber cargo, so that the main deck was smashed. All the sails were blown away and two masts had fallen overboard, the mizzen-mast being the only one standing. She was a smart looking barque.

When the first officer returned to the ship he held a consultation with the captain, and they decided that they could not entertain the proposition of bringing her in.

On searching the vessel we found that everything of value had been removed, probably by some ship having visited her previously, but we sailors were very anxious that some provisions might be found—as often at sea they were very limited—but we were doomed to disappointment. At this time it was 12 o'clock noon, the watches were changing, and all hands happened to be on deck at this particular time, when orders were given to haul in the starboard braces and head up on our course. We certainly felt heartbroken at not being able to bring her into port. Some of the sailors were willing to risk anything in an attempt to do so. However, this is "Ships passing in the Day."

We arrived at Shields shortly after that, and were paid off, and there I left the ship. Here I had another opportunity of taking in the scenes of another English port, and here I shipped on a brig, coal laden, for Christiana, Norway. This was a curious craft, and was almost as slow as the previous one had been fast, but as I was anxious to get home, I did not care what the ship looked like. She was laden to her full capacity. The reader has no doubt heard that chains are often used around old vessels to help to hold them together. I have seen them myself, but this ship had none, but it was my impression that from her appearance she required double the number of any other ship that I had ever seen. However, we were towed to sea, and then made sail. When set, and the wind in our favour, and blowing quite a strong breeze, the most speed we ever got out of her was 6½ knots, so you can see that she was a clipper. As the sails were never furled until arriving at our destination, it seemed strange to me that the gear held together.

We reached Christiana safely at last, and I went home to see my parents—taking with me a few trinkets, amongst which was a brand new gown for my mother:

"My mother I shall strive to please,
And let her live at home with ease."

I remained home for a short time. Afterwards I shipped on a schooner, named "Rap," as boatswain, under Captain Andersen.

This schooner was then loading lumber in Strömstad, Sweden, for Halligen, Holland. The captain was a heavy drinker, and a very peculiar man. He claimed to be a smart fisherman, and always wanted to make the first catch. As we were crossing the North Sea we had a line out, trolling for mackerel, to the ship end of which was fastened a small rod placed on the after rail. By this means we could tell if a fish was on the line, so one of the sailors was determined to have some fun at the captain's expense, at the same time taking a great chance of being discovered, although we had agreed among ourselves not to give him away, as we would enjoy it immensely. Can any reader guess what it was? This sailor got a salt mackerel from the store-room, and watching his chance while the captain was below, hauled in the line and attached the mackerel to the hook. When the captain came on deck he noticed the attitude of the rod and made a dash for the line, and commenced to haul it in hand over hand. Looking over the rail he saw his catch and suddenly gave a great haul, landing the fish on deck. He naturally saw a trick was played upon him, and it may be imagined what he would do with the man who did it, could he have caught him. Immediately he started enquiries, and you can guess our feelings, especially those of the man at the wheel who saw it all. The captain was so determined to find out the culprit and would have given anything to do so, but failed "to connect."

On this ship we got our rations of bread and butter weighed once a week, the bread being all "hard tack," and sometimes was consumed before the time expired. When this happens, some captains are not very willing to allow any more; and this, unfortunately, was the case on our little schooner, so we made up our minds to find other means to obtain it, and the cook was instructed by us to go and secure some, which he agreed to do. One day as he went into the store-room to secure some butter "on the sly," the captain, who was in the adjoining room, "let on" that he was sleeping, as he knew that the cook had some private business of his own on hand, and wished to investigate. The cook obtained the butter, and in order to hide it well, put it under his cap. Just then the captain took it into his head to go out through the front door of the room he was in, and meeting the cook in the after-companion asked him some questions. This was too much for the cook, who felt guilty and began to perspire, and immediately the butter began to melt and run down his face, which, of course, revealed the secret. The captain then promised to give him a licking, but he enjoyed the laugh so much that he changed his mind.

We had a great amount of lumber on deck, and as a rule this sort of cargo is pretty well secured. In crossing the North Sea this time we encountered some strong winds, and some of the fastenings which held the cargo broke loose and a large quantity was washed overboard. On the whole we had a very rough trip across, and having a rather unpleasant captain made things more disagreeable. However, we arrived in Halligen, Holland, and one of the peculiarities we noticed there was that the women and girls were going round the docks peddling gin, which seemed to be a great business there. I noticed the streets and sidewalks were exceptionally clean. Every morning the front steps of nearly all the houses were scrubbed, and the brass knobs and bells on the doors polished as well. We took in all the principal sights as the sailor always does.

One day while in port my bread had given out, as there was a man in the forecastle with us who was a great eater, and I could not see him hungry. I invited him to share my ration until finished, which became exhausted a day previous to getting a new supply. This time I went after the captain and asked for more bread, but he immediately commenced to abuse me with strong language, so I simply told him that if I could not get anything to eat I could not work, as unloading a cargo of lumber is hard work, and we had to do it.

I then started to the dock to report our situation to the Norwegian Consul. As I stepped on the dock he called me back, and told me that he would instruct the cook to attend to our wants, but he seemed to be displeased with me. This captain's temper was like a sky-rocket—went up quick, then disappeared.

When we had unloaded our cargo, and taken in ballast, we started across the North Sea back to Stromstad.

One particular incident which happened, and which I very much enjoyed on this trip, occurred when we reached the Dogger Banks. We got into a calm, and as the ship was well supplied with fishing lines, we began to fish, and as fast as the line reached a certain depth we hauled up a lot of good fish known as the deep-sea cod, and in a short time we had the deck nearly covered with them. We started off the Banks again, arriving in Stromstad on a Sunday morning.

After we furled the sails and washed down the decks we were told that we could go ashore for the afternoon. The captain called the cook aft and gave him ten crowns and half a box of Holland cigars, telling him to give them to the sail-maker and me. This was to be a present and not to be charged to our account. We went ashore and up to a lovely park where the band was playing, and while there we met the captain and the owner of the cargo—which we were to load—with his two daughters. The captain gave us an introduction to them and told the gentleman that we were good boys, and he got the reply that the other gentleman thought the same. They then treated us to some beer and some more cigars while the music was going on, but we did not feel at home in their company and somehow got away from them with the two girls. We returned to the ship late in the evening.

The following morning, after starting to work, the captain came on deck and talked to us like a Dutch uncle, and said that we were anything but gentlemen to break up his company after the way he had treated us, and told us that the presents he had made us would be charged to our accounts. However, we did not mind this, as we had had our fun.

The cook and a couple more men were paid off, but the sailmaker and myself made up our minds to stay on the ship for another trip, so we secured a new cook whose name was G——, and two more sailors. The cook was a great fellow to play the concertina, and when we found this out we were more than glad, as we knew it meant a lot of free music for us. This was the cook's first trip at sea. He came on board while we were taking on the cargo, and brought his concertina with him, and every evening when the work was done we had him play for us, and the Swedish girls took great pleasure in this kind of music, so that we had a very sociable time while the ship was in port.

After a while the concertina gave out and a new one had to be secured somewhere, but the question was how to get one, as none of us had any money, so we put the cook up to ask the captain for money for an oilskin suit as he did not have one. The captain gave him twenty crowns for this purpose, and we suggested to him that he should purchase a concertina instead, as he did not need an oilskin just then. This he did, and we got the music; and we had a lively time during the rest of our stay in port.

Finally we got loaded and started for Amsterdam, Holland, when the cook began to feel that he was not on shore playing his concertina. The first night out at sea we got into some rough weather, and a good deal of the spray came on board the ship, and oilskins were used by those who had them. While we were making sail a sea washed over some of us, the cook included, and he having no oilskin on, the captain enquired why he did not put it on, and when the cook told him the reason, he laughed, and said that if he wanted to keep dry he had better go and put on his concertina.

In Amsterdam we had the privilege of seeing many beautiful places, and it certainly is a lovely city. Having unloaded, and got the ballast aboard, we started across the North Sea for home. The ship was chartered to load again for Ipswich, England, and I told my mother, while at home this time, that I would ship in this schooner once more and desert her at Ipswich, as I would like to take a trip around the world in a British ship, and learn the English language, as I was impressed with the idea that there was a position waiting somewhere for me where the English language would be necessary; so that when she got my letter telling her all about it she would not be disappointed. My mother told me not to do that, as it would not be honourable, but to take the round and upon my return she would have a box of clothes ready for me, and then I could take my voyage round the world. This I did, and we went to Harwich, England, and from Harwich returned to

Fredrikshald. The schooner then loaded for Grimsby, and while she was loading I got myself ready, as mother had now a nice box of clothes for me. I have often wondered since how she ever got them together, as her means were very limited.

I went to the owner of the ship and asked him if I could go over as a passenger on her, and he told me I could by paying a crown a day for my board (which was equal to 27 or 28 cents.) and giving a helping hand if required. He was very thoughtful towards me and said, "Young man, I have two ships in port at present, and you can have your choice of either. One is going to Hamburg, Germany, the other is returning to Grimsby, England." This was the schooner I had just left, and as England always had a strange charm for me, I decided to stand by her.

By and by the loading was completed, and my precious box of clothes arrived safely on the ship. The following day we were to sail, and mother and sister Clara, and a lady friend of mine, accompanied me towards the ship. On the way down we met the captain and his wife, also heading for the vessel, and we all walked down together. When we arrived at the end of the dock, we saw the vessel lying off there with the tugboat alongside, ready to tow to sea.

The captain immediately made signals to the ship to send a boat ashore after him and myself, and as the boat was approaching the dock, the captain looked around at me and smiled, and said, "Johnny, we must now bid adieu to our loved ones." I tried hard to bear up and finally said a quick good-bye, and we got into the boat and started for the ship. I cannot find language to describe the feelings which possessed me at this time, thinking a great deal of the loved ones I had left behind.

We arrived on board, weighed anchor, and the steamer got our tow-line and headed for sea, and I watched the handkerchiefs from the deck that were being waved to us from the shore as long as the eye could see. We also dipped our flag and finally when the distance became too great, we lost sight of one another.

Not far from Grimsby we got into a storm and anchored in a place near a light known as the "Spurn." The wind kept increasing, so that it was impossible for a vessel to ride to her anchors. The cables cut right through the windlass and we lost our two anchors and cables. We commenced to drift and had to make sail and head for the open sea, which was running very high. At this time our only hope was to keep out in the open water, as it was hard to carry sufficient sail to control our ship. However, we managed to get into the open sea.

Of course, it will be understood that we had a pilot aboard at this time. In a day or two the weather moderated and we got into port. I then paid the captain nine crowns for the nine days, and asked him to see me to the station, and put me on a train for London, as he could speak the language.

I arrived at mid-day in London, the world's greatest city, which has a population of nearly eight millions, being almost as many as there are in the whole of the Dominion of Canada. What a recollection that is! Not knowing a soul to speak to, and not being familiar with the language, I felt strange indeed.

During the afternoon I walked up and down the streets, hoping I would meet some of my countrymen who could direct me to a Seaman's Boarding House, and with only twenty-seven shillings in my pocket. Presently I thought I heard two men speaking Norwegian, and walked up to them as close as I could, but discovered that they were Germans, so I turned around and continued my search in another direction.

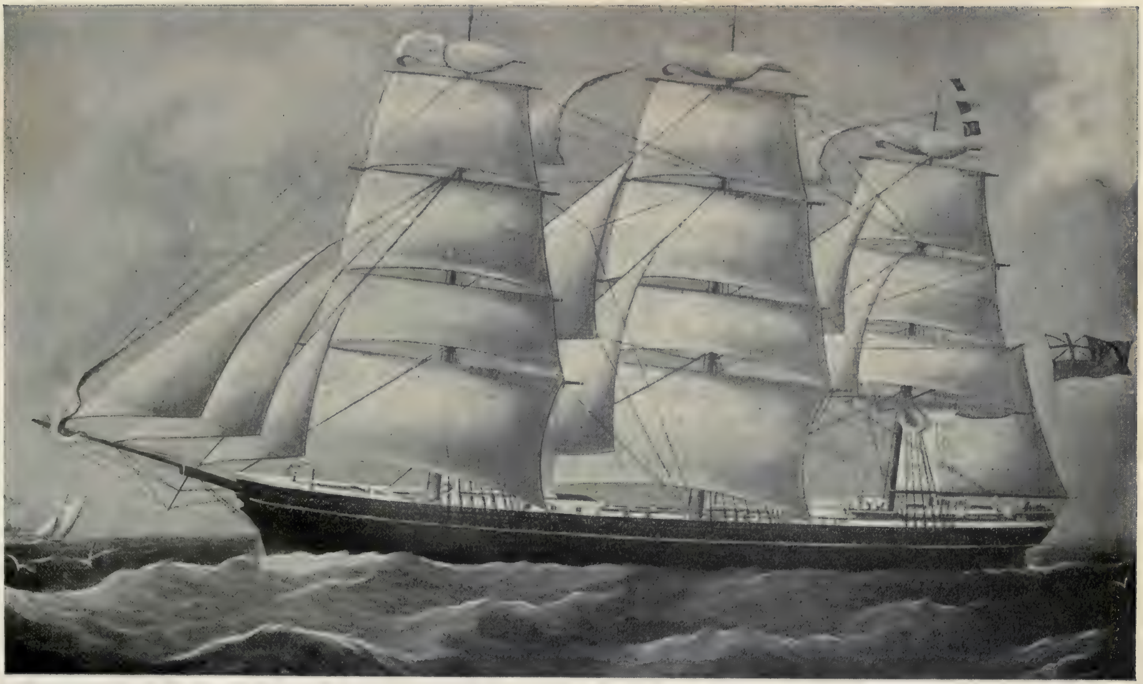
At times the feeling of loneliness almost overwhelmed me, and I remember saying to myself, "John, you are now here at your own request, and this is the time to see what you can endure." The day was far spent and the evening clouds gathering, I again said to myself, "John, cheer up, you will come out all right. There will be someone coming to relieve you." Shortly after, sure enough, I met some countrymen of mine, and told them my story, and asked them to direct me to a place where I could secure a ship. They were only too glad to take me to the boarding house where they were staying, and when I met the boarding-master, he first asked me if I was a sailor. I said "Yes," and then he asked me if I had any money and I told him 27 shillings. He then told me to give him a pound (20 shillings) in advance for my board, and promised to secure me a place on a ship very soon.

A couple of days later there was a barque belonging to Liverpool, by the name of "Queen of Australia," loading with iron rails for Cape Town, South Africa, but as sailors were plentiful at this time the Captain had his choice of picking his own crew, and about forty men were on board. Out of this forty, including myself, only eighteen were required to make up the crew. He had us up on the upper deck, and those that were chosen were to go on the starboard side and those he did not want had to remain where they were. I, being among the ones not wanted, started back to the house.

About a day later I went out for a walk, and accidentally saw the sign of a shipping office known as "Greene's Home," and this place was crowded with sailors looking for situations. While there a vessel was shipping her crew, and not being well posted in the English language I could not understand it very well. A man at the upper end of the hall called out, "Here young fellow," and no one replying he sang out the second time, and a darkey standing in front of me took me by the shoulder and said they wanted me up there. I then raised my hand in the crowd, asking if I was wanted, and the man told me to come forward. This was difficult owing to the great crowd. However, I got there at last.

The shipping master asked me if I was a sailor, and I replied "Yes, sir." He then asked me if I wanted to ship on this vessel which was going on a long voyage. He told me that he had just completed a crew, all but one more able seaman. As I had never been on a British ship before I felt a little nervous at taking the position of able seaman, and would rather have taken a guinea a month less and shipped as ordinary seaman, but he told me that he wanted an able seaman and if I wanted the situation I would have to ship as such. I felt very undecided what to do but still wanted to make the voyage. The shipping-master saw that I was uneasy and asked me some questions in regard to the work of a ship, to which I replied, and he told me then that he would advise me to accept, as he thought it was a good ship, so I said I would do so. The articles were then read to me in English, which might have been in Latin for all I knew, and a pen was given me to sign my name, and I put down "John Johnson." I had no idea what document I had signed, all my mind was on was to take this long voyage. I noticed afterwards that in the articles was a clause whereby we had to attend divine service every evening, which seemed very unnatural to me on board a sailing ship.

After I had signed I was ordered to join a crowd of men standing in one corner of the adjoining hall. There were eighteen sailors, a first and second officer. The captain and third officer and apprentices had remained on board. This ship was lying at St.Nazaire, France, where she had brought a cargo of guano, and we were now instructed to go down to Milwall Dock and embark on a steamer which would take us across the English Channel to France. We arrived there the following day.



THE BRITISH SHIP "DORSET."

CHAPTER VII.

On Board the British Ship "Dorset."

On this ship I had a different experience, and a great many things happened that have left fond recollections in my memory. This was a full-rigged ship by the name of "Dorset," and belonged to Messrs Stuckey and Bagshot, of London, England. The captain's name was C. C. Couves, his home was in London at that time, afterwards removing to Cardiff in 1885. The first officer's name was Mr. Gadsden, his home being in Southend, near London; the second officer's name was Mr. Caulfield, and he came from a place near Wexford, Ireland; the third officer was from London, and his name was Mr. Farmer. The latter young man had been on the ship for about five years, having served four years' apprenticeship on her, the steward and boatswain had also been on the ship the previous voyage.

The whole crew of the "Dorset" were shipped in London with the exception of the captain and two apprentices, who remained on board as their time had not then expired. As we were walking towards the dock where the ship lay she was pointed out to us, and I was favourably impressed with her at first sight.

I noticed a white pennant, with a blue star in the centre, flying at the mainmast, and inquired what it meant, and was told that it was an indication that religious services were held on this ship. Finally we got on board, and when the last man was on deck, the captain came out to look at his crew, and this was the first time that we had seen him, and from the very first we had the very highest respect for him. He was an elderly looking gentleman, with heavy grey hair and beard, was slightly built and wore glasses. He seemed to be very pleased with the crew which his agent in London had secured for him. The remainder of the day was given over to us to put our clothes away and get ready to start work the following morning.

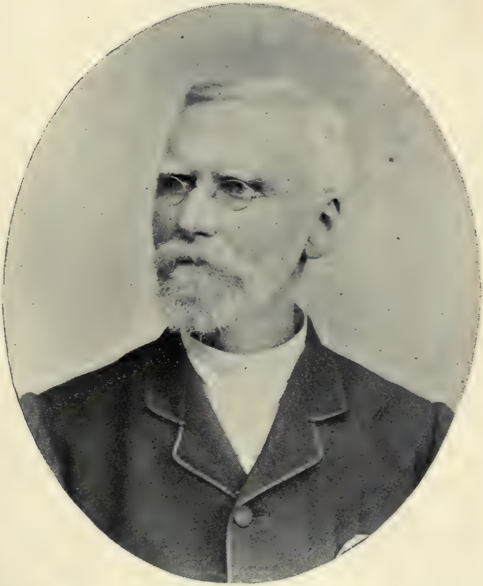
The first morning we started to work I remember the first officer giving me orders to go aloft on the main rigging and start getting the gear ready to bend the mainsail, and without being sure of what he meant I started up the rigging and happened to strike the right thing. During the day he asked me if I was a Norwegian. I told him I was. He then asked me if I understood washing clothes, taking his handkerchief and rubbing it with his hands to show me what he meant. I answered "Yes, sir." He then asked me if I could darn socks, pulling up the leg of his trousers. I gave him the same answer I had about the washing, at the same time nodding my head, as I had some experience in this kind of work on other ships. He then told me to go on his watch, this being the larboard or port watch, and I used to keep his room clean and look after his clothes, until we became very much attached to one another, and he used to call me "his boy."

The ship having ballast aboard was in a position to sail for New York, where there was a cargo of kerosene oil waiting for us, providing we could make the run in 45 days. This we eventually did, and had time to spare. The oil was all in small cases, with two tins in each case. We were to carry the oil to Shanghai, China.

As soon as the ship was ready we started to cross the Atlantic for New York, in the fall of the year, this being my second trip to this great American city. The first evening at sea, after leaving port, at 7.30 o'clock, three bells were struck, indicating the time, and also a call to divine service, which was held by the captain. He also played the organ and led the singing. A service was held every evening at this time until we reached port. I might say that our skipper was not an accomplished musician, having only learned to play on the two previous voyages he had made, but was fairly successful considering his years. On board the ship was a German sailor by name of Mader, who was the son of one of the leading ministers in Bremen. His father had frequently sent him money to spend on his education, but he had squandered it. He was nevertheless a good seaman and had been at this time on our ship for about three months, and having heard the captain playing while he was at the wheel, the sound coming up through the sky-light from the saloon, he decided as soon as the captain came on deck to ask him if he might play a few tunes when his watch was over. His request was granted, and shortly after, while walking the promenade deck, the captain heard his two favourite pieces being beautifully rendered by the sailor. The skipper was very much surprised that Mader had not made known his ability before. This little incident shows that we don't always realise the true value of of our companions. I may say that Mader played at every service during the rest of our voyage, and here the good old words come back again:—"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

On this trip I had a good opportunity for learning English. The reader may know that on board ship the crew are divided into two watches—one sleeping while the other is taking care of the ship. I spent much of the time that I should have been below in the night, with the man on the lookout, who taught me English. Another way in which I obtained great assistance was when I attended Divine service. The captain used to read a chapter or so from the bible and having my Norwegian bible with me, which my mother had hidden in my trunk, it was very little trouble for me to find the passages in it given out by the captain and follow him when reading, so that I learned to read very quickly. ,

We experienced much foggy weather on the voyage as we took the northerly course bringing us near to the banks of Newfoundland and thus securing wind in our favour. A remark was made by some of the crew as we passed Sandy Hook, before entering New York Harbour, that the main royal had not been furled since we left France, which is very unusual for



CAPT. C. C. COUVES (Master of the "Dorset").

that time of the year, we having made a very successful run across. At Sandy Hook, we secured a tug-boat which towed us up the East River, where we were to load our cargo.

The captain asked us to attend Divine Service in the Mariners Church while in port. In New York I got acquainted with many good people, who were spending their fortunes and sacrificing their lives for the benefit of sailors and fallen men and women of all classes. I would mention especially, Mr. Baker, Mr. Davies and two ladies,—Miss Smith and Miss White. These people I can never forget for the splendid work they carried on. Occasionally the captain had some of these people on board the ship on Sunday afternoon where they held service. Of course, at this time most of the crew would be on shore, it being a day off.

The song service that we used to listen to in the Mariners' Church were very attractive and often I felt as if I should like to be as happy as the people that led them appeared to be. The Spirit of the Lord had been striving with me quite often while coming across the Atlantic to New York, and here I was almost persuaded to be a Christian, and I had a hard battle to decide what to do, and often said:—

> "Oh how the world to evil allures me,
> Oh how my heart is tempted to sin,
> I must tell Jesus, and He will help me,
> Over the world—the victory to win."

One night we were singing a Gospel Song which I remember quite well. It touched me very deeply.

Shortly after this song the prayer service began, and an invitation was given to those who wished to try to live a better life to stand up. Oh! how I felt I would like to have done so, but not being a very strong-minded boy and easily led, the thought came to me, "John, don't make a fool of yourself, you are now going on a long voyage and some of the sailors are here, and the others on board will be sure to find it out, and laugh at you,—you had better sit still." I did so, but it was hard work; still I kept going there and one night when the same question was asked again, I stood up, although it was a hard battle to do it. I felt somewhat different from the last meeting I had attended, as I had been reading in the good Old Book, where it tells us that we must "work out our own salvation with fear and trembling." This seemed to encourage me to persevere, but afterwards the thought came to my mind that I was only deceiving myself, as I did not possess the joyful experience that a good many people I had listened to possessed. I did not realise that as a beginner I was only like a babe in the Master's service and had to be fed with milk instead of meat, and that my experience would grow in proportion. Since then I have never had a doubt of my conversion.

I am sorry to have to say that my life has not been very consistent, but after all, of the many different experiences we had on the ship, I have many pleasant recollections, which continue to this day. We remained in New York for quite a long while—for about three weeks. We had quite a variety of nationalities on board, among whom were English, Welsh, German, Austrian, Belgian, Russian, Norwegian and Swedes. They all could speak very good English except myself as they had been sailing on British American ships for years.

We now took the oil cargo on board for China, and were towed down the river again, and headed for sea. When we got away down to the southward we got into the winds, which are known as the "North Trades." These winds usually blow from one quarter, and sailing vessels often go out of their course in order to secure them as they hardly ever fail. I remember we got these winds near the Cape de Verde Islands, when we commenced to have a short service every morning as well as in the evening.

I have forgotten to mention that from the time we left France, and all the time that we were on the ship, the watch that went on deck at 8 o'clock Saturday morning until 12 o'clock noon, completed the necessary work, so that when the new watch came on deck at one bell—(12-30), they had Saturday afternoon to wash and mend their clothes, excepting the man at the wheel, or when sails were to be taken in or put on. This was done by the Captain so that the sailors would have no excuse to work on Sunday. I have never heard tell of that plan being adopted before or since.

The Captain did not allow any swearing or fighting on board his ship. I remember one night while taking in the fore topgallant sail, the second officer and the German sailor Mader fell out, and when the sail was furled, they were going to have a "square up" as the sailors call it. The captain heard of this, and called the men to him on the after deck and told them, that he did not allow any fighting on board the ship, and if they insisted on it, he would have a hand in too, so that settled the fighting once and for all on this ship. The captain was an exceptionally fine man; he often spoke kind words of encouragement to us and asked us to try to live better lives, and made us feel as if we were his equal in many things. He often told us to be sure and write letters to our parents, if we had any, also to our friends when in port, and we had the highest respect for him. He was a good sailor and carried with him great dignity when required.

On this trip we went around Cape of Good Hope, through the Straits of Sunda and Banca Straits, which connect the Indian Ocean with the China Sea, where I remember quite well we anchored often at night. While there we had considerable trading with the natives. They used to come alongside in their boats with birds of many different kinds, also monkeys, for which we used to exchange with them clothing. A garment that had brass buttons on it was considered very valuable to them.

When we left there we had a great variety of birds and monkeys on board, and at first we had music of all kinds from the birds, so that the ship sounded like a Chinese theatre, but after a while we got used to them and did not mind the noise. Shortly after leaving there bird after bird died, so that by the time we reached China the variety was not so large. I may refer to one particular monkey that we had on board and with which we had great fun. He seemed to be above the ordinary intelligence of monkeys and he certainly was a wonder. He belonged to a sailor, by the name of Nelson, a Dane, and this man thought a great deal of his pet. When he went to sleep in his hammock the monkey used to fuss with his hair, and often used to watch and see if he was asleep while doing it. There was a Russian on the ship who took a particular dislike to the monkey, and the animal did not care much for him. On board this kind of deep-sea vessel, we are limited to so much fresh water per day for cooking purposes and that meant so much and no more. One night, the sailors were at their supper, and the two watches happened to have theirs at the same time so were all at the table together, and only the lookout and the man at the wheel were on deck. Just then orders were issued for all hands to come on deck to take in some of the sails as squalls were coming up. In a few moments the forecastle was deserted, with the exception of the monkey, and he began to get busy. The tea had been poured out in tin pannikins and when the sailors returned to their supper they found them bottom up, and the teapots emptied, and the monkey singing for joy at what he had done. Suddenly he disappeared, and the Russian sailor started out to hunt for him. Seeing him in the fore-rigging he started after him, but when the monkey saw him coming he ran down the fore-stays and landed on the jib-boom. The Russian by this time felt quite angry and as the monkey was making his way in on the jib-boom guys, he shook them and the monkey fell into the sea. This finished the monkey. Poor Mr. Nelson never could get over losing his friend as he said he was always so faithful to him.

In the China sea we experienced a great deal of calm weather at first, and I remember quite well we had stages hanging over the ship's side so that we could clean and paint her, therefore it will be readily understood that the waters were very peaceful at this particular time. While we were at work on the stages we discovered a great number of water snakes apparently from four to five feet in length, like big eels, and coiled upon the surface of the water as if they were sleeping.

About a week before we arrived in Woo Sung, and when we were abreast of Hong Kong, a typhoon struck us, and the wind being from the North east took away all the standing sails, also those that were furled, and the weather side of the ship and the rigging was covered with sand which had blown from the shore. After the storm had abated orders were issued to clear away the damaged sails and bend new from top to bottom, these being the heaviest suit of sails we had aboard. Some ships carry from one to three suits of full canvas and these sails are bent according to the different winds encountered in the different parts of the world.

A couple of days before we arrived in Woo Sung the first officer became sick and had to be confined to his bed, and when the ship arrived in port he was taken to the hospital. I remember the first Sunday afternoon in port. Two apprentices and myself went ashore to take our first look at China, and just at sunset we turned up at a big Joss-house where there were a number of Chinese gathered for their evening worship. This was my first experience in a Chinese Joss-house. They had a figure adorned in very attractive colours which they worshipped, and some were playing on different kinds of instruments, others were praying, while quite a number seemed to be laughing. On the whole I felt very peculiar where I stood looking on.

We were about 150 days from the time we left New York until we arrived off Woo Sung, which is at the entrance of the Whangpoo river. We stayed here for about two weeks lightening the ship sufficiently to float up the river, as there was not enough water to carry us up with our full cargo to Shanghai. This river is very muddy.

Shanghai, a city in Central China, in the province of Kiangsu, and its most important seaport, is twelve miles from the mouth of the Whangpoo river.

The Chinese part of the city has narrow dirty streets, and is surrounded by a wall, with crowded suburbs. The French and English portions on the north of the Chinese city, parallel with the river, are well lighted and paved, with handsome houses and fine public buildings. The city is strongly fortified.

Shanghai was opened to foreign commerce in 1842, and has a large trade with Great Britain and other countries, in silk, tea, cotton, rice, sugar, paper, hemp, etc. About 3,000 vessels enter the port annually. Population 700,000.

One peculiarity that took my attention in Shanghai, was the laundrymen with their white jackets, cork shoes, and queues hanging down their backs. They made quite a showy appearance. The next thing I noticed was the Chinese small row boats, known as "sanpans." These were used for travelling to and from the ships and were utilized as their dwellings. One day when crossing, away up the river, I discovered hundreds of small boats, of different sizes, in which thousands of Chinese were living all the year round, and these people I noticed were not very clean.

I was also very much interested in the Chinese jinrickshaw. These kind of gigs are built upon the same principle as we build our carriages, and are very neat, most of them only holding one occupant. They have two wheels and one pair of shafts, and are drawn by the Chinamen. They often sing out as they run along, "Hoo-Hoo." The first Sunday that we went ashore to go to church, there were two of us together, and we met a Chinaman with a jinrickshaw and he asked us if we wanted to go for a drive. I told him I did not care for that style of riding and he told me I did not understand Chinese fashion. After a little persuasion my friend and I took a jinrickshaw apiece and started off for church. After having ridden for a short distance we saw the captain ahead of us in one of these carriages. We told the Chinaman to go slow, but he said that he would like to pass him, as he thought the other man was too slow.

Often these Chinamen come across drunken sailors and wait for the chance to take them to their dock in their " ricks," and when the sailor falls asleep the Chinamen takes advantage of the victim and turns off in a different direction, where he attempts to rob him—but sometimes he is caught at this trick.

A particular friend of mine—a captain of a vessel which frequently ran between England and China told me a story, which he knew to be a fact, which happened to one of his sailors who had been ashore and was returning to the ship considerably under the influence of liquor. He was picked up by one of these Chinese drivers, and seeing the man's condition, he took advantage of him by taking him to a lonely place so that he could rob him, this occurrence happened quite frequently. The Chinaman would stop the " rick " every now and again to make sure that his victim was asleep. The sailor happened to have some money upon him and this he had been relieved by the celestial, and coming to, was very much annoyed and soon sobered up. He was determined to get revenge, so the following day, putting on different clothing and altering his appearance a good deal, he started up town to the neighbourhood where he had been picked up previously, to wait the coming of the same Chinaman. Feigning drunkenness, it was comparatively easy to locate him and he had the pleasure of hiring again the same Chinaman. Another attempt was made at robbery, which failed, the Chinaman getting his just deserts for his previous offence.

I noticed as we were lying in the river one of the finest warships I think I have ever seen. This was a Chinese ship, and I watched the sailors on board of her who seemed to be all talking at the same time, men and officers together, which seemed to show a want of discipline. We all noticed that most of the women in China had very small feet so that it seemed difficult for them to walk. This is owing to an iron shoe which they use in childhood to prevent the feet from growing. Frequently in the stores the proprietor would offer his own daughters for sale, as if they were merchandise, which was very strange to us.

There were also a number of bakers in the streets, baking bread in small quantities which they sold to passers by. One Sunday afternoon a couple of us took a stroll out into the country and what we saw was very beautiful, the land being level and well cultivated. While we were walking along great numbers of Chinese came from the different houses to take a look at us. One man offered to give us a glass of milk as it was a warm day, which we accepted and wanted to pay for, but he refused to accept any money. A number of Chinese out in the country live in clay huts.

Our cargo of oil was discharged by Chinamen, who were in great numbers, like mosquitos on a summer evening. They carried two of the cases in a sling made of rope, attached to a bamboo, which the Chinese carried on their shoulders, with one man at each end. They were about 140 lbs. weight.

They went along at a good rate, as usual shouting—"Hoo-Hoo."

The following Sunday I remember the captain had a number of ladies and gentlemen aboard. Some of these were dressed in Chinese costumes and came to hold services. One of them took charge of the meeting and gave out a hymn and read it over, which was "Tell me the old, old story," and we were more than surprised to hear him read, and made up our minds that he must have been pretty well versed in the English language; and this supposed Chinaman turned out to be Hudson Taylor, the well known Chinese missionary who has lived in China for a great many years, sacrificing his life and the money that had been left him for the cause.

Among the company were Mr. and Mrs. Dalziel, with whom I shortly became very familiar, and always had a standing invitation to go to their home and sometimes embraced the opportunity and spent some very happy hours with them. I shortly got acquainted with Mr. Taylor and asked him about his way of dressing, and he told me that it had been his style for a great many years, as they could do far better work among the Chinese by dressing like them and appearing like them as much as possible.

On these kind of deep-water ships we were always allowed 24 hours liberty to ourselves and a little money. This privilege we are given shortly before the vessel sails. One watch taking one day—the next taking the following day, because some must be aboard at all times. I had my leave of absence the day before we sailed, and went up to the hospital which I had visited frequently, as you will remember the first officer, Mr. Gadsden was taken there as soon as the ship arrived. We were sitting talking for some time when finally the hour came for departure when I shook hands with him and said "good-bye." He then replied to me, "don't say good-bye, to me my boy, as I am going aboard the ship to-night," and in that hand-shake we both broke down as he had been like a father to me from the first day I met him on the ship. But we had heard from the Captain that the doctor had given orders not to take him on board, as he was not in a fit condition. We had to leave the following morning at high tide and felt more than sorry to leave him behind.

A change was then made in the officers, the second officer was promoted to first officer to fill Mr. Gadsden's place, the third officer taking Mr. Caulfield's position, and the oldest apprentice, Mr. Gates, was made third officer.

CHAPTER VIII.

Now Leave China to Cross the Pacific Ocean for British Columbia.

This was in the year 1880. I was then 20 years of age. Our destination was Burrard Inlet, or Gas Town, named after a man by the name of John Deighton (the proprietor of the Deighton House), and known as "Gassy Jack," as he was a great talker. This place is to-day known as Vancouver City, with a population of over 70,000. Going this way we were sailing due east, consequently gaining considerable time. When we got to the 180th meridian east from Greenwich, we had then gained 12 hours time. This happened to be on a Wednesday, so we had Wednesday to-day and Friday to-morrow.

We got safely across the Pacific and finally sighted the west coast of Vancouver Island, which appeared very rough and rugged after coming in from the ocean and reminded me a great deal of old Norway. We finally sighted Cape Flattery Light, which is at the entrance to the Straits of Juan de Fuca and we sailed along until we reached the Royal Roads, where we dropped anchor.

This is just outside of Victoria City, the capital of British Columbia. Here the captain had a boat lowered and four sailors went ashore with him, and we were very much taken up with this fine city. We happened to be ashore during the noon hour and the captain gave us some money to get our dinner. We went into a restaurant, where the Queen's Hotel is now standing, and we had a fine dinner, which we enjoyed very much, as sailors on board ship have not a great variety to choose from, their principal rations being salt meat and hard tack, so after partaking of such a repast, we felt as if we owned the city.

We then returned to the dock where the boat was tied up and waiting for the captain, but he did not return until late in the afternoon, as he had a brother there and a great many old friends that he had to call upon. He had been employed as a pilot away back in the sixties at this place, consequently it made things very interesting for him to be there.

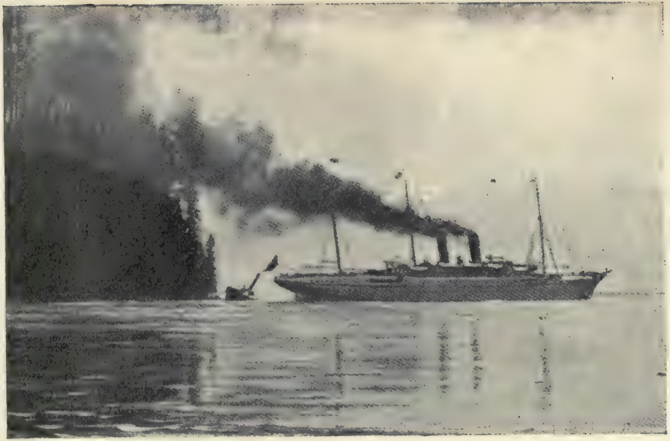
When the captain arrived he had the ship's mail with him, which he commenced to distribute, at the same time informing us that he had received a letter from the hospital in Shanghai, stating that Mr. Gadsden, our old friend, the first officer, had passed away, and that on hearing of the ship's departure he had taken a turn for the worse and five days later died and was buried there. This news cast a gloom over the whole ship, as he was very well liked by all.

While we were waiting we had a good opportunity to find out what this part of the world was like, for a man to make a living in, and soon found that we had struck a land that flowed with milk and honey! The wages for common labourers at this time were $5.00 per day, and the wages on sailing ships and steamers was $40.00 per month and board; so this looked pretty good to us, as also the fact that the labouring class were very independent.

After two days, or so, a steamer was secured to tow us up to Burrard Inlet, which was a distance of about 76 miles. This steamer was named the "Beaver" and had a great history, as she was the first steamer that ever crossed the Atlantic Ocean from England, and at that time belonged to the Hudson's Bay Company. We were towed through a place called Plumper's Pass, which is very beautiful and is about half-way between Victoria and Vancouver cities; it is a very narrow pass forming an almost perfect "S" and at times the tide is very strong. The reason for taking this route is because it reduces the distance considerably. As we were going through I remember seeing three deer standing on the shore looking towards the ship. In those days game was very plentiful. As we were towing up we commenced to discharge the ballast, and the following day we anchored in the Harbour where the remainder of the ballast was discharged, and were then towed alongside the Hastings Sawmill Dock to load a cargo of heavy lumber for Shanghai, China. As we dropped our anchor we gazed around us in wonder, for truly we were in one of the prettiest natural harbours that we had ever seen. It was really beautiful and appeared entirely land-locked and gave a seaman a certainty of safety.

ACCOUNT OF THE "BEAVER."

The history of our tow-boat "Beaver" I will give you condensed, as I think it worthy of mention. When The Hudson Bay Company had finished with her she was sold to a private Company (October 13th, 1874). She was built in the reign of King William IV, by Messrs. Green, Wigram, and Green in 1835. The cost of her construction must have been something enormous for a craft of her dimensions, length over all—101 feet, breadth inside of paddle box 20 ft., outside 33 ft., depth 11½ ft., her register was 109 tons burden, she was armed with 5 guns—nine pounders, and carried a crew of 26 men. Judging from the material used, which was of oak and African teak, she truly must have cost a large sum. The "Beaver's" engines, when packed ready for shipment, weighed 63½ tons including boiler, etc., and cost over $22,000, nearly ten times the weight and cost of engines of like power at the present day. It was on the 29th August, 1835, amid cheers from a throng of well-wishers, the waving of banners, and boom of artillery, that she glided down the Thames into the English Channel, and thence into the open sea. Upon reaching the mouth of the Columbia river on April 4th, 1836, (Captain David Home, was the first officer in command)—one can well imagine the feeling of pride with which he bestrode the deck of his brave little steamer, which had successfully accomplished the voyage around Cape Horn, and thus obtained the proud distinction of being the first steamer that crossed the Atlantic to America; the first to round Cape Horn; and the first to ripple the waves of the broad Pacific. She eventually reached her destination, namely, Fort Vancouver, then in the State of Oregon, and which was the chief port of the Hudson Bay Company. One of the most eventful things in the career of this craft was the founding of Camousan, or Fort Victoria, which latterly became the Company's head trading post. The "Beaver" also figured in many disputes with the Indians, and no man-of-war ever maintained stricter discipline along the coast than this "little black steamer" as she was called, which manned by an ever watchful crew was never taken by surprise as she plied her paddles through the sea. In 1858 came the famous "Fraser-River Gold excitement" and caused thousands of men to rush over plain and mountain in a mad desire to search for hidden treasure. It was during this period that the "Beaver" became widely known to the travelling public, and perhaps some of the old "Forty-niners," still survive who took passage in this steamer during the long-to-be-remembered Califorian Gold Fever. During these periods many a pound of the precious metal found a place on the "Beaver's" deck. She continued to operate on the coast run between the different trading posts and was always used for towing ships from the sea into their berths. At about 10 o'clock on the Thursday night, July 26th, 1888, the poor old "Beaver" in steaming out of Burrard Inlet, with a small cargo of provisions for a logging camp, was carried upon the rocks, just under the lofty cliff at the right of the entrance. Several unsuccessful attempts were made to float her but she remained rockbound, for four years attracting world-wide curiosity. In 1892, a Stock Company was formed for the purpose of raising and sending this remnant of ancient marine architecture to the World's Fair at Chicago, but, while the negotiations were pending the swell from the side-wheeler "Yosemite," in passing close to the stranded vessel at low tide, on June 26th, 1892, caused the boiler to work loose—when with a crash it fell outward into the channel, carrying with it a large portion of the hull. This happened just 100 years after the celebrated explorer, Captain George Vancouver, passed the same spot in the ship "Discoverer" in June, 1792, at which time he named the silent harbour "Burrard Inlet," after Sir Henry Burrard of the British Navy. Naturally the anxiety became very great to secure relics of this ancient vessel. At certain low tides it was extremely dangerous to get near the remnant. The preference at first was the wood-work which appeared to be as sound as when put together. A souvenir medal was manufactured out of the copper fastenings, etc. The wood of the old boat has been worked up into numerous useful ornaments, such as walking sticks, jewelery caskets, writing desks, picture frames, etc. Much sympathy was expressed over the loss of the good old boat. The cut on next page and the little article and poem below, are, I think, worthy of the reader's attention, and are, in my opinion, a fit



View from the north shore of the Narrows, overlooking to the South-west English Bay and the Gulf of Georgia at flood tide, The s.s. "Empress of China" is leaving port for the Orient, while under Observation Point is visible the prow of the steamer "Beaver."

monument and remembrance to the "Beaver's" memory.

FROM THE "BEAVER" TO THE "EMPRESS."

Plying Pacific waters since 1891, between British Columbia, Japan and China are the Royal Mail steamships, Empress of China, Empress of India, and Empress of Japan. These white ocean-racers are the property of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, and are of exactly the same construction, each being of 6,000 tons burden, 485 ft. in length, 51 ft. in breadth, and capable of steaming 20 miles per hour. Although considerably smaller than some of the Atlantic Liners these floating palaces may properly be termed perfect models of the modern architecture, and are the ones referred to in the following pathetic poem in which the steamer "Beaver" is represented as speaking to a passenger ship from her helpless condition on the rocky ledge:

MORITURA TE SALUTAT.

(From the Vancouver "Daily World").

A broken hulk, forlorn and lost am I,
Above me from the cliffs in ramparts high,
Beneath on rocky ledge
I stranded lie.

Around, the hungry waves await their prey,
They surge above my head, and day by day
I crumble as they steal
My life away.

Yet not alone despoiled by wind and wave,
But man, whom I served, disdains to save
And robs me as I sink
Into my grave.

The seaweed damp and chill binds fast my breast,
Yet deep below, in passionate unrest,
There stirs a hope, a dream
Unknown, unguessed.

At morn, when the first ray of daylight creeps
Through clinging mists, where soft the darkness sleeps
And faintly trembles down
To dusky deeps.

At noon, when clear and bright the waters spread,
And Ocean scarcely moves to rock my bed,
While droops the golden moss
Above my head.

At eve, when shadows fall and winds are free,
And moaning surges call aloud for me
To sink to sleep at last
Nothing beneath the sea.

Through storm, through sunshine, still I dream and wait,
Watching for her who comes in Royal State,
To sweep majestic through
The Lion's Gate!

Great Empress, proud, serene! Thy coming fleet
Announced by herald echoes wild and sweet,
The purple hills proclaim
The vales repeat.

To my dull vision from the world apart,
Thou seem'st a miracle of magic art,
Strange forces throb and glow
Within my heart!

Fair white enchantress from the Orient sped!
Its fragrance and its spice above thee shed
Still lingering incense breathe
About my head.

Above thy path the screaming sea-gulls fly,
Like mystic spirits, weave in circles high,
A charm of waving wings
Against the sky.

I know thou dost not heed my dreary lot,
Nor mark in passing by the lonely spot
Where desolate I lie
By all forgot.

The Past am I, but yet thou can'st not chide
The worship thou hast won from ancient pride,
Whose youth once challenged Fate
And time defied.

For had I ne'er traversed this Western Sea,
Nor braved its wrath to find a path for thee,
Where then thy stately grace
Secure and free?

I toiled through calm and storm for many a year,
While yet th' untrodden forest slumbered here;
Of Progress, Faith and Peace
The pioneer.

And science made me strong to prove her worth,
Her dawning light was shed upon my birth
Whose glory now is spread
Through all the earth!

But now my work is done—I sink to rest—
Fair Empress! May the wave thou hast caressed
In music murmur still
Above my breast.

And when at midnight hour thou drawest nigh,
And softly through the mists that sleeping lie
The star upon thy brow
Is gliding by.

Oh, may its light that trembles o'er my tomb,
With dreams of thee steal downward through the gloom,
Where I beneath the sea
Have found my doom.

Vancouver. L. A. L.

I remember well hauling into the Mill Wharf at Vancouver to load this cargo of lumber when the stevedore was picking out some of the crew to help load it and commenced ordering them around, using strong language. The captain hearing this called him to one side and told him that as he was not acquainted with these men as well as he, he would advise him to talk gently to them, and to remember that they were gentlemen, and if he did not do so they might turn on him. This captain was very considerate for his sailors, and in return, we all held him in esteem.

There were two saw mills here then, this one and the Moodyville Mill. The late Captain Raymer was in charge of the Hastings Mill, and Mr. B. Springer of the Woodyville Mill, and they then belonged to two different companies.

Both mills were then very busy sawing lumber, and I have seen as many as nineteen ships in the harbour at one time waiting to get a chance to load a cargo, as these two saw mills were the only industries there at that time, with the exception of the "Sprats Ark," which was a kind of barge used for converting fish into guano, and I do not believe there were more than 150 white men, but a great number of Indians and half-breeds. The names of some of the white inhabitants I remember, and will mention a few:—Capt. Raymer, Mr. B. Springer, Rev. C. Bryant, Capt. Soule, Mr. Miller, Mr. J. Manion, Mr. J. Deighton, Mr. Fraser, Mr. Johns, Mr. Griffith, Mr. Geo. Black, Mr. Alexander, Mr. McCartney, Dr. Bickinsdale, Capt. Stevens, and Joe Baker. With some of these gentlemen I became very intimately acquainted, and especially the late Mr. B. Springer, of whom I have very pleasant recollections, and even know members of his family at the present day.

What was known as the town was about half a mile from the ship, there being a walk consisting of two planks, side by side, leading from the mill up to the town. As we walked up town on this plank side walk, we frequently met Indians by the wayside waiting for the sailors to come ashore, with money to buy whiskey for them, as it was against the law to sell liquor to the Indians at this time, as well as at the present. They always gave double the amount of money required and the purchaser kept the remainder after paying for the whiskey.

I remember on one occasion the Indians were going to have what they called a " Potlach " (the name of an Indian feast), and they required a large supply for this occasion. They wanted half-a-dozen bottles of whiskey, and the sailor going to make the purchase made up his mind that he would have a little fun at their expense, so he secured six bottles, got a nice label on them, and filled them up with sea water; then returned them to the Indians for liquor, and suddenly disappeared, but if the Indians had ever got sight of him they would have shot him as sure as liberty. An Indian " Potlach " generally means, first, to get a supply of whiskey, which they drink so as to feel good, then, light a big camp fire, getting all their friends together dressed up in real Indian fashion, at the same time painting their faces, and dancing and singing around the fire.

When they commenced to load the cargo I was selected for night watchman on the ship. Alongside of us there was a ship from Australia by the name of " Lady Bowen," Capt. Tom Payne, and during the first night, the night watchman on the " Lady Bowen " and myself made up our minds to go out shooting the following morning as game was very plentiful. Sure enough, when morning came we had our coffee and biscuits, he took the dog belonging to his ship, and I took our dog. He took his gun and wanted me to secure one for myself also, but I told him that I knew nothing about shooting, so he said I might use his. As we were walking up the bank not far from the ship, we saw a number of sea gulls. One was sitting on a branch of a tree not far from where we passed, and he said to me, "Johnnie, there is a shot," and handed me his gun loaded, and I fired one shot, but the bird never moved. I fired another which had the same effect, and he said, "I will settle your shooting," and asked me to let him have the gun, which I did, and down came the sea gull. We then proceeded into the woods, my companion doing the shooting. We managed to secure some game, and returning to the ship divided the spoil.

This occurred in the month of September, which, it will be remembered, is my birth month, and I always had a desire to make others happy as far as it was in my power to do so. One day about the 12th September, I approached the captain, and asked him if he would allow me a quantity of flour, raisins, sugar, and currants, the same to be charged to my account. He looked at me and replied, "Certainly," but wanted to know what was up, to which I answered that as my birthday was on the 14th, I wanted to give the sailors a good time in the way of "Plum Duff," singing, etc. I found out eventually that I was never charged up with these goods. However, everything passed off nicely, the "plum duff" being greatly enjoyed, and we spent a very nice musical evening as well.

I wrote home and told my mother what a fine time we had on the 14th, and how we had all celebrated my birthday, and when I received her reply it made me laugh very much, as no doubt my letter had made her laugh also, because it turned out that my birthday was on the 26th, not on the 14th, of September.

I told the boys, and they all had a laugh at my expense, but nevertheless we had an enjoyable time.

In the harbour there was a great quantity of fish, especially herrings, in a little cove, known to-day as Coal Harbour, and near the Park Bridge. Here we could go up in the evenings with our boats and secure all the herrings we wanted, which we did and salted them down, taking them aboard the ship and using them on our voyage.

Here we became acquainted with the Rev. C. Bryant, who was then the only minister, the services being then held in the school-house, and sometimes aboard the ship. He was a fine gentleman and died about a year ago, leaving behind him a great record of his past work. Our steward frequently visited his private house. He fell in love with a friend of the family and was married to her later on.

One Sunday a couple of apprentices and myself were strolling out through the woods, for at that time it was all a dense forest where the city of Vancouver stands to-day, and as far as I can trace it, would be in the vicinity of what is now known as False Creek, as I distinctly remember there was a creek near by; and as we proceeded we heard the sound of a flute, and listening to the rich melody that was coming from the unseen quarter, we approached and discovered a little hut among the bushes. We went to this hut and saw an old gentleman by the name of George, who to-day is known as "Crazy George." I have had the pleasure of being personally acquainted with him up to the present time, and this man is especially gifted in music, and I have understood from him that his trouble had come by being disappointed in love.

This man had had a good education, and at one time was an officer in the British Navy, and even to-day is very independent and will accept nothing from anyone unless his services are given in return.

The following Monday as I was going to town, I discovered George wheeling wood into the cook-house of the mill, and noticed that the shirt was nearly torn off his back. I immediately returned to the ship and procured one of my own shirts for him—thinking that there would be no doubt whatever of him accepting it—but was sadly disappointed, as he refused to accept it, showing more traces of his independent nature.

The next Sunday I managed to get him to come aboard the ship for dinner and we had a few jokes with him, and told him that we wanted a boatswain and that he had better ship as such. This happened just by the fore-rigging, he then placed his hand on the rigging and looking aloft, exclaimed in the most peculiar way: "I might ship, but not exactly as boatswain, but something like the cook's mate," we naturally thought the remark very interesting and that he was not so far gone as some people imagined.

In the eighties, after I made my home in Vancouver, I renewed my acquaintance with him, and noticed that he frequented the establishment of a certain baker. I often tried to coax him in to get some bread, etc., but for a long time he refused to do so, as he made quite sufficient income to meet his needs, by cutting wood for people, but later on complained about the Chinamen who began to come here and were taking his livelihood away from him.

Of late years I have obtained his confidence and he will go anywhere, and accept anything from me. He has told me a good deal of his private life and troubles, and quite frequently makes references to the old ship " Dorset."

I remember a number of steamers that used to ply up and down in the eighties between Vancouver, Victoria, New Westminster, Nanaimo, and even Seattle, Washington; among some of which were:—The old Northern Pacific, Enterprise, Eliza Anderson, Otter, Amelia, William Hunt, Pilot, Greyhound, Tees, Pacific Slope, and the Princess Louise. The latter to-day is lying in Vancouver Harbour, being converted into a coal barge. Among the towboats at that time were the Beaver, Etta White, Pilot and Alexander, and they were kept pretty busy.

After having been in port about six weeks, we had completed our cargo, and strange to say not one of the sailors had deserted the ship, although a good number had opportunities to secure better positions, but having been on the ship for about a year, and being well treated, at the same time having considerable money coming to them, everyone stayed, although the wages were only sixty shillings a month —equal to $12.50, the crew having all shipped from England for three years.

We now started west across the Pacific for Shanghai once more, thus losing the twelve hours that we gained coming east, and we had like Tuesday to-day and Tuesday to-morrow on the 180th meridian. We had a very pleasant voyage sailing back to Shanghai, having experienced very fine weather, and landed safely at Woo Sung again. At the entrance of the Whangpoo River we had to lighten up some of the cargo that the ship may float up as before. This work was done by Chinamen and required a great many—the lumber being very heavy—a great deal of it being from 12 by 12 to 20 by 20, and some 24 by 24, and from 50, 70, and even 90 feet in length.

In about a week's time the ship was sufficiently lightened to enable her to proceed up the river, and we finally anchored in the harbour. As this lumber was unloaded it was put into the river and made into rafts and brought ashore in this way. As the ship was lying at anchor we had to be conveyed to and from the ship in "sanpans." I have already given you a description of these boats in a previous chapter.

Here we met a number of our old friends again, including Mr. Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. Dalziel, and became acquainted with a great many more nice people, as we remained in port this time for four or five weeks, and had therefore excellent opportunities of taking in the different sights of the ancient city.

The captain had secured a quantity of deck planks in Vancouver to put new decking in, when arriving in China, as we had intended to go into dry dock there.

While in port the first Sunday, a number of the crew went up to see Mr. Gadsden's grave, and we all clubbed together and had a monument erected to his memory, as he was buried so far from home.

When our cargo was discharged, the captain wanted to dry dock the ship; but owing to so many ships being booked ahead of us, we were unable to do so at this time, so the captain disposed of his new deck planks for a good sum, as lumber was very expensive there, and we took in the ballast and started back again to cross the Pacific once more for Burrard Inlet.

This time we had an exceptionally fine run, making the trip in twenty-eight days from Shanghai until we dropped anchor in Royal Roads, where the ship had to be cleared again through the Customs, and the same old "Beaver" was then engaged to tow us up to the saw-mill.

When we anchored in the harbour Captain Raymer, of the Hastings Mill, could hardly realise that it was our ship as we came in and dropped the anchor; but it was our ship right enough, having made the record. The wind was in our favour most of the time and I remember the main-royal was set all the way across the Pacific, and on this voyage, you will remember, we were gaining time—this happened to be on a Monday, so we had Monday to-day and Wednesday next day after crossing the 180th meridian.

We soon got the ballast unloaded and the ship alongside the Mill to load another cargo of the same kind of lumber for the same port. The Indians were there, sure enough, as before waiting for the sailors to do some of the old business. We also met many new and kind friends this time, which made things more pleasant for us, as you know that when sailors get ashore and have the privilege of getting into a friend's house, they feel as if they were being treated like kings. We remained in port this time for forty days, When we had been here about a week or so, I was taken ill. The doctor was sent for, and he told the captain that it would be necessary to send me to the hospital at Victoria, there being none at Vancouver at this time. A Mr. Woods, his wife, and daughter, were looking after the hospital (named the "Mariners"), where I was treated very well. I remained here until picked up by the ship on her way out again for Shanghai and was soon on the way to recovery when once more at sea. This was the only time I was ever in a hospital.

To resume the story of the voyage. After loading the ship the "Beaver" towed her down to the Royal Roads, where she anchored, and the captain went ashore in the tug to clear at the Customs, and to get provisions. He then returned in her, taking me with him from the hospital, and the tug took us in tow down the Strait. She was a failure. The wind was increasing and we commenced to put on canvas. We came pretty near running the old "Beaver" down, as there was quite a sea on. We discovered that the captain of the steamer had cut the tow line, reporting to our ship that the line had parted, but this we discovered had been purposely cut to avoid any further towing, as we were making more speed with our canvas set.

I omitted to mention that while in Victoria this time (where the captain had numerous friends), one lady, in particular, who had a son with whom she was unable to do anything, asked the captain to do her the favour of taking him along on the ship, which he did, hoping by so doing to improve him. In which task the captain certainly had his hands full. He was about 15 years of age, of good appearance and very bright, and naturally felt kind of strange on his first arrival aboard ship, but very shortly fell in line. He was on the port watch and had a room which he shared with the boatswain. After being on board a couple of weeks it was discovered that he was smoking on the sly, and as the skipper detected this himself he spoke to him like a father, as he did not allow the lads to smoke, but the boy was very strong-willed and refused to listen to good advice. He never got sea-sick and went aloft to assist to furl and make sails when required.

Oh! what an experience we had on this trip. Everything went pleasantly for about four weeks, by which time we were more than half way across the Pacific; but here we ran into a storm. The barometer kept falling continuously until it went down below 28 degrees, and sail after sail was taken in until finally we had them all in. Nothing was standing now with the exception of the bare rigging and a piece of canvas about ten feet square which we had fastened on the weather side of the mizzen-rigging to try and keep the bow of the ship up towards the head of the seas as much as possible.

We had two bags of oil hanging over the bow of the ship at this time, one at each side to keep the sea from breaking too fiercely over the ship. Here again we think of the old saying, "Like oil on troubled waters." The wind increased to a hurricane and we had no control of the ship whatever. The ship was labouring hard with her heavy burden, as it will be remembered that we had a heavy deck cargo as well.

In a short time the carpenter, sounding the pumps, discovered that the ship was leaking quite freely, and made a report to the captain. Orders were then given to try to get the steam engine, or the "steam donkey" as we called it, to work, so that we could attach a chain from it to the pumps (and in this manner pump by steam), but this plan was soon abandoned as the water washed so frequently over the ship that it put out the fires time after time, so that the only hope of getting the water out of her was by using the hand pumps. We were then tied to the pumps with ropes, so as not to be washed overboard. I fancy I can see us standing there, at the present time, pumping. This was the first day of the storm. We had not been able to have a fire in the kitchen (commonly called the "galley") all day, so that we had not had a warm drink of either tea or coffee. All we had was a hard sea-biscuit with some cold canned meats, holding a little food in the one hand and pumping with the other. We determined to make the best of it, but we were often forced to abandon the pumps on account of the heavy seas breaking over.

I often felt proud of our noble skipper, who took his turn at the pumps just as if he were one of us, and was obliged to partake of the same food. At times we endeavoured to throw some of the deck cargo overboard in order to lighten the ship, but this was a difficult matter, and finally abandoned the thought of it. The old deck was still on the ship, and no doubt was the cause of a great deal of the leakage. A great quantity of water had found its way into the cabin, which had to be baled out with buckets as the sea was frequently washing over the poop deck, and down through the sky-lights, and here we met another very difficult problem. The salt-water got into our fresh-water tanks, some of them went adrift and commenced to leak, but for this there was a remedy, and as soon as the weather got fine enough to keep steam on the steam engine, we could then take the salt water and turn it into fresh by condensing it.

This seemed a very long day for us, but finally the shades of night gathered around. We often hear people say that "We are waiting like the watchman of the night, longing for the morning," and this was truly our case at this particular time, and when the first day and night had passed, and the breaking of day had begun, all on board tried to encourage one another the best way we could. The wind was blowing at about the same rate, when about 10 a.m. the following morning I went into the forecastle where we had our quarters, and as I entered the forecastle head I found that the water had not had a chance to get in there, so consequently our trunks were perfectly dry.

I remember at this time I went in to put on my last dry shirt! And as I stood there looking through a small deadlight towards the after part of the ship, the vessel gave a cant over and shipped a great sea, which broke in the main skylight on the poop deck and washed overboard a chicken coop, where a number of fowls were kept, and as this happened I saw fowls being blown away into the high seas. Then my thoughts began to wander in different directions, and I said to myself, " John, it is of no use trying to put on any dry clothes, as you may at any time be called to a watery grave."

I did not change my clothes, but kept on as I was, along with the rest of the crew. I may say that the salt water is not so injurious as the fresh water with regard to taking colds and sicknesses of any kind. The wind continued about the same during the second day of the storm as on the previous day. The sky was blue and clear, but the sea looked troubled and uneasy and ran very high, seeming determined to do the work intended of it. No fire could be kept in the galley, again causing us to be without warm food, but all were very thankful that we were spared to see the light of another day.

The watch below had standing orders not to remove any of their clothing, so that they could be on deck if required at a moment's notice. At this time the vessel was labouring very heavily and it was a wonder, many a time, that the rigging was not blown overboard.

At what we call on board ship "seven bells" (which is 7-30 p.m.), half an hour before the watches change, the night curtain is now spreading itself around us for another unseen night, and we are left, "at the mercy of the waves."

Though the night be dark and dreary,
  Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
  Watchest where Thy people be.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
* * * * * *
May the morn in heaven awake us,
  Clad in light and deathless bloom.

At this time the captain and chief mate held a long conversation together with regard to the approaching night, it being finally decided that the steward was to call all hands together, telling us to prepare for the worst, and to try and make our peace with the Creator, to whom we shortly expected to give an account. Oh! what a serious time it seemed to me—the scene has never left my memory, and I can see the twenty-six men, all standing there,—some of whom were among the smartest seafaring men I ever had the pleasure of being with, but here, the good and bad, the rich and poor, are all brought to the same level by the plank between us and eternity.

Some of my readers may have had an experience somewhat similar to this, and will know what it means. Shortly after the watches were changed, about 8-30 p.m., the captain asked the steward to come into his private room where they knelt down, and had prayers, and asked the Master of the sea and land to still have mercy on sinful and helpless men, and not to send us to a watery grave, as some of us still may learn to mend our ways. As they rose from their knees, the captain took a look at the barometer and, sure enough, it began to rise, which was an indication that better weather was coming shortly. This was soon reported among the crew, and all felt exceedingly glad and shortly noticed that the wind was easing up.

Thanks be to God who brought the change which was so welcome.

At 12 o'clock midnight, when the watches changed again—we then had the pleasure of giving our dear old ship some of the staysails to keep her steady, and were soon able to have control of her once more. We now commenced to light a fire in the galley as the sea had moderated considerably, and the fire was watched very closely. The water shortly began to boil and soon we could smell the coffee, and you may know the rest.

After two days and two nights of nothing warm, either to eat or drink, we were very thankful for what we had received. At 4 a.m., just at the break of day we commenced to spread out our square sails one by one, and shortly the gallant ship which had laboured so hard to keep up, once more had her snowy sails set from top to bottom. By midday she looked like a bird again, spreading out her white wings once more o'er the deep blue sea, on her right course, headed for her intended destination, namely Shanghai, China.

> " Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his wonderful works to the children of men, who commandeth and raiseth the stormy winds."

After a day or two we began to condense the salt water for cooking and drinking purposes. As far as washing clothes was concerned it was out of the question, except when we had rain water. This we tried to get by means of spreading out canvas, or sails, so as to catch the water when it rained. It was often hard for us to get enough water to wash our faces in, and sometimes we took our portion of tea water to wash with, consequently going without tea to drink. We had some Peruvian Bark on board, which is used for washing clothes, and by beating this up in salt water it forms like soap-suds, and this we freely used for this purpose in place of fresh water. We could not wash our faces in this as it felt salty and sticky to the skin.

Now we are sailing along and good weather is experienced nearly all the way, and as we are drawing near the China coast, again I discovered a number of the water snakes, to which I have already referred in a previous chapter. At last land was sighted, and a pilot was secured, and it was not long before we had dropped anchor once more at Woo Sung.

In a couple of days the Chinamen were again employed to unload part of the cargo in order to lighten up the ship sufficiently to float up the river, which was done in the same manner as with the previous cargo for this same port. In a week or so the ship was sufficiently lightened to proceed up the river, and a tug-boat being secured, up the river we went and dropped anchor once more abreast of the ancient city of Shanghai, making our third trip to this port. When we got the deck cargo off the ship we discovered a number of seams in the deck planks, where the pitch and oakum, better known as caulking, had become worked out during the storm, thus causing a leakage. Here we had some more experiences in the sanpans and jinrickshaws, and had many pleasant rides in this mode of conveyance.

We also met a number of our old friends, among whom were those to whom I have already referred, and quite a number of new acquaintances, and we also became much more acquainted with the city. I learned more about the Chinese customs and came to the conclusion that they were a very superstitious race. About the time of their New Year, which is some time after our own, they generally prepare some extra good food, some of it being brought into the

Joss-house for their god to eat, and another portion is made, which is more inferior in quality, and is supposed to be for the devil, in order to keep on the good side of him, so that he may not lead them into temptation. Often on board a ship where they have a coolie crew, the food is prepared in the same manner, and for the same purpose, and laid upon the ship's hatches. Sometimes other sailors take this food and use it, consequently the following morning it has disappeared. Then the Chinamen are very pleased, believing that their object had been carried through successfully.

Another superstition of theirs is that they can dispose of his satanic majesty, when he becomes too familiar, by the following means:—At full moon, when the tide in the river is at its highest, they prepare a number of their lanterns, and lighting them, put them on the surface of the water, where, by some special arrangement they continue to float, and are carried down the river as the tide ebbs. These represent the devil, and the owners proceed along the banks playing various instruments, and rejoicing when he disappears in the distance.

One fine morning the boy whom I have already referred to, and the carpenter's assistant were talking together and the boy said to him, " this is too fine a day to be working, and I think I will play off sick and go to bed." A short time after they were about to lift off the forehatch, and in doing so he fell into the hold and broke his leg. He was then taken to the hospital where he remained until the ship was ready to sail.

This hospital was a French one and in charge of French Sisters as usual. Some of us often visited him on a Sunday. It was an exceedingly fine hospital and everything was very clean, and the boy being very good-looking the sisters gave him special attention and were sorry to see him leave. It took him some time to have his leg set and get well enough to be removed to the ship. The first officer from one of the French mail liners in port visited the hospital, and becoming acquainted with the boy, took a great fancy to him, visiting him almost every day and bringing him numerous presents during his illness.

At this time it was exceedingly warm while in port and at mid-day we had frequently to walk in the shade of the buildings, as much as we possibly could, in order to keep out of the sun, and quite often we saw people sun-struck and falling in the streets. We noticed quite a number of ladies and gentlemen carrying parasols.

In about four or five weeks the ship was unloaded and the captain by this time having secured a place for her in the dry dock, she went in, where the old copper was stripped off and new copper put on, as she was a wooden ship, built in Nova Scotia, Canada. While in dry dock, the water tanks, which were partly destroyed during the storm on the previous voyage, were also fixed up. The labourers were mostly Chinamen who were employed in great numbers, some of whom only received about 20 cents per day.

Money goes a long way in China. The coin in most general use is that known as the "China Cash."

It is a round piece of metal with a square hole in the centre, and it takes quite a number of these to represent one American dime (or sixpence). These coins are often seen tied on a string, and carried on a bamboo. As it takes so many to equal five dollars, it would be almost impossible for one man to carry them, so that often they are carried between two men on a bamboo.

As the men are going to and from work at the dry dock they pass through two small gates, at which two watchmen are stationed to see that nothing should be stolen from the dock, or any ship there. I noticed quite often as the men were passing out of the gates, if the watchmen suspected anyone, he quietly called them to one side and searched them, and frequently found small pieces of copper, copper nails, small pieces of rope, etc. The punishment of course followed. I enquired particularly as to what the punishment on such a charge would be, and to my great surprise, was informed by the gate-keeper that the punishment of the parties who were found guilty of this crime, differed in the old and young, that is—the young men would receive double the sentence of the older men; and when asked the reason, he replied, that the old offenders were more accustomed to stealing, and it became more natural to them. This certainly was a surprise to me, if the statement can be depended upon. However, we got through with our repairs and out of the dry dock, and soon had our ballast aboard, and were then obliged to say farewell to the old city of Shanghai once more. We were towed down the river past Woo Sung, and again spreading our sails over the deep blue sea set off once more to cross the Pacific for Burrard Inlet. In crossing the Pacific this time I had a wonderful dream:

> "And ye shall know that I am in the midst of Israel and that I am the Lord your God and none else; and my people shall never be ashamed. And it shall come to pass afterwards that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy—your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions."
>
> Joel ii, 27-28.

One Sunday afternoon it was our watch on deck, and at this time it was not my turn at the wheel. It was a clear, warm and beautiful day. All the sails were set and the ship was ploughing easily through the blue waters of the Pacific. I felt somewhat tired, and although as a rule I can seldom go to sleep on deck, yet on this occasion I picked up a block of wood known as a "chock," used for setting boats on, and placing it under my head was soon fast asleep. In my sleep I dreamed that I was in another world, and a friend was with me, and we saw some beautiful and familiar sights which we had read about from the good Old Book, and which I cannot find language to describe. I remember quite well, as I was speaking to my friend and pointing out things to him, I had a book with me which I opened and said to him, "look! look!" And we gazed at the scene, and compared it with the book, and how real it did appear! We commenced to commune together and said how exactly it corresponded with what we had read in the Book of Books. However, I awoke and felt sad to find that it was only a dream and that I was still on the ship.

On this return trip we gained twelve hours, because we were going east, consequently changing time again. After an ordinary run we sighted the west coast of Vancouver Island, and finally Cape Flattery, and thence sailing up the Straits past Race Rock Light, we dropped anchor in the Royal Roads. Here the captain went ashore to report the ship in the Customs, and to leave an order for provisions, etc., which we were to pick up on our way out again. He also met the captain of the "Beaver" and they had some clearing-up, from the previous trip, on account of the cutting of our tow line.

Our skipper tried a new experiment which was to sail up from the Royal Roads as near as possible to Burrard Inlet, as the towing charges were £100 (equal to $500.00) from Cape Flattery. We struck fair winds and sailed up past Point Grey and dropped anchor near a place, then called Spanish Bank, where to-day there is a small buoy anchored just out abreast of English Bay, which is much noted for its bathing beach and as a summer resort. I might say that there has only been one other vessel reported to have sailed up thus far, which was an American schooner, and she made the harbour without a tow.

Here we secured a small steamer called the "Etta White" then belonging to the Hastings Sawmill Company, and were towed in from the bank in about two hours, and we then dropped anchor in the harbour. Some of the ballast had been discharged on the way up, as usual, and the remainder in the harbour. Immediately after this was over, we proceeded to dock, which was soon accomplished, and we were ready for another cargo of lumber, which was to be much finer and far superior in quality than the other shipments we had carried to China.

Here the steward, Mr. F. H.— (to-day a florist in Victoria, B.C.), asked the captain for permission to leave the ship, as he wished to get married. His request was granted, so we had to secure a new steward, who happened to be a Chinaman, and who was very clever at his profession. This Chinaman did not like the ship as the captain was accustomed to entertaining—having a great deal of company on the vessel and frequently served lunch, which of course meant more work for the Chinaman, and as a result he was not very agreeable, and on the whole none of the crew seemed to like him.

While we were in port we met quite a number of our old friends including the old Indians as usual, at the same time making a number of new ones. We also got a large quantity of herrings and salmon; the latter we caught in the night in the harbour by trolling, as we used to have a bright light burning in the boat, by which means we used to draw the attention of the fish and were very successful. Here the captain secured another lot of new deck planks, in place of those he disposed of on a previous voyage.

Shortly we proceeded to load the lumber, remaining in port about the usual time, (five or six weeks) and finally got loaded and started for another part of the world. This time our destination being Valparaiso, Chili, for orders. This made our third and last trip to Burrard Inlet, in the good old ship "Dorset" and we felt sorry to say good-bye to so many tried friends in this port.

CHAPTER IX.

STARTING OFF FOR A NEW PART OF THE WORLD.

We now started off for a new part of the world, namely, Valparaiso, Chili, South America. The steamer "Alexander" was engaged to tow us down to Royal Roads where we cleared the Customs and picked up our provisions.

We experienced fine weather running down to Valparaiso but had some little trouble with our Chinese steward; he was more disagreeable than ever, and went so far as to disobey orders from the first officer. As soon as information of this reached the Captain he severely rebuked him, but on his promising to do better he was given another chance, but all to no purpose, so orders were issued to put him down in the forehead peak, which is the forehold of the ship, to beat iron rust off the iron knees of the vessel, and to give him a cup of water and two sea biscuits three times a day, until he was willing to obey orders.

The discipline on board ships is generally very strict, and it is necessary to be so; orders are always issued with a great deal of dignity, and as you know, a look at one man is sometimes quite sufficient, when it would require an iron rod to rule another. If orders were not so strictly carried out on board ship, at times a moment's delay might prove fatal to the vessel as well as all hands on board. I must say, for myself, I believe in discipline, whether I am in command myself or under orders of others, as I have been strongly trained up in this manner from childhood; but at the same time, I believe when giving orders, in studying the feelings of those to whom the orders are given, and to remember that we have a Master above us. I also find that in order to be really happy, one must study others and try to make their lives happy as well as our own.

After our arrival at Valparaiso the steward insisted upon being paid off, as he wanted to leave the ship, and as he was not much use and always making trouble, the captain allowed him to go, thereby creating a vacancy. A day or two after I was working aloft in the main rigging, when the first officer called me down on deck, and upon my arrival there he told me that the captain wanted to see me in the cabin. I went in and there was the skipper. He said to me, "Good-day, John," and I in return answered, "Good-day, captain." He said that he wanted me to take the stewardship until we got back to Europe. I can assure you that I felt somewhat surprised. This was the first British ship I had been in, and when joining her in London, I could scarcely speak the English language. After a few moments, when I realized the true state of affairs, I replied that I did not feel capable for this work, and that I thought that there were men aboard the ship whose ability was far superior to mine, and therefore, more capable of filling this position. When he saw that I hesitated, he said, "I am captain of this ship and if you please me you please all on board." He suggested that I should think it over, and sleep over it that night, and ask the Lord to guide me, and to see him again at 9 o'clock the next morning. I had nothing to do with the cooking, as the cook attended to all that part of the work, in fact I knew nothing about it. The steward's duties were to give out the provisions and to take charge of the table in the cabin for the captain, 1st, 2nd and 3rd officers, and to see that everything belonging to them was kept in order.

While returning from the cabin I met the cook and told him what had happened, and he told me that if I did not accept the offer I was very foolish. When all the sailors sat down to their evening supper, I mentioned this to them and they too were anxious for me to fill the vacancy, and with one accord they told me to take it quick, as they felt satisfied that I would weigh out the provisions which they were entitled to. So on the following morning at 9 o'clock I went into the cabin to see the captain with a different feeling, and told him that if he was still willing for me to try the stewardship, that I would be glad to do so. He replied, "Yes," and that settled the matter.

Until this time I was a common sailor receiving a salary of 50 shillings per month; from this day I received 90 shillings: a splendid advance. Well, off came the old tar trousers, old jumper and clumsy shoes, and a general clean up took place, and on goes the white apron—the first I had ever worn in my life. I tell you I felt strange for a day or two, and surveyed myself in the mirror again and again. I felt somewhat the same as when lost in the great city of Antwerp, to which I have already referred, and you may know that it was a little new to me for a time at least. However, day after day passed on and I gradually fell in line with the situation, and soon realized that I had made a very desirable change. In the first place I was my own boss, in the second I had all I wished to eat, and of far superior quality than before, and could sleep all night at sea as well as in port. Many other good things followed. I remember the captain telling me that after my work was finished I could learn to play the organ if I wished; I tried many times, but had to give it up eventually, as I felt it was not my lot to be a musician, although I was very fond of music.

The ship was now lying at anchor, awaiting orders, and while doing so I noticed that the sea breezes came in every morning from the ocean, then returned from the shore back to the sea in the afternoon. This I thought was very remarkable, as well as interesting, and it afforded me much pleasure in watching it. I also noticed that there were a great many mackerel in the Harbour and we caught quite a number from the deck of the ship, with lines. In this part of the world it is supposed never to rain, but there is always a very heavy dew at night. Here also a great deal of fruit is grown.

Valparaiso, is the most important town of Chili, South America, and is situated nearly 100 miles from Santiago, the capital, with which it is connected by railway. It is chiefly built on a narrow strip of land at the head of the Bay of Valparaiso. The town was nearly destroyed by an earthquake in 1822, and although it has been visited by similar calamities a number of times since (even so recently as 1906 when it was almost destroyed by a fire, following the earthquake), its population has increased from 10,000 in 1825 to 150,000 at the present time. It is particularly important as a coaling station.

There is a great quantity of salt-petre shipped from this port to Europe, and a great number of cattle arrive on steamers from the different parts of the world, and in the process of unloading these much amusement is often caused, as it is necessary to place the cattle one by one in stalls constructed for the purpose and then hoist them from the hold of the ship and transfer to a barge alongside, to be conveyed to the shore. Sometimes a canvas sling is used for this purpose, which is placed around their body, and they are hoisted up in the same manner. At times only a rope is strapped around their horns and they are lifted in the air and create great excitement while being lowered to the barge. Frequently they manage to get free while being lowered into the barge either by the rope breaking or their getting out of the stall, and jumping into the water, and at times have quite a long swim before being recaptured.

Having received our instructions we proceeded to Iquiqui to unload our cargo. While lying in the harbour we commenced to break up the old deck and lay the new, the planks having been brought here from Burrard Inlet. Half the crew were employed discharging the cargo, while the other part were working at the deck under the supervision of the captain and the carpenter. When the cargo was discharged, the deck and other improvements were completed, so that the next time we sailed we did so with a handsome new poop and main deck, and with better accommodation for the sailors, as well as for the captain and officers; all very creditably and efficiently done by our own crew.

Unfortunately, while at this port our oldest seaman was taken ill, and in spite of the attention the doctor from the shore gave, and the care bestowed upon him, he died. As I had some time to spare I spent many hours with him, also having charge of the stores I had the captain's permission to give him all the nourishing food he required, but to no avail. The carpenter made a coffin for him, we lowered him into a boat and accompanied with nearly all the crew, made our way to the foot of a barren and desolate looking mountain, where our good captain held a funeral service which affected us greatly. We all sang "Blest be the tie that binds," and made our way back to the ship with heavy hearts.

One Sunday while lying here we experienced quite a heavy earthquake, the ship trembled like a leaf, and we were informed that this happened quite often and caused no anxiety. We unloaded our cargo of lumber into barges. This looked a very barren and forsaken place; we did not see very much of the city as the cargo was soon unloaded and the ship lying in the harbour. Here we had very few opportunities of going ashore for a little enjoyment, which, however, was furnished for us in a manner we little expected. An Italian barque was lying in the harbour a short distance from us and some of her crew were good musicians, having five or six different instruments, and in the evening they would come on the forecastle head and play. It was beautiful, as everyone knows that on the water music seems to soothe and still the soul, and it appeared more so to us being in such a desolate place. However, our ballast is aboard, and we have received instructions to sail to Mexillones de Bolivia, to load a cargo of guano for London, England, which sounded good to me. This guano is used for cultivating the soil instead of farm-yard manure and enriches the ground very much, at the same time being very expensive. It is a bird manure found on the tops of high mountains and is brought down in shutes. Men are kept on the mountains nearly all the year round gathering up this guano.

It took us about a week to sail up to Mexillones de Bolivia as the winds were very light. We had a definite time of ninety days to get loaded, and we only got one or two small barges a day. This guano looks a great deal like brown sugar or sand. It is very hard on the men who have to work in it, as it often causes blood to flow from the nostrils and mouth, and they are therefore compelled to wear a handkerchief tied around the face. After it is on board ship some time, it settles down, and becomes a hard substance, and by the time we arrived in England it was necessary to use picks to loosen it, before it could be shovelled up. It also had a very pungent odour.

In this port we could not get any fresh water, and therefore had to condense salt water, from the sea, by way of the steam donkey. Neither in Valparaiso nor Iquiqui was the captain able to have any laundry work done, so one day he came to me and told me that he was out of clean collars, and asked me if I thought I could starch some. This was on a Saturday afternoon. I told him that I was sorry, but I did not understand anything about that sort of work. He then suggested that as we had plenty of potato meal on board, that we could make a sort of paste by mixing it with wax candles. We stirred up the paste so as to get it stiff and this did the work, and we were successful in getting clean collars once more, by the new process.

We finally got our cargo loaded and started for Europe, which meant London, our home port. After we had been at sea a couple of weeks we ran into a very heavy storm. The guano had hardly had time to settle by this, and being very heavy the hold of the ship was not nearly full. We had no partitions except between decks. Some of the cargo was in the lower part of the vessel and the rest in what is known as "between decks." During the storm some of the cargo shifted, and the vessel took a great list over to the port side, which was very dangerous, and remained this way for some time—about a day and a night—until we could get her trimmed up. Of course, this work had to be done by lamps, as all the hatches were battened down, and well secured, so that no water could get into the cargo. The only way to get up and down was through little hatchways, one at the forward peak and one at the entrance to the vessel's cabin. On the second day the weather commenced to moderate, and we proceeded to give her more sail, as we were at this time running with the full main topsail, on account of having snow storms and heavy winds, and had to stand by with the topsail halyards in hand in order to lower away at a moment's notice. When the squalls struck the ship she trembled like a leaf, but the wind was in her favour and we were running before it.

I remember, one afternoon, as we were just rounding Cape Horn, I heard the first officer make a remark to the captain, in an off-handed manner, that she had a good deal of canvas for the way the squalls were coming, and there was quite a strain upon her. The captain smiled, and replied that she was good for it, and we were going home.

Cape Horn is regarded as the southern extremity of America. It is a steep, black rock, with bare, lofty sides, and is considered very dangerous for ships in rounding. It was first discovered by Sir Francis Drake in the year 1578, but was first doubled by the Dutch navigators, Lemaire and Schouten, in 1616. The latter of these named it after his native town of Hoorn. The Cape is no longer rounded by steamers, which now always pass through the Straits of Magellan.

We finally sighted the coast of Patagonia and the island of Diego Raminez. The shores looked very barren and forsaken. Of course, with the cold winds and snow it looked worse than it really was. However, the fair wind continued until we had rounded the Cape, and were up to the Falkland Islands. We had not seen the sun then for several days, nor the stars, nor the moon, so the only reckoning that we had was what is known as "dead reckoning," which is done by reckoning from the log of the ship every four hours. I may say here, that to mariners the sun is the best guide, then come the stars, and then the moon. Three of the most important stars used by mariners for taking observations, and which are of great value, are:—Aldebaran, this is a star known as the sailor's friend; Sirius, the largest fixed star, commonly known as the Dog Star; and Arcturus, which is a good star for observation. When these fail, then we fall back upon the dead reckoning, which does not give us our position definitely, and often causes uneasiness, especially when nearing land.

One morning after the decks were washed down, the boatswain told the boy (to whom I have previously referred), to sweep the water off the deck, which he did, but being apparently unsatisfied with it he told him to do it again, which he likewise did. He then ordered him to do it once more, and this time the boy refused, at which the boatswain became very angry and thereupon sent him aloft for eight hours without anything to eat.

We shortly got into fine weather again, and one day after another had shortened up the journey, until on a fine morning about half way home the boatswain took a notion to take out his bedding for an airing, and as the boy shared the room he also took out his bedding for the same purpose, and under the mattress he (the boatswain) discovered a plug of tobacco. The captain had this boy in his charge, and felt responsible to a great extent for his actions. He took him at his mother's request, as she thought he might be able to do something for him. The captain therefore took a great fancy to him, and often told him not to smoke. As I was then steward I frequently had my store-room doors open for airing, and these doors being not far from the state-room, the boatswain asked me if I had lost any tobacco out of the store-room; as we carried tobacco and clothing on these long journeys for the convenience of the sailors. I replied "No," and thereupon the boatswain reported having found the tobacco to the captain, and at twelve o'clock noon, the first officer, boatswain, the boy, and myself were called into the saloon to the captain, who asked the boy where he got the tobacco from, but received no reply. He asked the second time, but with the same result. He asked the third time, but still there was no reply. The captain then told the boy that he would lock him up in a dark room and feed him on one cup of cold water and one biscuit three times a day if he would not answer. But the boy was determined not to, so he was placed in my charge and put into a dark stateroom, and I felt sorry that it fell to my lot to give him his food.

After he had been there for a day or two I asked him to tell me in confidence, and to make a statement to the captain, telling him from where he had received the tobacco, but still he was very determined and would not do so. Often as I was carrying in the food the boy would look at me and sigh, and on one particular occasion I had a large platter of "plum duff," the odour of which must have reached him, and at the first opportunity I gave him a big share.

The first officer and the captain held a consultation, and the first officer came into the cabin to see me, and told me to take the boy and make him "holystone" the cabin floor. These stones are known as the sailor's prayer books, because they go on their knees to use them. To-day on all the ocean steamers they have a new way of using these stones, which have a long handle attached by an iron band around the stone, which is quite heavy and large, so that they can be worked while standing. This work generally commenced during the "dog watch" at four o'clock in the morning, and the boy had to continue his work for some days. It was a very tiresome job, and I felt sorry that I was not instructed to give him better food, but must confess that I did—"on the sly."

As the days went by I frequently spoke to the captain (who felt as badly as the boy himself, owing to being compelled to inflict this punishment upon him) to let him out and finally he spoke to him and after a few days he decided to allow him his liberty, as he commenced to look very lean. After we got to London, the boy told me confidentially that he would never have told where he got the tobacco from if it cost him his life. I must say I admired him for it, as this is the manner in which he obtained it:—A Welsh sailor, named Roberts, had given it to him, being a particular chum of his, on the condition that he would not let it be known, and the boy promised that it should not His words to me were, "I would never have given him away, but I think the officers thought I had stolen it."

We experienced good weather as we journeyed, and finally got into the English Channel. The winds were very light at the time, and I remember one fine morning particularly (which was in the spring of the year 1883), we noticed some smoke from a steamer in the distance, and it looked as if she was coming towards us. It eventually proved to be a tug-boat looking for ships that she could tow into port, and when we discovered the nature of her visit we all felt more than delighted, expecting shortly to get ashore, and there receive all our money. At last the steamer approached us, and after getting alongside, asked us where we were going. The captain replied, "To London," but as the charges for towing us into London from there were so high, they could not come to any arrangement, so finally the tug-boat left the ship. You should have heard the grumbling among the sailors. One of them said, "I will give two pounds," another said "I will give two pounds," and another said "I will give one pound," in order to get ashore quickly. However, the captain did not hear these remarks and the steamer departed, and was almost out of sight, when she suddenly returned, and the two captains agreed upon a price to tow us to London, and to dock the ship. A tow line was given to the steamer, and when this was done all hands were called on deck, the sails taken in, and I can assure you that we had some great singing at the time this work was going on.

Upon our arrival at Gravesend, which is at the entrance of the river Thames, the steamboat captain secured another steamer, so we had two tugs towing us up the river, and the vessel was finally tied up. The second day the crew were paid off, and the long expected day had arrived.

The captain asked me if I were in a hurry to go home, or if I would like to stay on the ship for a few days to help him to pack up his things, which I agreed to do. He also said to me, "My wife will be on board, and if there is anything which you would like to purchase here to take home with you, for your mother and sisters, she will be pleased to go around with you as she could get them to much better advantage than you could." I accepted his kind offer. At last the time came for me to leave the ship which had carried us over so many miles, through storm after storm, and finally landed us safely in London.

My accumulated pay was what I would call very large: it was something a little over £100, which equalled about $500.00. When the sailors went up to get paid of, some of them were very fond of putting on airs and great style, often going as far as to purchase walking canes, which they used with great swagger while their money lasted, and that was generally a very limited time. They hired servants to carry their overcoats, and walk beside them. This might seem a little strange; however, it happened at times, as money was no object to some of them, and the sooner it was gone the better it was for such.

There are always a lot of men watching the shipping offices so as to acquaint themselves with the different ships that have been out on long voyages, their object being to bleed the sailors in different ways upon their arrival. As mentioned before, the men are never paid off until the second day after making port, and these men will advance the sailors clothes and money, the wages due to them being security enough. As we came into dock I remember a man jumping aboard the ship dressed in sailor clothes and starting to work with the crew as if one of them. Shortly after one of those men called "grafters," comes on board and approaches the sailors with open hand, inviting them to come up town and spend the evening, offering to furnish them with a new suit and a little spending money. This these men do with the object of fleecing the sailors of their hard-earned money after a long voyage. When in turn he came to the man who had come on board first (and who was an old sailor), he refused to accept, stating that he was not going to spend any money this time, but intended making another trip and then going home. His object was to lead him on, as this was his opportunity to get even with one of these "land sharks." Ultimately being strongly urged, up town they went, the sailor getting a new suit, a gold watch, and a good sum of money. The next morning he was speeding by the first train to Dublin. It gave the sailors great satisfaction to learn that one of these men had been taken in by a shipmate.

My departure came at last. But before leaving, I remember seeing my young friend (he of the tobacco incident) in company with his bosom friend Roberts, the Welsh sailor, and was very sorry to see that they were not keeping the best of company. He, being paid off with the rest of the crew, never went back to the ship, so I have lost all trace of him, and often wonder where he may be.

There was a Swedish steamer lying across the dock, which was going to a place called Udewala, Sweden. In those days there were no regular lines of steamers running to Norway as there are to-day. I went and asked the captain if I could go on his steamer, as this place was only about twenty miles from where I lived, and he replied that I could, so I paid him my fare.

As we went steaming out of the Millwall Dock, our good old ship "Dorset" had hoisted her flags in honour of my departure, and as we passed through the gates, I gazed at her, waving my hand to the captain and his wife, until the distance became too great, feeling that I had left a good old home for the last time. Here I finished up my long-expected tour around the world.

Before finally leaving the subject of the good old "Dorset," my first and only British ship, I should like to bear my testimony to her captain, who was not only an excellent master, but a man to be loved and respected. That his crew thought so is evidenced by the fact that when we were in British Columbia, although great pressure was put upon us to desert and join other vessels, even to the offering of £8 per month against the £2 10s. we had shipped for in England, not a man would leave him.

Previous to the "Dorset's" arrival home, she had been advertised for sale at a certain sum, as the company were disposing of their ships; but when the owners saw her, with her new decks, spars, and boats—indeed, in far better condition than when she left home—they were immensely pleased and at once raised the purchase price by £1,000. In addition to this, an exceptionally large sum had been realised by the excellent freights. This was a great satisfaction to them, and equally so to the captain that he should have succeeded so well. Well would it be if all British ships were sailed by such conscientious and God-fearing men! What a different life a sailor's would be, and what an amount of sin and suffering would be prevented!

When the "Dorset" was unloaded she was sold to a Norwegian company and was re-named "Ferdinant." The captain remained at home for a long time, and I have had the pleasure of corresponding with him for about a year, and then lost sight of him.

Oh! how I would like to meet some of my shipmates again.

I have tried to discover the subsequent history of my good old ship, and find that she was wrecked on the Delaware Breakwater (U.S.) four years after her sale, having earned during that time no less than 65 per cent. for her then owners. Her age was then fourteen years.

While abroad we had read a great deal about the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, one of England's greatest ministers, and during my stay in London I went to the Metropolitan Tabernacle to hear him preach. I am pleased to say that I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance while there, and the first sermon which I heard was one Sunday evening, when his lesson was the 77th Psalm. I remember it now as well as if it had happened to-day. It was as follows:—

> "The Psalmist sheweth what fierce combat he had with diffidence, the victory which he had by consideration of God's great and gracious works. To the Chief Musician, to Jeduthun, a Psalm of Asaph."

> "I cried unto God with my voice, even unto God with my voice; and He gave ear unto me. In the day of my trouble I sought the Lord; my sore ran in the night, and ceased not; my soul refused to be comforted. I remembered God, and was troubled; I complained, and my spirit was overwhelmed. Thou holdest mine eyes waking: I am so troubled that I cannot speak. I have considered the days of old, the years of ancient times. I call to remembrance my song in the night; I commune with mine own heart; and my spirit made diligent search. Will the Lord cast off for ever? And will He be favourable no more? Is His mercy clean

gone for ever? Doth His promise fail for evermore? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Hath He in anger shut up His tender mercies? And I said, this is my infirmity: but I will remember the years of the right hand of the most High. I will remember the works of the Lord; surely I will remember the wonders of old. I will meditate also of all Thy work, and talk of Thy doings. Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary: Who is so great a God as our God? Thou art the God that doest wonders: Thou hast declared Thy strength among the people. Thou hast with thine arm redeemed thy people; the sons of Jacob and Joseph. The waters saw Thee, O God, the waters saw Thee; they were afraid; the depths also were troubled. The clouds poured out water, the skies sent out a sound; Thine arrows also went abroad. The voice of Thy thunder was in the Heaven: The lightnings lightened the world; the earth trembled and shook. Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters and Thy footsteps are not known. Thou leddest Thy people like a flock by the hand of Moses and Aaron."

As I went into the Tabernacle I went up to the second gallery, the building being very crowded. A lady at the end of one of the seats crowded in and made room for me by the side of her, and as the hymns were given out she shared her book with me, which I appreciated very much and considered it very kind of her and have never forgotten it. This may seem strange to the reader, but sailors have a very different feeling in this respect to others, and a kind act towards some of them goes a very long way. I have often wondered who that lady was.

Here you will find the particulars of this reverend gentleman's death:—

DEATH OF THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"Know ye not that there is a Prince and a great
man fallen this day in Israel?"

"Mr Spurgeon's final illness began in June, 1891. The message of sympathy from Mr. Gladstone was appropriately answered by the sufferer by his own trembling hand. This was in July. He made a brave struggle to remain in London and to perform occasionally his duties at the Tabernacle, but he was compelled to give up the fight in October and yield to the advice of his physician. On the 26th day of October he left his home and London, and in company with Mrs. Spurgeon went to Calais, France, and thence to Mentone. It was hoped that the balmy air of this famous resort would restore him to health. The change brought temporary improvement, but soon complications arose that baffled the physician's skill. He could take no nourishment, and extreme lassitude and even delirium followed at intervals.

"During November and December there occurred alternating periods of hope and depression, as he became better or worse; he was strong enough at times to walk about and to write letters, and then again dangerous symptoms returned. At one time hope was entertained by himself, as well as by his friends, that God had heard the prayers of His people for the invalid's recovery, and had blessed the means taken for his complete restoration to health.

"New Year's Day, 1892, found him still hopeful, and he felt so bright that he was able to make a short address to the little circle of friends in the hotel at Mentone, who had met to greet him on that day. He also sent a New Year's message to his congregation at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, in which he said:—'What a joy it will be to be within measurable distance of the time to return to my pulpit and to you. I have not reached that point yet. Now may the Lord cause the cloud of blessing to burst upon you in a great tropical shower. I am expecting this.'

"Even as late as January 9th, 1892, he was still hopeful of being restored to his flock, and wrote to them:—'Personally I scarcely make progress during this broken weather, but the doctor says that I hold my own, and that is more than he could have expected. Whether I die or live, I would say in the words of Israel to Joseph, God shall be with you.'

"But he was again taken alarmingly ill, and breathed his last at Mentone, Sunday, January 31st, 1892, at twenty minutes past eleven o'clock at night (our time about 6 p.m.), in the 58th year of his age. The malady that terminated his eventful career was gout, from which he suffered many years. It was hereditary. His grandfather often said to him:—'Charles, I have nothing to leave you but my gout, but I have left you a great deal of that.'

" Between his attacks of suffering on the Saturday he was able to speak, and expressed himself as anxious to send a message to his congregation. He thought constantly of his wife. It was early on Sunday morning that he relapsed into unconsciousness, which continued to the end. He did not recognise his wife, and refused all food. Milk was given him but he did not retain it. The end was painless, and the great preacher died without a struggle. Besides his wife, Dr. Fitzhenry, Miss Thorne, Rev. James Spurgeon, and his wife, and other loving friends were present."

CHAPTER X.

Arriving at Home.

When I arrived home, oh! what a reception I had after my long tour. Having seen so many different parts of the world, I naturally brought a few presents from the different countries I had visited, among which were two large oil paintings of my mother and father, which I had done in China from two small photos in my possession, and which they treasured very highly. Even last summer, when I went home, they looked just as good as the day they were painted.

I had a draft for my wages sent on to the Bank in Norway. The amount when changed into our own coinage was considered quite a large sum in those days, and I therefore made numerous friends, and certainly had a good time.

However, after I had been home about a week my mother called me to her side one morning and asked me if I would do her a favour, and I replied, "You bet I will, if I can." But I could not promise her as I did not yet know what her favour was, but said that if she would tell me I would consider it very seriously. So she told me what it was. She wanted me to take my brother Martin, who is younger than me, over the seas with me on my next trip, as he was not keeping the best of company, and by going away

833 ✓

there might be a chance of his mending his ways. I was at this time twenty-three years of age and Martin about twenty-one. I told her that this was a question that required serious thought, and that I would think about it, which I did, and a day or two afterwards told her that I would do as she desired, but I often felt that I had made a great mistake in giving her the promise, but I would not go back on it. It was quite a relief to the family when I had decided to do so, and Martin immediately commenced to prepare for the journey.

About two months before my arrival home Martin had suffered a very serious accident which resulted in his losing his hearing, and made it hard for me during our travels in after life.

The first Sunday I was at home an aunt of my mother's gave a dinner in my honour, at which mother and father, and a few grown-up children attended, as well as many other friends. Among the party was a lady, then a widow, who, after dinner, came over to speak to me and asked me if I could read the English language, as she had a letter from a friend of hers in New York, and would like to have it interpreted. I told her that I thought I could manage it for her. She asked me at what time it would be convenient for me to call at her house, and I told her I would call the following day. So when the time arranged arrived I went, and read the letter for her.

This lady was in a very good position financially, and of good appearance, and made me feel quite at home. I took a great fancy to her, and consequently went to see her very frequently. Upon my next visit she asked me where I was going on my next trip. I said, to New York first, but that my final destination was British Columbia, as I felt that this was the coming country. She then asked me what I should do when I got there. I answered, that I expected to go to sea in some of the American coasting schooners. She said that she would like to go with me, and buy an interest in a schooner, for me to act in the capacity of captain of it, but I did not reply to this. I thought over it seriously and felt that I ought to abandon the idea, having given my mother the promise to take my brother with me.

This being a very small city, of course anyone coming from abroad, and having a little money is soon spotted, and so was I. One evening my father started a conversation at the table saying that he understood that I was going to see this lady very frequently, and he did not approve of it. Then mother said some words to the same effect. This hurt me, and I replied saying that I felt grateful for the interest they had always taken in me, but at the same time felt grieved, and said that up to the present time I had not brought any disgrace upon them or any of the family, but on the other hand had been a support, and if it had not been that I had already promised mother to take Martin, I certainly would have taken the lady in question. My mother answered, that I had been a good boy thus far and that that was the reason they were watching me so closely.

At this time my oldest sister Sophia, was about to get married, and she was anxious for me to superintend the dinner, etc., as she thought that after my having been steward, I might do it somewhat different to what was the custom at home.

At sea sailors are required to keep things trim and tidy, and even pick up a knowledge of painting, so that when I noticed that our furniture, which was made of common soft wood, was in a very bad condition, I made up my mind to paint it. I bought some paint which cost me about ten kroner and I painted the whole of it, and although it originally cost only about twenty to twenty-five dollars it had answered the purpose, yet now it looked O.K. Mother kept repeating, " John, John, you are all right," and was so pleased that she called in a number of friends to view it as it now looked like new. The house was now fit for the occasion of the wedding and when the day came and my sister was married, we all had a very pleasant time. A few days later my mother went to the fishmarket to buy some fish. She there met a Mrs. Jensen, whose husband was a painter and who was considered " away up " as compared to us. Mrs. Jensen said to mother, " I see your son John is home," Mother said " Yes." She asked, " Is he going away shortly." Mother answered " Yes, he is going to New York and is taking his brother Martin with him." Mrs. Jensen said that Marie, her daughter, had just received a ticket from her sister in Chicago and would soon go over ; also how nice it would be if we could go together. She asked mother if I would not make an appointment to have dinner with them some night, at which I was more than pleased. I remember this lady, Marie, when I was home before, as she was noted as the belle of the city, and of about my own age. I kept the engagement and had a very pleasant evening. After dinner we went into the garden and picked flowers, and also had some singing. I then saw that her ticket was for the Danish Steamship Line, going direct from Christiana to New York, and I at once sent a letter into Christiana, making a part payment on two tickets for my brother and myself, to go on the same steamer, which would be about seven weeks hence. Her ticket was for a steerage passage, and my intention, of course, was to procure the same, as this was all that we felt we could afford. Two days before sailing day came, we all three went into Christiana, which was only about four hours run from home, and to our surprise we found that the steamer was over-loaded with the numerous steerage passengers, and Marie being a very beautiful girl, the manager of the Company called me into his office and asked me if this lady was my fellow-passenger. I replied "Yes, sir." He then enquired if I had ever been across before. I told him that I had, and he said, "Since you have secured your tickets on this steamer, the only way we can do, is to give you and your lady friend two saloon tickets, as I have about four saloons vacant, which you may have for the same price as you would pay for the steerage, but do not let it be known that you are not paying the full first-class rate." A place was arranged for my brother Martin, and I looked after him pretty well.

This line of steamers was noted then for being one of the finest crossing the Atlantic. We were thirty-two in the saloon, sixteen at the captain's table and sixteen at the doctor's. Marie and I often used to walk on the promenade deck together, but as she was a lady whose situation in life could command something great, I felt a little backward, and our acquaintance did not lead to anything further. When we reached New York I saw her into the train and said "Good-bye," as the train pulled out of the station on her way to Chicago. I think we both felt badly, as we had enjoyed each other's company very much.

After a while she got married, and in a few years she went home to see her father and mother, and her mother told me, when I was home a year later, that she often made favourable remarks regarding me. She was a very beautiful girl, and I thought a lot of her, although I had not an opportunity of showing it.

My brother and myself began looking around for work in this great city, as our money was getting rather low. Martin could not speak a word of English, and to make matters worse he could not hear well, and I felt it would be better if we could find employment together which would aid matters materially.

We looked around for some days but without finding anything suitable. At last a friend of mine told me that there was a large American ship at Pier 27, East River, that was going to San Francisco, California, and wanted a crew, and thought that both of us might ship on her. The following morning we went down to see this ship, and as I stood beside her sizing her up, and saw her heavy rigging, I gazed at Martin, and said to myself, "it would never do to take him on board that ship as a sailor, as it would surely cause trouble for him, and by so doing would make trouble for me," and I also felt quite sure that something else would turn up shortly.

We had rented a furnished room and were taking our meals out, and the last few days were eating at a five-cent soup kitchen on account of the shortness of cash. Our lunch consisted of a basin of soup and a slice of bread, five cents.

On one particular occasion when the rent for our room was due, having no money to pay it, we went into this restaurant. I had just finished my soup and was leaning back on the stool, and remarked to Martin that if we only had ten dollars to-day it would help us out of our difficulties. I had no sooner said this, than happening to tilt my chair back, I saw on the floor beside the chair what appeared to be a bill rolled up. My heart gave a great leap. I took up my handkerchief and dropped it over the bill, and quickly picked it up again and thrust it into my pocket, at the same time motioning to my brother to this effect, "Hurry up Martin and finish your soup, I have found something." We immediately walked three blocks at a good rate, then I took out the bill and saw it was a ten, and on showing it to Martin he remarked, "John, I don't know what to make of you." Now we were able to pay our rent, at the same time being sure of a few more meals in the soup kitchen.

In a day or so I shipped alone in an American schooner, considering that I must get work of some sort, even if I left my brother behind, as I could then pay for his board and lodging until he could get some work. The vessel's name was the W. Bailey, coal laden for Baltimore. This trip lasted eleven days. I made another trip and this time succeeded in getting Martin with me, which took a great load off my mind. He was no sailor, but did the best he could, and the captain felt like giving him a chance. This trip took about two weeks and helped us financially, as we had $25.00 per month each and board. Upon our return the captain asked me to make another trip, but as it was getting late in the year, he felt sorry that he could not take Martin also, as he was not a sailor, and every man had to be experienced on account of the bad weather likely to be encountered, so I declined his offer with thanks.

Once more I tried to get work for us together, but failed, so I finally shipped on a schooner by the name of "Look-out," coal laden for Baltimore, and after returning I shipped in a small river steamer, running between New York and New Haven, where we were together once more for about two months. By this time we had made several friends in Brooklyn, the part of New York in which we were staying, as there were quite a number of Scandinavians living there, consequently Martin secured a position ashore which he was accustomed to; but I always had a longing for the sea, and shipped from Pier 10, East

River, on a steamer named "Benefactor," running between New York and Savannah, Georgia. When arriving home I told the boys at the boarding-house on which steamer I had signed, and they told me that I would never come back alive, as she was noted as one of the hardest packets afloat. However I made two trips to this port, and think it worthy of the following brief description:—

Savannah, a city and port of Georgia, stretches for several miles along the Savannah River, 18 miles from its mouth, and 115 miles south-west of Charleston. It is built on a sand plain, 40 feet above the river, with broad streets shaded by beautiful trees. Forsyth Place, covering 30 acres, and thickly planted with forest pines, is almost in the centre of the city. Here is a monument to the Confederate dead, and there are others in the city to General Nathaniel Green and Count Pulaski, who fell here. Savannah has electric cars and electric light. The Custom House, City Exchange, Cotton Exchange, Roman Catholic Cathedral, and Christ Church (on the site of which John Wesley first preached to the Colonists), are among the main buildings. The city annually spends $120,000 to maintain its public schools, that have a teaching force of 177, and an attendance of about 9,000 children. The coloured people have churches and good schools for themselves. Savannah has long been the first naval stores station, and second cotton port of the continent. The yearly export of cotton is over $27,000,000. The whole business of the port amounts to 134 millions yearly. There are also rice, paper, flour, planing, cotton and other mills. Savannah was founded in 1733. It was taken by the English in 1778, and by General Sherman in December, 1864. The population is about 60,000.

The mate, who was a Spaniard, and as small as the captain was large, asked me to stay on the ship, and he would teach me navigation and make me third officer next trip. I told him that I had a brother ashore and was seeking employment where we could be together, at the same time thanking him kindly. I thereupon left the ship, and spent a few days ashore with Martin.

A day or so after, as I was walking up towards the East River, New York, I was offered a situation, rigging up ships at the rate of 28 cents per hour. Should any of our readers have been to New York they will remember that there is a large bridge crossing the East River known as the Brooklyn Bridge, which was opened while I was there, accompanied by a tremendous demonstration. Large ships going under this bridge require to have the royal and top-gallant yards and masts taken down so as to enable them to pass under, to be replaced after their return. There is always a lot of work of this nature in New York, owing to so much shipping. I was engaged at this work for several weeks, and as my brother Martin was still in the city, and had saved up a little money, I decided to take my brother to a specialist to see if anything could be done in the way of restoring his hearing, but in this I was sadly disappointed.

One day, as we were lying aloft bending the topsails of an American barque, my chum, next to me, told me that there was a river steamer engaging a crew to go from New York to Portland, Oregon, as I had already told him that I was heading for British Columbia. After many enquiries I succeeded in locating the captain of the steamer, and proceeded to his residence, accompanied by my brother, who being a tall, stout and fine looking fellow, I dressed him up like a sailor. The captain's name was Sam Martin, of New York.

CHAPTER XI.

OFF FOR A FAR OFF COUNTRY.

When we reached the house where the captain lived, I rang the bell and the servant opened the door. I addressed her and asked if the captain was at home. She replied "Yes, sir," and invited me to walk in. In a moment or two the captain appeared, and was a fine-looking gentleman. I asked him if he had secured his crew for the steamer, which I understood was to sail for Portland, Oregon. He stated that he had not done so, whereupon I then asked him for a situation on her as sailor, and he asked me if I was a sailor, and of what nationality, and when I told him he answered, "Yes, I will give you a position at $35.00 per month," which nearly took my breath away. I then opened the door and introduced him to my brother Martin, who had remained outside, and asked for a position for him also; and to my surprise the captain said, "He is a swell-looking fellow, take him along," and an order was given for us to take the morning train down to Chester, Pennsylvania, to commence to rig up the ship. Here again we "struck oil."

This boat was built by John Roche and Son, of Chester, and we finally got on board and began to work; but as I have already stated, my brother not being a sailor, I had to keep my eyes on him very closely, and you will remember that he could not hear very well, so it made it very hard for me. After remaining here for two or three weeks, we got the remainder of the crew on board. We had four quartermasters to do the steering, so the sailors had nothing to do with that. Our principal work was to wash the decks and the paint work, and to trim coal, and my brother came in all O.K. after a few days of this kind of work. The crew in all numbered about sixty men.

You will understand that this was a river-boat, and a side-wheeler. She was called the "Alaskan," and was a beautiful passenger steamer, a sister boat to the "Olympia." She was built at the same time as the "Olympia," in Philadelphia, and for the same company, the Oregon Rail and Navigation Company, of Portland, Oregon. She was lost about four years ago, going from Portland to San Francisco, to be overhauled, but her sister-boat, the "Olympia," is still afloat.

We had the guards, which is the outside of the deck overhanging the water, partly torn up; that is to say, every alternate plank was left out, so as to prevent the sea working too heavily under her guards, by giving play to the water. We also had rough boards all the way around the cabin on the lower after-deck to prevent the sea from dashing against the cabin. We could not carry coal to last more than from ten to twelve days, so we had to make ports where we could obtain fuel within that time.

We started from Chester for Philadelphia Breakwater, and dropped anchor there for a few hours; and then started for our first port of call, which was St. Thomas, West Indies. This part of the West Indies belongs to Denmark, and is under Danish government, but we did not reach it that time owing to an accident. If I remember correctly, we left the Philadelphia Breakwater on a Saturday morning, and the following day being Sunday, I was sent down in the after-hold to put away some fenders, ropes, etc., and I discovered that during the night the sea had carried away the starboard brace. This brace was a heavy bar of iron leading from the outside of the guard into the ship's side and rivetted there, and was for the purpose of relieving the big strain on the guards just behind the paddle-box. The water was here pouring in very rapidly. I immediately made a report to the first officer and he at once came down to see it, as did the captain. Orders were given to at once change our course for Savannah, the nearest port for repairs, where we arrived safely. We remained there for about two weeks, had the repairs attended to and received a supply of fuel. Strange to say, after starting again, the same brace gave way, consequently there must have been a very great strain upon it, so that when we finally got into St. Thomas this work had to be done all over again. As this was a few days before Christmas, we remained there over the holidays.

In St. Thomas, to my surprise, I noticed quite a number of negro children speaking Danish. There was also a great abundance of fruit, and we had a good share of it. The first Sunday a number of us went up to a high mountain, not far from the dock where the ship was lying, so that we could have a good observation of the city, and from there we could see quite a distance over the water. By the time we reached the top we felt somwhat tired and remained there for some time, so that we could rest and view the scenery. Among the crowd was one of the quartermasters, who was a namesake of mine, Johnson. He was a very big fellow, and when we got ready to return we discovered two or three donkeys grazing near at hand, and as he considered he was quite a horseman, he caught one of these donkeys and selected what he thought was an easy way of getting down the mountain. Of course, he took the lead and we followed. After going a short distance the donkey became tired of carrying him, and gave a short squeal, then up went his hind legs, and over went Mr. Johnson, head first, but as luck would have it he was not hurt. He recaptured the animal and made another attempt, but finally had to give it up. We heartily enjoyed a good laugh at his expense.

As we were taking in the city, we saw something new again, namely, a peculiar way of coaling ships, which was here done by women. They carried the coal in small baskets on their heads. There were a great number of them at work, forming a long string, each one having a basket full, which was dumped into the coal bunker. In payment they received a small coin for each basket they emptied, as a tally to keep an account of the number of baskets carried by them. These women, of course, were all negroes, and all the clothing they wore was a couple of small garments. They appeared to be very strong and powerful.

I also noticed that many of the negro boys were good swimmers. When sailors went around the docks, they often asked us to throw a small piece of money into the water for them to dive after, and in some places here the water is very deep. They were not to dive until we gave the signal, that is to say, "go." When we thought the money would be quite a distance down, we would say "go," and they went after it. I used to watch them do this and they very seldom came up without the money.

There were also a great number of sharks around St. Thomas, and it was often said that these darky boys carried with them a knife into the water, and when they met a shark, which, as you are aware, has to turn itself upon its back before it can seize anything large, they then have the opportunity of stabbing it. Generally before the shark is discovered two small fish will be seen, which look like mackerel and are known as "pilots." When you see these "pilots," you can look for sharks, as they are not far off.

Repairs being now thoroughly effected, and our supply of coal obtained, we started for Brazil, South America, to a place known as Perambuco. After leaving port the first and third officers did not seem to get along very well, and one day they came to a "show-down" and had a big fight. The third officer being a well-built man and quite young, gave the first officer, who seemed to be always looking for trouble, quite a "doing up," and would have killed him if others had not come to the rescue. The third officer was taken in charge and put in irons, and was placed in his state-room for several days, but began to disfigure the room with the irons, and as these state-rooms were of the very finest quality and partly oak, he had to be removed from there and was placed in the after-hold. He was then secured to one of the iron stanchions with a chain. He had been there for some days, when one morning I was doing some work near his quarters, and as I rather liked him I took chances and slipped the chain loose, on condition that he would not create any disturbance and not give me away. He then went on deck with his handcuffs on, looking for the first officer, but fortunately did not succeed in finding him. The second officer had him fastened up once more, and I must say that I was very much alarmed while the enquiry was going on as to how he got loose, fearing that I might be discovered, which would place me in an awkward position. However, they never found out. He remained in irons until we arrived in San Francisco, California, where he was taken in charge of by the police, and I have never seen or heard of him since.

About half way across we noticed that a shark was following the ship and as he approached the log, he smelt it and went away, only to return and swallow it, at the same time biting off the line, and disappearing. This was a very valuable log, being made of brass and shaped like a propeller. It was immediately replaced, as ships on long voyages like this generally carry two or three. These are called registering logs, and register the speed of the ship on a dial, thereby making the reckonings so much easier.

A day or two later, as I was walking around the guards for inspection, I discovered on the starboard side, just aft the paddle-wheel, a large turtle lying on its back on one of the deck planks, where it had evidently been thrown by one of the paddles while sleeping in the water. It was the first I had ever seen alive. I made a report to one of the stewards, that I happened to meet shortly after making the discovery, and he told one of the officers, and the turtle was taken in, and the promise given that we would all have some turtle soup, but we were sadly disappointed, only having the pleasure of smelling it while cooking. This I did not consider very fair, as it was my discovery; but it is nothing out of the ordinary in the way of treatment to sailors on board ships.

We experienced very fine weather going down, and finally landed at our destination. This is a very fine part of the world and a very beautiful place. However, we only remained about forty-eight hours, just time enough to secure our fuel, and from here we steamed along again, heading for a port called Rio de Janeiro. As we were steaming up towards the harbour, we got signals not to go in, if possible, as at that time a great fever was raging there, and not being compelled to go in, we turned back and continued our course, as we had sufficient fuel to carry us to Montevideo, Uruguay, which is at the entrance of the Plata River.

Montevideo is situated on the north shore of the La Plata Inlet, and is built on a low point between the ocean and a small bay, and has stretched out to the foot of a hill, 500 feet high, crowned by an old fort and a lighthouse. A cathedral with towers and a fine dome, opera house, town hall, university with 91 professors and 694 students, museum, etc. It has large beef-salting establishments, where 200,000 cattle are killed yearly. It is the cleanest and healthiest city in South America, and has a large foreign population, mainly from Italy, Spain and France. The population is about 270,000. We remained here for some time coaling, getting provisions, and having a general clean-up, and then started south, heading for Cape Horn; but instead of going around the Horn, which is one of the roughest coasts in the world, we went through the Straits of Magellan, close to the coast of Patagonia, which is very rough and rugged. Here we dropped anchor and received another shipment of coal at a place called Sandy Point. The natives here are very large, some of them being descendants of savages.

Magellan is the name of the Strait separating South America from the Island of Terra del Fuego, and connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. It is over 300 miles in length, its breadth varying from ten to fifteen miles. The Strait was first discovered by Ferdinand Magellan, who sailed through it in the year 1520, and it has ever since borne his name. Though not wide, it is noted for being very windy. The mountains on both sides are very high, the wind comes sweeping down from them upon passing vessels. I remember one night we were lying with two anchors out, and also our heaviest hawser fastened ashore to two large trees. This line was a new one. As we lay there under full head of steam, we thought ourselves pretty secure. However, we were not; as one night we were all called out in a hurry, as the steamer had commenced to drag her anchors. A heavy squall of wind had struck us, and the steamer being very high out of water, consequently the wind had a great hold upon her, so that she pulled down the two trees, and had to steam up to prevent her from getting on the rocks. We commenced to haul in the line as fast as possible, but a great deal of it was entangled with portions of the trees, which had become caught at the bottom of the ship, and this being a very expensive line we tried to save as much of it as possible, and volunteers were asked for by the first officer to go down into the water and cut away this line. Being the nearest, I volunteered to go, and a rope was placed around my waist and I was lowered from the ship's side into the water, and then accomplished the work required.

I think we had to anchor every night of the three which it took to get through the straits, and we finally got out into the open Pacific, where we experienced fine weather, and by taking advantage of our sails made a good run up to Valparaiso, Chili.

I remember on one occasion a puff of wind struck us, and having a very large jib set, it cracked the foretopmast. One of the sailors was immediately sent aloft, in the " boatswain's chair " to repair the damage by lashing the mast. A pail of wedges was then sent up to him to wedge the lashings tighter, and one fell on deck near the pilot house, where the first officer was standing. Had it struck him it would doubtless have done serious damage. He thought the sailor had done it on purpose, and thereupon ordered him down and gave him a good lecture, and as I was in the same watch, I was sent up to finish the job. The reader will suppose that it is not very pleasant working aloft when the ship is rolling and your hands are full of tools, and had I been so unfortunate as to drop a wedge the first officer would doubtless have sworn that we intended it for him, as he was always looking out for trouble.

I have already referred to Valparaiso in a former chapter. After remaining there for a short time, we steamed up to Arequipa, which is in Peru, where we stayed for a couple of days taking in coal and provisions; then started again and went up the coast of Mexico to a port the name of which I do not remember. Here also we received supplies and coals and steamed on to San Francisco, California. You will remember that it was here that the third officer was taken ashore in irons. The ship was placed in dry dock here, and had a regular clean-up. We remained for about ten or twelve days and had a fine opportunity of seeing the city, and I can tell you we made the most of it and saw all we could.

We then left San Francisco and headed for our last destination, namely, Portland, Oregon. We got safely over the Columbia Bar, and tied up at Astoria, Oregon, which is near the entrance of the Columbia River, on the right hand side, as you come up. We laid there for about a day, and the following day, Sunday, was very beautiful. The steamer, "State of California," happened to be leaving the dock at the same time as us for Portland, and the two captains made up their minds to have a race. The vessels gave a "toot," meaning let go your lines, and the race began. We tried our best to see what our boat could do, as up to this time she had not been opened up full speed, on acount of the machinery being new. The other steamer also was doing her best. Once in a while we were ahead, and once in a while they were; but to make a long story short, we tied up in Portland at about the same time.

The custom is that when a vessel of this kind is tied up the sailors are free to leave the ship, and in a short time we were dressing to go ashore, when the second officer, Mr. Rankin, came down to the forecastle and asked us if we would do him a favour the following day, which was to do some cleaning up before leaving the ship. This, those of us who heard him, promised to do, as he was quite a gentleman.

The next morning we were called by the watchman and some of us turned out to prepare for work. A good many had been ashore the previous evening, and felt too tired for work, and in a short time the first officer came round and seeing some of the men in their bunks, commenced to use strong language and threatened trouble, but as the ship was now tied up at her home port, his remarks bore little weight.

We also noticed that there was no breakfast prepared for us, so a couple of us went up to the first officer's cabin and asked him why we were not to have breakfast. He told us that we had refused duty. We answered that we had not, and he kept repeating "You have," and as the second officer was present, I asked him if I had refused duty, and he answered "No," so after a few more remarks I told the first officer that we wanted breakfast, and finally left the cabin stating that I came aboard this ship as an able seaman and had behaved as such, and was capable of filling my position, and I wanted him to play his part.

In a short time the breakfast bell rang, and the table was set for all hands, but none of us partook of it, as we wanted to show him that we were perfectly capable of buying our own breakfast ashore, and this made him feel worse than ever.

In a day or two we got paid off, having been about 95 days out, and our wages, over and above advance that we had had, amounted to about $70.00. As I left the second officer at the shipping office, he told me that if I was ever in New York and wanted to ship on a vessel to look him up at Pier 27, East River, and I could always obtain a position.

This was the latter part of March, 1884, or 1885.

CHAPTER XII.

Fishing on Columbia Bar and Picked up Unconscious.

At about this time the Spring salmon fishing takes place on the Columbia River, and if I remember correctly the Canneries paid 95 cents for each fish. The Canneries supplied a boat, also a net, and two men are required in each boat; so the fish caught by the boat is divided into three parts, viz., the Cannery takes one-third, and the two fishermen get one-third apiece. However, I decided to go out fishing, or rather to row the boat with a man by the name of Walter Booth. This man was an old fisherman on the river and always had a good catch, and was known to be one of the "star" fishermen there. We were then fishing for the Anglo-American Packing Company. I remember after we had been fishing for some days, we had drifted out to sea a considerable distance, and as the wind had dropped we were unable to get back. Our provisions had run out, with the exception of canned oysters, which we lived on for forty-eight hours, and since that time I have never had a liking for this kind of food. After I had been with him for a couple of weeks, I thought I might be able to have a boat from the same Cannery myself, on the same lay-out, which I did, and secured a man to go with me by the name of August to do the rowing, and I was to be the boss in the boat. We commenced fishing, and had made arrangements to buy this outfit, and to pay for it with fish. We made a good start, and had it nearly paid for, when something unforeseen turned up. If a fisherman should succeed in striking slack water close to the breakers on the Columbia Bar, near the Lighthouse, he can always reckon to have a good catch. One Saturday morning (a very fine day when we started out, but shortly afterwards it commenced to blow), I laid out the net in front of an old wrecked steamer which was lying on Sand Island, known as the "Great Republic," where she was wrecked on April 19th, 1879. Here I laid out the whole net and then commenced drifting down towards the breakers. A boat was sailing close by, and they shouted out something to us, but which we could not hear. I soon discovered that there was something wrong as I was drifting far too rapidly. I had made the mistake of thinking it was April 29th instead of the 30th, so that the tide ran much longer. The first thing I did, therefore, was to cut away the net, but we were too near the breakers, and in a very short time we were right into them.

A large breaker filled the boat with water, and others continued to come rapidly, and I remember that a book, which had been given to me and of which I thought a great deal, was washed out of the boat. This made me feel very sad. My partner said to me, "We are gone." To be candid, I must say that I already felt that we should never get out of it, but at the same time was wishful to show courage to my friend. To give you an idea of the dangerous situation we were in, Captain Harris, of the Life-Saving Station at the Cape, told us afterwards that when he saw us going in he felt it quite useless to send a rescue boat after us.

My friend made a remark once or twice that he would like to take off some of his clothing and try to swim ashore, as he claimed to be a good swimmer. I tried to explain to him that I thought it advisable to stick to the boat as the breakers were dashing so hard against the rocks.

The last thing that I can remember was that a fishing boat was trying to head in to our rescue, but they had to abandon the attempt. Shortly after we became unconscious. We must have drifted a considerable distance in this condition. Several days after, I awoke and found myself in a room, and looking around saw a lady walking about. I enquired of her where I was, and she replied that we were at the Life-Saving Station at the Cape, and that I had had quite an experience. I also asked her how I had got there, and she told me that the Life Crew picked us up. We remained there about four or five days, and then started for Astoria to enquire about our boat and net. We were informed that our net had drifted quite a distance away from the breakers, and was picked up out at sea, full of fish, by some Italian fishermen. The boat had also been picked up by another party. Neither the boat nor the net were badly damaged, and we got them fixed up and again started to fish. As my partner would not go again with me, as he thought life was too precious to take such chances, I got my brother to go with me for a little while, and made quite a bit of money.

A few weeks after this, as we were sailing in for Astoria, I discovered a boat carrying heavy sails with a high sea running, and a moment after she turned over. I asked my partner if he was willing to put on sail and make an attempt to rescue them. He replied that it looked almost impossible to reach them in time. I then asked him, "Are you willing to try?" He said, "If you like—let her go." However, we managed to rescue one of the crew, the other having disappeared before we reached the spot. Strange to say, only the other day I met a particular friend of this man's, who is an Italian fisherman, and was fishing there at the same time, and he asked me if my name was Johnson. I replied "Yes." He then said, "I remember when you picked up my friend, whose name is Antoine Pausech, on May 30th, 1884, or 1885."

We had very fair luck, taking the season through, and after it was over we remained in Astoria for a few days, and finally took the steamer for Portland, where we remained several weeks.

CHAPTER XIII.

WE ARE NOW LEAVING PORTLAND, OREGON, FOR VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

This was about midsummer of the same year. I shortly got a situation with the Canadian Pacific Navigation Company in Victoria, as a deck hand on a steamer called the "Princess Louise," which was then running between Victoria and the Fraser River to the city of New Westminster; and later we were running further up the river to a place known as Port Hammond. At this point we were connected with the Canadian Pacific Railway, as the line was only built that far, so we carried the passengers up and down from Victoria to and from the East.

One day as were lying in New Westminster, the Commodore of the C.P.N.'s fleet called me into the Company's office, and asked if I had my best clothes on board. I answered "Yes." He then said, "Go and spruce up and come back to the office as I want to see you." This I did. He then told me that he wanted me to do some private business along the upper part of the Fraser, at the same time handing me a roll of bills, which was paper money, saying: "Take this on your journey and spend all that you want to, only keep an account of it. As you will require a good many favours of other people to

accomplish this work, do not be very saving with the money." He also gave me a letter to a gentleman at the destination where I was going, telling him to look after me well while I was there I then went ashore for the remainder of the day, and had a good sleep during the night. The following morning I got myself rigged up, and started for the steamer, which was lying not far from the "Louise," to go up the river on this mission. As I drew near the boat I was soon spotted by the first officer, a Mr. Sharp, who had for some time previously been first officer in our own Company. He looked at me closely, and enquired when I had left the C.P.N. Company. I smiled, and he understood. He told me afterwards that he knew just where I was going. As I had plenty of money at my disposal, I succeeded very well in accomplishing my mission. I was away for some days on this trip and had a good time, and returned to Victoria with my report which was very satisfactory to the Company.

As I had been on board about four months, I was then promoted and became a Quarter-master on the boat, there being two of us. A Quarter-master means a man that does the steering, and it was a very easy situation, but required at times a great deal of skill, as the rivers runs so swiftly and a great deal of fog is experienced in the fall and spring of the year. My salary was $40,00 a month and board, and in those days I made quite a little money besides, in the way of trading in fish in the summer and game in the winter.

I remember one of the old steamers of the early days, by name "Enterprize," which I have before referred to. She was wrecked about this time near Victoria, just outside of Cadbury Bay by running on the rocks. She was then on the way from New Westminster to Victoria with a number of passengers and a cargo of cattle. The passengers were landed safely, but about four hours or so after she had run on the rocks, we came to the scene, and it was an awful sight to see the cattle floating around in different directions. The majority of them were unable to get off the ship and consequently were drowned. Where she was lying you could see the top decks above the water at low tide and we tried several times to pull her off as she belonged to our Company, but finally she went to pieces and so passed into history.

In the Spring of the year the steamer, "Princess Louise," was taken off the Fraser river run and was put on a run up North to places called Bella Coola, Metlakatla and Fort Simpson, there being quite a trade with the Indians and Canneries. The "Louise" was then replaced by the "Yosemite," which was looked upon as the pride of the North Pacific Coast, being a very large and fast steamer. She was a very pretty craft to look at, being a side wheeler and had two lovely golden eagles on her paddle boxes. She was purchased from the United States, having been running on the Sacramento river in California, and was resold again last spring to the other side, where she is still in commission. Until late years she held the record for the run between Victoria and

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, VICTORIA, B.C.

Vancouver City. She took the summer run and operated all the summer on this route, and was laid up in the winter, when the "Louise" took her old place for the winter months. This was done year after year. I may say that whichever boat had the Fraser river run, I was transferred to her, so kept my old route.

I remember well we had to connect with the Canadian Pacific Railway on Sundays, so that we had no regular Sunday for ourselves, but had Monday afternoons off, which were spent in Victoria.

About this time the C.P.R. had extended their line of railroad from Port Hammond to Port Moody, therefore making our ports of call Port Moody and Victoria, with the Monday lay off at the latter port.

VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Victoria, the capital of British Columbia is in the south-eastern part of Vancouver Island, on the straits of Juan de Fuca. It was a part of the Hudson's Bay Company until 1858, and became a city in 1862. The commercial aspect of the two cities, Victoria and Vancouver, is as different as if they were 1,000 miles apart. Vancouver being the business city, while Victoria is a residential city. Everywhere one sees evidence of wealth and leisure. There are many beautiful spots in and around Victoria, but two points in particular may be mentioned. One should visit first the Parliament buildings, which cost between five and six million dollars, and overlook the harbour, at the back of which rise the Olympic mountains. Spacious grounds surround these buildings, setting off the stately stone pile to advantage. The second point of interest is Esquimalt harbour, because it is the headquarters of the Pacific British Squadron. The Gorge is a very pretty place to visit, as is also Beacon Hill Park. Cary Castle, Dunsmuir Castle, the Governor's House, the Free Library, the Theatre and the New Post Office are among the best buildings. The Canadian Pacific Railway have just completed a magnificent hotel called the " Empress." The population of Victoria is about 35,000.

Having been with the Company now for some time I naturally had made quite a number of acquaintances in Victoria, among whom were a young couple I visited frequently, and shortly afterwards they were married and had a home on Fairfield Road. Whilst visiting them this lady asked me why I did not invest in some property in Victoria, as I had saved up a little money by this time, and after thinking the matter over, I decided to do so, buying the lot next to theirs and commencing to build.

They were musical people, and while spending an evening at their house I met a young lady, who was an organist in one of the churches, she was also a beautiful singer and with her I formed an acquaintance and frequently went out with her, and we kept company for a while.

One morning, I remember, just about 6.45 the commodore came driving down the wharf with his trotting horse to see some friends off. I was standing on the deck of the steamer and he beckoned for me to come ashore and hold his horse which was standing in one of the sheds. Seven o'clock came, which was the time we were to sail, and the steamer started off for Port Moody without me. The other quartermaster being near the Pilot House took the wheel, although it was my turn, as we took turn and turn about at the wheel. One day one took the wheel to Plumper's Pass, which is half way, and the other finished the journey, and so on day by day.

I did not see the commodore until about 7.30, and when he came into the shed and saw me standing there holding his horse he was surprised, and said, "Johnny, why are you here?" I answered "I am just obeying orders, sir." He replied, "John you are all right, and you may as well take a holiday until the boat comes back to-morrow afternoon," which I did.

When the ship returned the following day I was on the dock to take the lines, and shortly after she was tied up the first officer came on the deck and began to give me a lecture about my staying behind. Upon my giving him the reason, he soon stopped and the chief engineer having heard our conversation said to the first officer, "if we had more men like Johnny to obey orders (like the old sailor's saying, 'to obey orders and break honours,') it would be far better for everybody." So, of course, I went on board and started my usual work as before.

We were running between Victoria and Port Moody, the last named being expected to be the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway and where the Company had built a wharf on iron piles. Even to-day there is not much change there, with the exception of the Bank and the Mills. It is true that Port Moody was then in the throes of a real estate boom, of which a great deal has been said ; there have also been large sums lost there, but the great losses are largely a fable.

The "boom" lasted about six months, and lots at the start sold at from $50,00 to $75,00 each. In one transaction of which I have heard, a capitalist bought 75 lots for $5000,00 which were all 60 feet by 132 feet and all business property. This deal took place about the latter part of June and before the end of October, or within four months from the time of the purchase, they had been re-sold at an average price of $1000,00 per lot.

However, the boom was shortlived and reached its height on a certain Saturday afternoon. On the following Monday morning, lots were unsaleable, word having been received from the C.P.R. that they were going to push further down on Burrard Inlet and take up a position on the ground now occupied by the city of Vancouver. Of course, some doubt was expressed regarding this news at first, but it proved to be true, and then there was a scramble for Gastown. Of course, when the terminus was made at Vancouver, we also changed our port of call.

I remember one morning on our run to Vancouver, we brought up a number of Chinamen, about 200, for a contractor by the name of McDougall, who held a contract to clear off the city site ; the citizens of the town had heard rumours of these Chinamen coming and held indignation meetings and decided not to allow them to land. When we tied up alongside the wharf we were surprised to see a large number of people there, some of whom were armed and threatned trouble if the Chinamen were permitted to land; one gentleman in particular—a Mr. Powis, with whom I became intimately acquainted later on, was very angry at this importation of cheap labour.

We eventually had to take them back to Victoria and secure a special guard of police, and, if I remember, a small party of soldiers from Esquimalt accompanied us back to Vancouver, where they were landed after a certain amount of trouble. They immediately made for tents in the woods, but five or six were shot that night.

The city was in such a lawless state that the Government decided to take action, so the charter was revoked for a month, and the town was put under martial law. The authorities gave every assurance to the Government that peace and order would be restored, and on that condition the charter was confirmed. This outbreak cost the city a large sum, as it had to pay for the special constables employed by the Government. The ill-feeling continued here for some time and I believe that had this feeling continued to the present day, the country would be free from a great deal of the immigration of Chinese and other undesirables, and the country would be in the hands of those who have to defend it in time of trouble.

At about this time some changes were made and I was transferred to a steamer called the "R.P. Rithet" and I remember one morning, June 14th, 1886, Capt. White, who was in charge of the "R.P. Rithet," came on board and told me that he had been to an entertainment the previous evening, and felt very sleepy, and that as soon as we got out of harbour he would take a sleep, and told me to take charge of the boat, but to call him if wanted. This boat was then on the New Westminster run, and previous to entering Plumper's Pass, I called the captain, who took charge through the narrow passage and upon getting into the open water again went below. In a short time I could see quite a heavy cloud hanging over Point Grey in the direction of Vancouver, and as we drew nearer it turned out to be smoke. When we got pretty near the Fraser River Lighthouse and I was about to head her up the channel for New Westminster, I heard the signal whistle from the " Princess Louise," which was just coming from Vancouver that she wanted to speak to us. I rang the bell from the Pilot House, leading to the captain's room, who immediately came up and I told him what had occurred, and as she approached us, we noticed that she was in trouble of some kind, and that she was crowded with men, women and children, very poorly clad, in fact some had very little clothing at all, barely enough to cover themselves with, and we were soon acquainted with the sad story that the City of Vancouver was completely destroyed by fire and that some lives were lost.

We took on board our steamer all persons wishing to go to New Westminster and the remainder continued on to Victoria, and as we had plenty of provisions on board, we shared them with the refugees and also our clothing as far as it would go, and took care of them as best we could. Vancouver possessed a fair number of buildings and it was a pitiful sight to see it burning.

The particulars of the fire are as follows:—

EXTRACTS FROM "THE DAILY PROVINCE," VANCOUVER.

RACED WITH FLAMES FOR THEIR LIVES.

Graphic Story of Captain C. G. Johnson.

Incidents of the Great Vancouver Fire which are amusing to look back upon, but which were grim reality in happening.

"My recollections of Vancouver's great fire are of a varied nature, some tragic, some pathetic, and others humorous, for at that time human nature in its peril presented many-sided pictures to the person who had time to observe them, observed Mr. C. Gardiner Johnson, when the scenes of twenty years ago were recalled to his memory.

"The fire broke out almost where we are sitting now," said this pioneer reminiscently, as he pushed back his chair and crossed his legs in his office at the corner of Granville and Hastings Street, "and in a very few hours the whole town lay feet deep in redhot ashes, while over the entire peninsula darkness settled down through a dense cloud of nauseating smoke.

OCCURRED ON A FINE DAY.

"I remember that Sunday, June 13th, 1886, was a beautiful day, one of the finest we had experienced that summer. Somewhere in the neighbourhood of this corner—there was no Hastings or Granville Street as we know them to-day—land-clearing had been in progress. The men doing the work had slashed the bush and piled the heavy logs and small branches in big heaps; and the day before had set fire to them. On the Saturday evening preceding the fatal day, the weather was exceedingly calm, hardly a breath of wind stirred the atmosphere, but on Sunday morning a stiff breeze sprang up from the west. This stiffened, and by 1 o'clock in the afternoon the brush piles were blazing rapidly. The wind suddenly increased and before 1.30 o'clock was blowing a small gale.

"The heart of the blazing timber heaps, stirred by the heavy wind, threw out live sparks, and these were carried through the air to some rubbish heaps and it was but a few minutes before frame buildings to the eastward were ignited. The wind continued to blow furiously, and once well started, the fire could not be stemmed in its progress. It carried everything before it and as the people realised their danger many grew panical. To that fact was in great measure due the loss of some twenty-three lives.

"In those days I lived on the Westminster road, near where the electric railway powerhouse now stands. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon my niece, Miss Helen Boultbee, now Mrs. Hewer of Rossland, came running home with the word that the whole town was ablaze.

EVERYBODY AND HIS BUNDLE.

"When I got out of the house I saw hundreds of people streaming along the road in a southerly direction. All carried bundles under their arms, and all were heading for safety in the direction of the bridge—it was Westminster road in those days,—the avenue of to-day had not disappeared, and the bridge lay across False Creek on the site of the present trestle. The refugees were all coming from the centre of the town. (Then the principal business streets were Carrall and Cordove.) All their most precious possessions in their pockets, in slings on their backs, and in bundles which they carried as best they could in their retreat.

"John Boultbee, now of Rossland, and I, had an office about where the old Bodega of more recent years stood on Carrall street, between Water and Cordove streets. We had some books of value, and we started down town to recover them if we could. We reached the office and secured what we wanted. Starting back to my house, we ran along until we came to Balfour's Hotel at the corner of Columbia Avenue and Hastings Street, there Bailey the bartender, called us to help put out some small blazes which had started along the baseboards of the building. We went in and did our best.

A ROARING MASS OF FLAME.

"While engaged in this work I heard a furious crackling outside, and throwing open the door, found the whole street in front a pushing, roaring mass of flame. We were cut off from escape on that side, but Boultbee, Bailey and I lost no time in getting away by another route. We ran across Hastings street and headed for Dupont street, where we knew we could find a small path leading towards my house.

"On the way we picked up a stranger. He carried a valise and attached himself to the party. We crossed Dupont street and started along the path, but had not proceeded far when we ran up against a solid wall of fire which cut us off in that direction. We however espied a small patch of gravel, it could not have been more than six feet square, and there we decided to lie down. Down we crouched, our handkerchiefs in our mouths, our heads buried in the shelter of our crossed arms. We had to breathe, and in that position managed to catch what little air there was that was not fouled with the dense smoke which choked the atmosphere. On the other side of us was a frame building from top of which burning embers occasionally fell on us. In front was a mass of flame and the same behind us. I tell you it was hot where we were, but our only hope lay in that little gravel patch.

THEIR NOSES IN THE DUST.

"Say, stranger can you pray, can you pray?" suddenly shouted the man with the valise as he hurriedly raised his head and looked at me. I gently told him that under the circumstances his best chance for life lay in keeping his head down to the ground where he could breathe what little free air was to be had. He subsided in accordance with my advice. Noticing his valise, I told him to pass it to me as I was to windward and needed it to ward off the heat from the surrounding flames, which had by this time become intense. He passed the valise, and I stowed it to windward of my head.

"Suddenly detonations, which seemed to me to resemble cannon shots, broke out somewhere in the vicinity of my head. They were accompanied by mysterious movements on the part of the stranger's valise. Several dozen reports occurred within a minute, and then I was without the protection of the valise—it had contained among other things a box of revolver cartridges and they had exploded when the valise caught fire. It was a miracle that the cartridges went off without harming me in the slightest. When the war of shots was over nothing remained of that valise but the leather handle.

COMPANION BURNED TO DEATH.

"Shortly after this, Bailey, vowing that he could stand the blistering heat no longer, made a run in the direction of the creek. He breasted the flames, but we saw him fall not twenty feet from us. He burned to death, and sickening at the sight, we were forced to witness it without being able to render a helping hand to the poor fellow. I afterwards made an affidavit to the Government that I had witnessed his death.

"Boultbee, the stranger and I had been horribly scorched. I carry the marks on my legs to-day, and my hands were badly burned. However, we remained on the life-saving gravel patch until it was possible for us to venture forth with safety. As we were making our way out we met Dr. McGuligan and Mr. S. O. Richards. They had heard that we were lost and had set out to find us if possible. Somewhere along what is now Hastings street, to the west of Camble street, a man named Foster (or Fawcett?) had a pile of cordwood. In his anxiety to save it from the flames he temporarily lost his reason, and while engaged in pouring water on the wood with a tomato can, which he filled from the street drain, he lost his life. The man came from Winnipeg, where he had been engaged in the manufacture of soda-water. I was afterwards enabled to identify his body, which had been burned to a cinder, by means of his watch.

HOW TWO MET DEATH.

"Of the sad deaths which occurred that afternoon, I think none were more so than those of a little boy and his mother who lived in the east end of the city. The boy had taken his mother and lowered her into a well for safety, jumping in after her. Both were found dead. They had been suffocated, and life had passed from them, locked in each other's embrace they fought against the overpowering smoke which filled the little place of refuge.

If you can run across the old Vancouver Custom-house ledger of 1886 you would notice an item in red ink scrawled across the page for Sunday, June 13th. The inscription was trite and savoured of the occasion. It had been written by Collector of Customs Johns, and read:

"Hot as hell."

The Collector wound up his work for the day with that, and cleared out of the place for safety.

"The population of Vancouver was about 5,000 when the fire occurred, and as the majority of the buildings had been wiped out it was a serious question to know what to do to house the homeless. One of the places secured was Spratt's old warehouse at the back of Pender street to the west of Burrard street. It was afterwards turned into a carpet cleaning house, but on the Monday following the fire, when it was raining heavily, it afforded a shelter to many who would otherwise not have had a covering over their heads. Admission was by ticket secured at a hurriedly organized relief head-quarters.

PECULIAR MANIAS.

"On Monday the City Council occupied very cramped quarters in a tent, and as ornaments of doubtful nature, the civic head-quarters was surrounded by prisoners tied to stakes. Of course the jail went with the rest of the buildings, and the prisoners had been turned loose to save themselves. The staked-out captives of the City Hall tent were men who had broken open whiskey barrels, stored on some lots on Water street, and helped themselves with tin pannikins till they could not walk.

"Some remarkable manias were developed by well-known citizens during the fire. For instance, there was one man, a doctor, I will not mention his name, as he is still alive, who was found on Sunday night wandering in a demented state on Westminster road with an old axe in his hand. When rounded up he observed in a wise way: "Well, you see I have saved something!"

"That man had a fine residence on the upper part of Dupont street. His wife was visiting friends in New Westminister when the fire came, and the doctor was alone in the house. He lost all sense of reason, and when discovered he was pouring water on the roof of his house from two small lard tins.

"The house was blazing and the doctor had to be pulled away from it in order to save his life. He had been running between the well at the rear and the roof of his house with those two lard tins till his mental balance had been affected. On his trips to the roof he had passed about twenty times his wife's bedroom, where her jewels lay, but he did not attempt to save a single thing. The next day gold rings, brooches and money were found in the ruins of his house melted together in a heterogeneous mass.

"Another man I knew well saved a dead goose! Truly ridiculous and peculiar were many of the things people rescued from the flames.

MRS. ALEXANDER A HEROINE.

"A heroine of the fire was Mrs. Alexander. She took care of hundreds of homeless, shelterless people at the Hastings mill, and worked like a Trojan assisted by the members of her family.

"Perhaps one of the most laughable incidents in connection with the relief work which followed the fire, was in the distribution of underwear to women. I remember when a cartload of white-wear of this description arrived. The women used to come to the relief tent for a pair of corsets or something else white, and securing the things, they would run off into the bush to try them on. If they fitted they came back smiling, but if they did not fit, another trial had to be made in the bushy boudoir.

"Vancouver was thankful for the relief which came from all over the Northwest, from the State of Washington, from Eastern Canada and even from Great Britain."

REFUGEES FLOCKED TO OLD "ROBERT KERR."

HUNDREDS OF HOMELESS SHELTERED.

Weather Beaten Old Coal Hulk looked like a Palace of Safety to the Pioneers of Vancouver Twenty Years ago to-day.

Few among the residents of Vancouver, who are not pioneers of the city, realise, as they glance occasionally at the coal barge, "Robert Kerr," old and grimy, as she swings idly at her buoy off the C.P.R. Wharf, that she was once a sort of floating hospital and a haven of refuge to several hundred persons who had no shelter save that furnished by the sturdy ship.

For the "Robert Kerr" was a sturdy ship in those days—was, in fact, the leviathan of Burrard

Inlet. On the occasion of the fire, the "Robert Kerr" played a leading part in the stirring incidents which were enacted on the waterfront of the embryo sunset doorway of the Dominion on that bright June day.

Prominent among those who will ever be remembered by the pioneers of Vancouver, for his generous assistance and hospitality during the days which followed the devastation of the city by the terrible fire, is Capt. W. H. Soule. Capt. Soule is not only a pioneer of Vancouver, but also among the earliest pioneers of the province. He came to British Columbia in the days of the Fraser River gold excitement, when he was still a young man. And now, despite his years, he is still hale and hearty, and can remember the events of the memorable 13th of June as if it were but yesterday.

Capt. Soule became a leading actor in that June tragedy by reason of the fact that he at that time owned the "Robert Kerr"—then a staunch bark-rigged vessel, which happened to be at anchor off what is now the Union Steamship Company's wharf. Of course there was no wharf there in those days—nothing but a small floating boat-landing. To a "Province" representative, who found Capt. Soule in a reminiscent mood, some of the incidents connected with Vancouver's first great conflagration were told something like this:—

"HISTORY OF THE 'ROBERT KERR.'

"Yes. that was a busy day on Gas Town's waterfront for sure," said Capt. Soule. "It is safe to say that half the population of Vancouver was down along the water-front—such as it was—for they had nowhere else to go to escape the fire demon. I owned the 'Robert Kerr' at that time. I purchased her from an English firm after she had been partially wrecked by bumping on a rock at East Point, while being towed into the Gulf by the old tug 'Pilot,' long since gone to the boneyard. She was repaired in Victoria, and then I had her brought to Burrard Inlet. She had lain in the stream opposite the foot of Carrall Street for several months before the date of the fire.

"I remember the 13th of June as if it were but yesterday. It was a hot, clear day, with a strong west wind blowing. All along the water-front the smoke, from the huge piles of burning logs where the town site was being cleared, obscured the sun. I was over at Hastings Mill in the morning, and I distinctly remember the huge funnel of smoke that rose twisting skyward. Yet on the Inlet, out of the track of the smoke, it was a beautiful clear day. As an instance of this, I might say that Mr. Simpson, one of the early settlers in those days, was the owner of a little yacht, in which he was out sailing that day. He had with him at the time his sister and several friends, who had just come up from Victoria on a visit. They had sailed over to Moodyville in the morning, and I happened to be at the Hastings Mill wharf when they returned in the afternoon. They had seen the heavy clouds of smoke, but did not think it was anything serious, and they were thunderstruck when informed that they were homeless—their house having been consumed along with the rest.

A HAVEN OF REFUGE.

"About the 'Robert Kerr'? Oh, yes, well it was lucky she was there. I had on board in charge of her at the time an old seaman—Capt. Dyer—now dead, I believe. He heard the roar of the fire before he had seen any actual flames, and lowered the ship's boats. Getting in one, he towed the other ashore to the landing to see if he could be of any assistance to the people he could see commencing to gather in the vicinity of the landing. I came up from the Hastings Mill shortly afterward and told the people to go on board. My! how they did commence to flock out to the old ship then.

"There must have been at least three hundred on board the 'Robert Kerr' that day. How did they get out? Why, in small boats. Let me tell you we had quite a respectable fleet of small boats in those days. Shaw and Linton, who ran a boathouse at the foot of Carrall Street then, had about a score of boats, and then there were a considerable number of canoes and even rafts pressed into service for ferry purposes. Let me see; I came near forgetting Capt. Cox's steam launch. Capt. Cox is a relative of Capt. John Irving. He had a steam launch which he brought up from the Hastings Mill when he saw that the fire was getting serious. Well, the way the people swarmed aboard the launch was a sight. The captain could do nothing with the people, and it was a wonder that in their fright they did not upset or swamp the little steamer. But she carried several sardine packed loads out to the "Robert Kerr" in safety. By that time the 'Kerr' was surrounded by a flotilla of small craft that reminded me of the fleet of tiny boats that gather around some of the warships when they come to this port.

STAYED ABOARD ALL NIGHT

"That night the 'Robert Kerr' had a larger number of passengers aboard of her at one time than she ever had before or perhaps ever will again. Every available inch suitable for sleeping accommodation was taken up. Over 300 sad and physically exhausted people sought repose on board the ship that night; either in the decks, in hastily improvised hammocks, in the cabins, even in the galley, and some in the hold. In fact, anywhere they could find room to stretch themselves. I had a lot of spare sails for the ship stored on board, and Capt. Dyer and I got out all these sails and placed them at the disposal of the refugees. I told them to make hammocks, awnings or anything they liked, out of them, that would help to make them comfortable.

"Yes, my house was burned along with the rest. But I had been expecting the fire—in fact, my family had our household goods packed up all ready to move for over a month previous to the fire. But it all happened so quickly that we did not have time to save anything, like many others. My house was located somewhere near where Mr. C. M. Beecher's house is now situated. No, I did not sleep on the 'Robert Kerr' the night after the fire. There was no room for me. I had been offering the hospitality of the ship to so many that every inch was occupied. So Capt. Cox and I, with our families, found shelter on the German barque 'Von Moltke,' which was moored at the Hastings Mill. At that time I was superintending the loading of the 'Von Moltke' with lumber at the Hastings Mill for Shanghai.

THREW OPEN DOORS.

"Of course you have heard how the Hastings Mill Company threw open its cookhouse to the hungry and homeless victims of the fire, and the hundreds who were looked after at the mill. But with the exception of those at the Hastings Mill, or who went to Moodyville or New Westminster, I believe, that the largest number who stayed near the scene of conflagration, found shelter, and made a home for several days, aboard that old vessel, which the march of modern improvements has reduced to the position of a coal barge. For over a week following the fire, while the ring of axe and hammer were heard incessantly over the fire-swept town-site, the 'Robert Kerr' was a sort of floating general meeting place. For the time being the ship was regarded as a sort of common property. Shaw and Linton, who ran the pioneer boathouse, never made any charge for boats to go out to the 'Kerr,' and there was always someone on board to take them back. Many who were engaged in building new homes or stores used the ship as a sleeping-place until the new habitations were sufficiently completed to be occupied. Gradually they all moved ashore again, and then I moved my family aboard. For just a year after the fire we lived aboard the 'Robert Kerr,' and made it our home. Once she broke away from her moorings during a heavy storm, and dragged her anchor down nearly to the Hastings Mill, but we stopped her in time to prevent any damage.

A HISTORIC PHOTOGRAPH.

Capt. Soule has in his possession a historic photograph, which is treasured as one of his most prized belongings. The picture was taken by Mr. Harry T. Devine, now City Assessment Commissioner. It was taken just after the fire, and shows the old "Robert Kerr" in her barquentine rig, lying at anchor in the Inlet. In the background are two other equally historic vessels—the paddle-wheel boat "Alexandra," now a four-master schooner, towing the ship "New York," which brought the first cargo of rails for the C.P.R. to Vancouver. The "New York," by the way, was formerly one of the Pioneer steam greyhounds of the Atlantic, but her machinery was taken out and she was transformed into a full-rigged ship, and as such is still in commission. It is also interesting to note in the background of the picture the appearance of the north shore of the Inlet. With the exception of a few houses at the Indian Mission there is no clearing visible, and the forest comes right down to the water's edge, right along the shore. Quite different now.

FUNNY INCIDENTS OF THE FIRE.

"Was there much excitement during the rush to get on board the 'Robert Kerr'?" queried Capt. Soule's interviewer.

"It was something I shall never forget," replied Capt. Soule. "The way some excited people even crowded out into the water in their eagerness to get into the boats would have been extremely laughable, but for the terrifying pall of smoke and flame that kept ever drawing nearer. Lots of people became so frightened that they tried to roll logs down off the beach into the water on which to paddle out to the ship.

"One woman I remember—Mrs. Wilson, who kept a small store about where the Dominion Grocery is now, at the corner of Water and Abbot Streets—while waiting for the boats to come back for another load, thought she would go back and try to save some clothing from the store. Just as she reached the store a burst of flame cut across the little clearing which was then dignified by the name of Abbott Street. This barrier of flame scared her so badly that she turned and ran down to the beach, along the beach to the boat-landing—and still thinking the fire-demon was pursuing her—jumped right into the water. We hauled her out and sent her out to the ship.

"Mrs. Morrison, another one of the early settlers, who was awaiting her turn to go out to the 'Robert Kerr,' also got a fright through the appearance of several badly-singed individuals, who came racing down the landing. She thought that she would never be taken out to the ship in time, and became so excited that she jumped into the water. It was quite deep where she went in, and we had considerable trouble in getting her out.

WELLS WERE DRIED UP.

"The heat from those big piles of timber and rubbish must have been something almost beyond comprehension. It was so fierce that it even dried up all the wells along Water and Cordova Streets—for, of course, we had no water-works system in those days. When we wanted water all we had to do was to dig a well from eight to ten feet anywhere along there and we had a plentiful supply. But all these wells were dried up after the fire. One proved a death-trap to two poor fellows. They took refuge in it, evidently thinking that the fire would pass over them and leave them uninjured. But after the ashes had cooled down the charred bodies were found in the dried up well surrounded by a mass of debris. The moisture was so thoroughly dried out of the ground by the fire that even after the burned debris and ashes were cleaned out of the wells it was several days before fresh water in any quantity could be obtained."

HE GOT THE TOOLS.

Capt. Soule tells a good anecdote about Vancouver's first Mayor, the late Mr. W. A. McLean. As the chief magistrate of the city, Mr McLean was, of course, at the head of the relief committee. As very few of the carpenters and artisans saved any of their implements from the fire, tools were naturally in great demand. Those who were unable to buy fresh tools were given orders to get them from the new stocks of hardware that were being brought to the new town.

Among those who applied to Mr. McLean for an order for a supply of tools was a certain Irishman, who, according to the tale he told Mr. McLean, was a carpenter. He had lost everything, so he said, and wanted tools to enable him to rebuild a house for himself. Mr McLean evidently had his doubts about the man's ability as a carpenter, and these doubts were realised when Vancouver's first mayor asked the applicant to enumerate some of the long list of tools which he claimed to have lost.

The man was clearly nonplussed. He got as far as a hammer, saw and chisel, but under the stern glances of Mr. McLean, then became hopelessly mixed up, and his efforts to name some of the other common carpenter's tools by means of imperfectly recollected descriptions, was very amusing.

"And you are sure you had all these tools you mention before the fire?" asked Mr. McLean, who knew that the man was lying, but did not have the heart to refuse him.

"Oh, yis, your Honour, and more than that," answered the Irishman.

"Then take this," said Mr. McLean, as he handed him an order for tools on Thomas Dunn, adding as an afterthought, "and may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

—Extract from *The Daily Province*, Vancouver, British Columbia, Wednesday, June 13th 1906.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

MAKER OF MODERN CANADA.

Every railway may be compared to a great artery, invigorating and supporting the country through which it passes. Some simply carry passengers or freight in return for so much money, others are inspired beyond the limit of their own terminals. There were once a few men who dreamed that a great nation might be brought into being by the creation of a line through what was then forest, illimitable prairie, unknown mountain, and desolate wastes; some laughed at them, a few secretely sympathised, a few more still believed. That was forty years ago. The railway has since that not very distant date come into existence, and, with its subsequent developments, is the largest, most flourishing, most powerful industrial corporation in the world; but the nation? That nation is Canada, first in creation and first in importance of the daughter nations of the Empire. A vast region has been populated, enormous harvests are being yearly gathered in, large cities founded, civilisation advanced, time and space bridged, and what was once bleak, unknown, unexplored backwoods is now a happy and thriving land. It is hardly an exaggeration that Canada owes its extraordinary progress entirely to the Canadian Pacific Railway and to the small body of earnest pioneers through whose enterprise and pluck the cherished idea became a possibility.

The Canadian Pacific Railway—or the "C.P.R.", to give it its more familiar designation, owes its existence to the need for easy communication between a prosperous but isolated province on the Pacific shore and the older civilisation on the eastern side of the continent. Between these two stretched, for many hundreds of miles, the rolling and almost uninhabited prairies of Manitoba, Assiniboia, and Alberta, and wide belts of extremely mountainous and almost impenetrable country. Previous, to the opening of the C.P.R. a journey across Canada was a serious undertaking.

When in 1871 British Columbia entered the Confederation of Canadian States one of the conditions insisted upon was that a railway should be constructed across the continent. The country to be traversed included the difficult rocky districts on the north shore of Lake Superior, 900 miles of prairies gradually rising westwards, the vast ranges of the Rockies and the Selkirks, and the Gold Range of Mountains — vast billows of rock which were as little known then as the Central Asian ranges are to-day. The scant population promised great difficulties in the matter of labour and supplies; while the Canadian winter, with its storms of dry, powdery, drifting snow, threatened physical obstacles even more formidable.

The demand, therefore, for an iron track nearly 5,000 miles long, from Vancouver to Montreal, at first staggered the Government, which, in the then half-developed state of the Dominion, could alone command the necessary resources for such an undertaking; however, the Government decided that what British Columbia had asked would be good for the federation at large. The Premier, Sir John Macdonald, a man of iron determination, promised that the year 1881 would see the line completed. He had, unfortunately, reckoned without the political element underlying so truly national an enterprise. As a consequence, four years were practically frittered away. By 1879 just 700 miles of track had been laid. British Columbia became excited, and reminded the Government of its promise. The Government — at that time Conservative — fixed things up with B.C., and called for tenders for the completion of the line. A syndicate undertook the contract — Messrs. J. J. Hill, R. B. Angus, George Stephen, Duncan McIntyre, J. S. Kennedy, Morton Rose, and Cohen & Reinach, the last three providing the sinews of war. The Company into which they formed themselves stipulated that it should receive $25,000,000 and 25,000,000 acres of land, that it should be accommodated with free right of way and sites for stations, docks, etc., that all materials should be admitted untaxed, that the company's land should be exempted from taxation, and, last but by no means least, that the Government should make it a present of the 700 miles of partly completed track.

The Government, on its side, exacted the condition that the line should be opened for traffic by May 1891, which meant that more than 250 miles of rail would have to be laid every year. The history of the construction of the C.P.R. forms one of those narratives which prove that the days of heroism are not yet past. It was at the first a tremendously uphill fight. The pioneers had to meet not only direct opposition but also half-hearted courage in their followers. The company at one time found itself in serious financial straits. Its stock fell heavily and a loan of £6,000,000 had to be made by the Government, which took advantage of the position to clip five years off the time originally allotted for construction. Pessimists declared that the profits of the new railway, even if ever completed, would hardly pay for the grease of its carriage wheels. Yet still nothing could daunt the brave spirits who had pledged themselves to fill their contract.

The route selected in 1872 by Mr. (now Sir) Sandford Fleming, the Government engineer, was from Nepigon by the Dawson route to Lake of the Woods, Fort Garry (now Winnipeg), thence by Forts Ellice, Carlton, Pitt, and Victoria to Fort Edmonton, the Yellow Head Pass, the Fraser River, and, descending the North Thompson River to Kamloops down the Fraser River to Vancouver and Victoria. This route was substantially adopted by the new syndicate of capitalists headed by George Stephen (now Lord Mountstephen), "The Canadian Pacific Railway Company," when they took over construction from the Canadian Government, except that the present route via Calgary was chosen.

The new Company was originally given till 1881 to complete the road, but such was the speed accomplished by the new contractors that the junction of the east and west was effected towards the end of 1885 a year earlier than the readjusted limit. By 1881 the line was opened for traffic north of Winnipeg as far as Selkirk. Heavy as the engineering was on this section, it was easy compared with that on the section along the north shore of Lake Superior, which cost $12,000,000 for the 200 miles. Here the rocks are granite and flint, with mica schist and black trap, and to blast them $2,100,000 worth of dynamite was needed. In order to keep the gradient at less than 1 per cent. an enormous amount of deep rock cutting and high bridging had to be done in this section. The Pic River was crossed on an iron truss bridge on stone piers at 110 feet above water, and the track at Jackfish Bay winds so much that it takes three miles to advance half a mile as the crow flies. The bridges, tunnels and galleries on this stretch alone cost $1,500,000.

The Prairie section, as far as Calgary, was completed on August 18th, 1883, the very limit day specified in the contract. The figures given by Sir William Van Horne as to the best three seasons' work west of Winnipeg are as follows:

1881	161·50	miles
1882	419·86	„
1883	376·78	„

As will be noticed, the rate of construction was considerably over a mile a day during the last two years. The whole route had to be explored and "located," ahead of the graders during the actual working season. In 1882, during a season of 239 working days, locating parties permanently located 840 miles, practically all hitherto unexplored country, being an average of over 3½ miles a day.

In some places the track was laid so rapidly that there was not time to set up camps for housing the workers. So instead large two-storey boarding cars were built for the use of the men. In the upper storey the men slept, and in the lower they had their meals. Each car held sleeping accommodation for 80 men. These cars, together with the cooking, inspectors', and workshop cars, were permanent portions of the construction train, and were always left at the front. The rest of the train consisting of twenty-one flat cars (or trucks) and was backed up by the engine, which never had to go more than eight miles for supplies.

It was in the construction of the mountain section that the pluck, heroism, and personal bravery of the hardy workers, the ones who still believe in the great Imperial idea of a transcontinental railway in spite of external mockery and internal wailing, was hardest taxed. Some idea of the titanic obstacles that opposed them may be gathered from the following account by one of the actual navvies engaged on the job. "Looking ahead," he says, "it would seem as if the grade must inevitably run into one of the stupendous mountains which barred its progress, inevitably there was some way round. Perhaps the river would be crossed suddenly, and the road lie along the farther bank, only to recross the stream a few hundred yards further on, seeming to spring from the last foothold on the steep slope, ending in a sheer precipice, to the rocky abutment on the farther side which offered a fresh chance of clinging to its weather-beaten crags. Or perhaps a tunnel would have to be cut through a seemingly impassable spur overhanging the river bed itself, and again a new valley would open up for the road to follow.

The summit of the Rockies in the Kicking Horse Pass is the highest altitude touched by the road, the little station named Stephen being 5,321 feet above sea level. Here is the boundary line between Alberta and British Columbia, marked by a rude but picturesque arch built of poles, proclaming in wooden letters the fact that this is "The Great Divide." A sparkling streamlet of water separates into two branches, the waters of one branch flowing eastward into Hudson Bay and thence to the Atlantic, while those of the other eventually reach the Pacific Ocean. Not the least remarkable feat of engineering was the section on the Illecillewaet Valley called "the Loops." First the line runs southwards along the side of the gorge towards the glacier; then it crosses a high bridge and curves back on the other side, coming out near where it started, but on a lower level. Next it curves round into the second ravine, swings across it, and comes back again at 120 feet lower level, and yet only 130 feet farther down the pass. There it doubles upon itself and crosses the river, immediately recrossing again. Here are six almost parallel lines of railway in full view, each at a lower stage, and each made up largely of huge trestle bridges.

The rails creeping from the Atlantic westward and from the Pacific eastward met at Craigellachie, a little town in British Columbia then hardly more than a collection of iron-roofed shanties. Early on the morning of November 7th, 1885, the hundreds of busy workmen gradually brought the two tracks nearer and nearer, and at nine o'clock the last spike was laid in its place to complete the railway from ocean to ocean. All that remained to finish the work was to drive home this last spike. The duty devolved on one of the four directors present, the senior in years and influence, he who is now known the world over as Lord Strathcona, High Commissioner for Canada in Great Britain. Sir Sandford Fleming and Sir William Van Horne were also present, at this the fruition of their inspired imagination. It was indeed no ordinary occasion. The scene was in every respect noteworthy, from the groups which composed it and the circumstances which brought together so many human beings in this remote spot in the heart of the mountains. It was felt by all to be the moment of triumph. The spike driven home, the silence for a moment or two was profound; then it was broken abruptly by a spontaneous cheer, the echoes of which will long be remembered in association with Craigellachie.

In a few minutes the train was again in motion. It passed over the new laid rail amid further cheering, and sped on its way, arriving the following morning at Port Moody, where a connection was made with the Pacific on November 8th, 1885. The first through train from Montreal to Vancouver ran on Monday, 28th March, 1886, and afterwards trains were run regularly from Montreal to the Pacific coast. To-day a double transcontinental service is maintained daily, by the famous "Imperial Limited" ("No. 97"), which leaves Windsor Street Station, Montreal, every night of the year at 10.30 p.m. and reaches Vancouver (2,898 miles) in 105 hours 30 minutes, and by the almost equally fast "Pacific Express" ("No. 1"). Each train is composed of day cars, sleeping cars, and library-observation cars.

The tale would be incomplete without a glance at what the company has done since then, at its marvellous and many-sided enterprises which have truly earned for it the right to be called the biggest corporation in the world. The Canadian Pacific system is so big that there is not room to get far away from it even in the big Dominion. It is the ubiquitous C.P.R. which takes you across the Atlantic and meets you at Quebec or St. John. It carries you across the continent to Vancouver, and then, if you are so minded, it ships you across the Pacific to China, Japan, or Australia, again by its own steamers. It owns or controls over 15,000 miles of track; put against this the 23,000 miles of track in the United Kingdom owned by *140 companies*, and perhaps the magnitude of this single field can be grasped. It owns five fleets, consisting of 63 steamers; it has for sale nearly eight million acres of land in the North West, and four and a half million acres in British Columbia; it is irrigating another three million acres of land in Southern Alberta; its telegraph system extends along the entire length of its road and reaches every point of importance in the Dominion; it carried in the year 1909—10 on its trains alone over eleven million passengers and over 750,000 tons of freight. It is the largest and most successful operator of hotels in America, owning or controlling 16 hotels always as good as, and frequently better than, the best that Europe can offer. Such are the Château Frontenac at Quebec, the Place Viger at Montreal, the Royal Alexandria at Winnipeg, the Banff Springs Hotel at Banff, Lake Louise Chalet at Laggan, Mount Stephen House at Field, and the Empress Hotel at Victoria — forming between them a chain of luxury from Atlantic to Pacific. One of the recent and remarkable enterprises of the Canadian Pacific Railway is the "Ready Made Farms for British Immigrants" scheme inaugurated by its President, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, whereby improved farms, fenced, ploughed, and with buildings erected upon them, are given to selected applicants at practically little more than the price for unimproved land, and paid for in very small yearly instalments.

There are now in the service of the company about 74,000 officers and employees, of whom some 70,000 are located in Canada. Estimated on the ordinary basis of five persons to a family, these would represent 350,000 souls, more than one twentieth of the entire population of the Dominion, and if to these be added the men in rail and rolling mills, lumber mills, car and locomotive manufactures, and other industrial establishments, it is no exaggeration to say that, one fifteenth, if not one twelfth, of the people of Canada, directly or indirectly, receive their income from the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. At the head of this vast army of workers there are, besides shrewd brains planning and directing, hearts that recognise in the humble worker in the ranks, a man like themselves whose hearty co-operation is required for the general good of the service. Therefore, the policy of the C.P.R. has always been to make its employees comfortable and contented in their work, for it confesses quite frankly that considerate treatment is a paying investment. A pension scheme on a very generous basis is now in operation, and this non-contributory on the part of the men — has done a great deal towards ameliorating the terrors of old age which always confront the industrial workman. At the Company's Angus Works, Montreal, a system of apprenticeship has been inaugurated. The young recruit is put through a systematic and continuous training which, upon completion of his apprenticeship, enables him to qualifiy for a mechanic's position, and then, by further instruction, advance to the highest position in the organisation. Every facility is placed in the way of the ambitious and intelligent employee to receive instruction from qualified and experienced officials in shop and railway work. The trend of this preliminary training has the tendency to create a desire in the aspiring employee. The moral and physical side, as well as the mental, is covered by the training given. In addition, two scholarships at McGill University, Montreal, are awarded each year to sons of employees. Instruction is also given in shorthand and telegraphy, in the operation of brakes, and first aid to the injured. Four railway Y.M.C.A.'s have been provided for the exclusive use of railwaymen. At the Angus Works are dining rooms catering for all pockets, and also a branch of the Bank of Montreal for the encouragement of thrift.

The C.P.R. remains still the only transcontinental railway in Canada, and is still constantly expanding. During the past four years it has increased its mileage by some 1,500 miles ; a considerable proportion of this has been through new districts where railway communication was urgently needed to build and open up the country. And, realising the necessity for connecting steamships which should properly "feed" the railway, the company placed upon the Atlantic in 1903 a large fleet of fast steamers that, running from Liverpool, London, Antwerp, Belfast, and Bristol, to Quebec or to Montreal in summer, and to St. John in winter, quickly became the favourite route to Canada, whether for passengers (travellers and sportsmen as well as emigrants) or freight. To this fleet were added in 1906 the twin "Empress" ships, the "Empress of Britain" and the

"Empress of Ireland," which to-day not only hold the record for speed on the Canadian trade, but are so popular that many Americans returning to their own land use them in preference to direct steamers going into New York.

The arrangements for handling newly arrived settlers are at once excellent from the point of view of speed, and advantageous from that of the colonist himself. On arrival at Quebec the immigrant walks along a covered way straight from the landing stage to the Canadian Government Immigration Building, through which all must pass, and thence steps on board his train. The cars devoted to the use of colonists are taken upon the same fast trains with the first class cars, and go through with only one change from the Atlantic to the Pacific, or to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, and Chicago. These cars are similar in size, warmth, and ventilation to the first class cars. No extra charge is made for accommodation. Passengers, however, must provide their own bedding; if they do not bring it with them they may purchase a complete outfit of mattress, pillow, blanket and curtains at a cost of \$2,50 (ten shillings). The curtains are hung round a berth at night, thus securing complete privacy. At convenient intervals the train stops at stations where hot coffee and tea and food can be purchased. The cars are not allowed to become overcrowded, and passengers are thereby enabled to travel in the utmost comfort.

The Canadian Pacific steamers have always been popular with emigrants from Norway, Sweden, and

Denmark, who cross to Hull, thence travel across England by railway to Liverpool, where comfortable boarding houses run under the management of the C.P.R. house them until they go on board. Thousands of Scandinavians emigrate every year to North and South Dakota, U.S.A., where there are large colonies consisting almost entirely of those who have come from the country of the Vikings to make new homes in the West. They travel by the Minneapolis and Soult Ste Marie branch (the "Soo" Line) of the C.P.R., which leaving the main line at Sudbury, Ont., passes through Sault Ste Marie, and the twin cities of Minnesota, Minneapolis and St. Paul and eventually rejoins the main line, after thus describing a thousand mile loop, at Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. This branch traverses both Dakotas, and in doing so offers the necessary route for Scandinavian passengers who desire to alight there.

For it is as a colonising agency — the most powerful, perhaps, since the days of Moses, that the Canadian Pacific takes its righest rank. It was one of the pioneers of the policy of building railways in advance of settlement. In the old world, population became dense before the discovery of steam power, and the trade was assured before railway ventures were entered upon. On the other hand, in Canada the wonderful results of the last twenty years have seemed the more spectacular even while the promise for the future still remains only half fulfilled. Before the C.P.R. was built, the Dominion of Canada lay disunited and weak; its resources were unknown, its richest territories were regarded as bleak, worthless deserts. But since that not-distant date the provinces have been bound together, inexhasutible wealth has been brought to light, and the prairies have begun to teem with the vanguard of the millions who in future, and not in the distant future, will people them with a prosperous and happy nation. The Canadian Pacific Railway has attracted these immigrants from all lands, and has helped them through their initial difficulties; and now, in their success, it finds its own prosperity in serving them. For the enthusiasm that led the first pioneers is not dead, and though the builders have been or are being gathered to their fathers their successors are not resting on their oars.

It was King George himself who said, on a memorable occasion, " We all know how the Canadian Pacific has helped to make a nation." Yet very few people, in the days when the inland provinces of Canada were thought to be habitable for coyotes and Indians only, knew that in building a railroad they were building a nation, and forging of one the strongest of all links in the chain which now binds together a mighty Empire.

CHAPTER XIV.

I AM CHOSEN PILOT TO CONVEY SIR JOHN A. AND LADY MACDONALD FROM NANAIMO TO NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C., AFTER LADY MACDONALD HAD DRIVEN THE FAMOUS SILVER SPIKE OF THE ESQUIMAULT AND NANAIMO RAILWAY COMPANY IN THE MONTH OF AUGUST, 1886.

I was chosen pilot on the steamer "Alexander," to convey the Prime Minister of Canada, Sir John A. Macdonald, and Lady Macdonald and party from Nanaimo to New Westminster. This would be in the year 1886, and being on the Pacific Coast, Lady Macdonald had the great honour of driving the famous Silver Spike of the E. and N. Railway Co., which runs from Nanaimo to Victoria, and was owned by the late Robert Dunsmuir, of the Nanaimo coal mines, and a noted millionaire.

Of course, you will understand that I was quartermaster of the C.P.N. Co., and a Captain Christiansen was then captain of the "Alexander," and as his boat drew quite a quantity of water, he did not feel safe in taking full charge of her himself in going up the river with this noted party. Among the party was Sir Matthew Bigby, the late Chief Justice of British Columbia.

It had been arranged to leave Nanaimo about five o'clock in the evening after luncheon, in order that they might get through the Fraser River Channel, and up to New Westminster before dark. The people in Nanaimo did not want their noted guests to take their departure in a hurry, and great preparations were made in honour of their leave-taking, music being furnished by the bands, and greetings of all kinds were tendered them, and it was finally eight o'clock in the evening before the party got on board.

We were two hours in making the Fraser River Light-House, and by this time it was dark. Captain Christiansen said to me that he would turn the boat over to me, so that I was in full charge from this time, and I had to accept and make the best of it, and as some of my readers will remember, in those days there were fourteen buoys in the channel from the Lighthouse to the end of the Channel, and I had to keep my eyes open to get through safely.

However, the first officer, a Mr. Jaeger, was of great assistance to me as he was noted for having wonderful eyesight, and in this way was very valuable in picking up the buoys; and I might say that even Lady Macdonald and the rest of the party were on the bridge and helped us to keep a sharp look-out.

After I got my bearings from the Lighthouse I started for the Channel to pick up Buoy No. 1, and reached it all O.K., and I missed 2 and 3, but struck 4 all right. At this time the river was running very swiftly, and when reaching Buoy No. 4 I gave her full speed, although it was very dark. At this time Mr.

Dunsmuir came and spoke to me, saying that he would like very much to get this party up that night, as there were great preparations made for their reception in New Westminster, but at the same time not to take more risks than necessary; and I told him that we would have to let her go at this time in order to keep ourselves in the Channel, as the tide was running very swiftly, and I kept her going.

We picked up Buoys 5, 6, 7, and 8, and had to slow up on account of not being able to find No. 9, as at this place it was pitch dark. We finally located it, and soon had passed the last one, and shortly after could see the first Cannery on the left hand side, called the English Cannery, owned by a gentleman named English, whom I knew personally, and it was with a sigh of relief that I reached this point, as I had quite a charge. This was my first experience of having full control of any vessel, especially with such a noted party on board.

From this point I headed her up the river to a place known in the early days as the "Lone Tree," and was pondering whether to continue up the river or go through a place known as Woodwards Slough, as the latter would shorten the distance considerably. I decided to take chances, and through she went. I asked the first officer for the best sailor he had to take soundings all the way up, which was done. The steamer drew quite a lot of water, and I knew that she was in close quarters very often, as we could feel the suction. We finally got through, and could see the lights from the city, and in a short time were tied up at the dock.

When we arrived at New Westminster we were charmed with the beautiful decorations of the city, in which arches had been erected, together with other various decorations; and the torchlight procession on land and water was something grand. A number of Indians took an active part. All the bands available were discoursing music, and on the whole the display was magnificent.

However, we left the party there, and after staying for a while I took the steamer down the river, through the Channel to the Lighthouse at the entrance of the Fraser, where I turned her over to the captain, and my responsibility was over, as you will remember that she was turned over to me at this point.

On our return to Nanaimo, the late Robert Dunsmuir, and the late Sir Matthew Digby, and two other gentlemen from Montreal, whose names I do not remember, accompanied us, and we had the honour to go down from Nanaimo to Victoria on the first through train, which was beautifully decorated, and upon our arrival at Victoria private carriages were waiting to receive us.

I then went back to the C.P.N. Co. to resume my position, and in a day or two I received a letter from Mr. Dunsmuir requesting me to come to his office, and to present my bill of charges for my services; and as I hesitated to name a particular charge, I left it entirely to him and the matter was fixed up satisfactorily to both parties.

VANCOUVER: PAST AND PRESENT.

The City of Vancouver is to-day the principal shipping port of British Columbia, the terminus of the great transcontinental Canadian Pacific line of railway, and one of the most important commercial and trading centres of the Western Coast of Canada. A truly wonderful record, even out on the Pacific Slope, where towns spring up like mushrooms in the night, and the population increases with proportionate rapidity.

To go back to the very beginning of the history of the Terminal City (as Vancouver is frequently called) is not a very difficult task, for as recently as the year 1885 the town partook largely of the nature of Margery Daw—"there wasn't any"—its existence only dating from the spring of 1886, when what we now know as a thriving business centre was chiefly standing forest. The few wooden shacks originally dubbed Gastown (and subsequently called Granville, being surveyed and named such in 1868), and first incorporated as a city in February, 1886, under the now widely known name of Vancouver, so named by Sir William Van Horne, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, in honour of Captain Vancouver, the noted Brtish naval explorer, who in 1793 discovered the waters of Burrard Inlet, which now forms one of the largest and most beautiful harbours in the world.

During the spring of 1886 considerable work was done in the shape of forest clearing, and gradually the little town site began to grow apace and spread out its arms in every direction. Then came a sudden check. On the morning of June 13th the place was almost completely swept away by fires, nothing of it remaining except the Hastings Mill and Store, the Regina Hotel, Mr. R. H. Alexander's residence, and a few cottages on False Creek. A fuller description of this conflagration I have already referred to in preceding chapters.

It is estimated that at that time about 5,000 people had already settled in the locality, and those who were present on the spot speak most feelingly of the distressing scenes enacted during the conflagration. Fanned by a high wind, the blaze raged fiercely for six consecutive hours, and by four o'clock in the afternoon the town site, with the exception of the above-mentioned houses, was a mass of blackened, smoking debris.

With indomitable energy the inhabitants settled down to work, and on New Year's Day, 1887, no less than 350 buildings had been put up, some stone, some brick, and the majority of wood, at a total cost of about $500,000.00—a capital showing for six months' work in the wilderness.

It is amusing to note that one of the first purchases made by the new City of Vancouver was a fully equipped fire engine. Prevention, they thought, was better than cure, and they had no desire to rebuild their houses a second time.

The Hastings and Royal City Lumber Mills greatly increased their business about this time, and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company commenced

THE PATERSON SHO
BOOTS AND SHOES

HASTINGS STREET, VANCOUVER, B.C. (Looking West).

to erect an excellent hotel on Granville Street. During the year 1887 immense strides were made by this young city. Numbers of public buildings and private residences were put up, and a Public School was opened in the East End for the benefit of the rising generation.

Street grading and clearing of building land did much during the summer to turn Vancouver into a respectable-looking town, and it is interesting, in the light of the present anti-Mongolian agitation, to look back upon the hostility exhibited towards the Chinese as early in the history of this city as September, 1887, when the prompt establishment of a local police-force prevented serious disturbances.

On the 23rd of May, in the same year, occurred one of the greatest events in the annals of the coast, and also one that opened up direct communication for the first time across Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The pioneer transcontinental train of the Canadian Pacific Railway arrived at its western terminus, and thus by an unbroken line the east and west were united. What the C.P.R. has already done for Vancouver is well-known to the world, the Company having practically made the place what it is to-day—a prosperous shipping and commercial centre.

About the month of July, Vancouver was made a Customs Port of entry, and within a very short period the local returns bade fair to show how important a maritime place the town was soon to become. A Board of Trade, organised about this time, has ever since done good work in the interests of the Terminal

City, being to-day one of the most respected and able local institutions.

Before the year had run to a close, branches of the Bank of Montreal, Bank of British North America, and Bank of British Columbia were established, showing how strong was the belief in the financial world that the growing community would soon require extensive banking facilities.

Perhaps the most progressive year Vancouver has ever experienced, with the exception of late years (when one considers how many permanent works were begun and well-nigh completed in it) was that of 1888, when the late Mr. David Oppenheimer first took the reins of municipal government into his hands, and accepted the office of mayor. Local improvements went on apace under his guidance, industries sprang up, and the population increased rapidly.

Saw mills, Iron works, Factories, Breweries, Shipyards, and numerous other enterprises were started, and the general condition of the streets (now one of Vancouver's proudest boasts) was vastly improved. One of the greatest attractions Vancouver offers to the traveller, at the present day, reached completion at that time, namely, the beautiful drive around Stanley Park, which was laid out and graded in an admirable manner, and very soon afterwards the whole Dominion Government Reserve came to be regarded in the light of a valuable addition to the town. Since then the Park has been much improved, trails have been cut traversing the denser portions of the almost impenetrable forest; the Brocton Point

Athletic Grounds have been made on the Eastern slope; and the natural masses of gigantic pines and exquisite fern-carpeted glades have been intersected by means of excellent roads and paths that take one very close to (yet detract not from) the wild beauties of this natural park, where some of the largest trees in British Columbia are to be found.

The Capilano Water Works system meanwhile progressed steadily. The supply from it is absolutely inexhaustible, and starting from a point seven miles up in a mountain valley the water itself is always cold and as clear as crystal. Brought down the hill in a huge main, then on across the narrows and Stanley Park, it was no easy engineering feat to accomplish, and recently a reservoir was also constructed on the top of Prospect Hill at great expense to the city; so that should the mains at any time get out of order, the water supply would not be cut off. The city acquired the Capilano Water Works in 1892 from the company who originally owned them, at a very high figure, but is to-day one of the best sources of income to the city.

Along with the increase of the place, the maritime industries grew and flourished, and an Imperial subsidy was granted to the C.P.R. mail service between Vancouver, China and Japan, which the Company richly deserved, if only on account of the great impetus its steamship line has given to the foreign trade.

The Customs returns in October, 1888, showed an increase of 112½ per cent. over those in the same month in the previous year. The municipal list for 1888 also proved conclusively the marked increase in population, showing 1,536 voters' names as against 889 in the year 1887. The city assessment for 1888 amounted to $3,463,605, and had increased to nearly double that sum, namely, $6,005,623, by the year 1889. Deep-sea fishing received marked encouragement during 1888, the Board of Trade taking up the matter quite energetically.

The resources of British Columbia in connection with the salmon, halibut and seal fisheries were very extensively advertised. Agriculture was also helped on by the export of farm and orchard produce, and the horticultural and other samples sent from Vancouver to the Toronto Exhibition attracted a good deal of favourable attention. A first-rate Market building was erected in the same year at a cost of $20,000., on the corner of Hastings Street and Westminster Avenue, which comprised an admirable public hall in addition to the necessary accommodation for trading purposes, cold storage, etc.

Before the end of 1888 the civic authorities determined to inaugurate a public system of electric lighting, and a local company agreed to supply the requisite number of lamps at sixty cents per light 2,000 candle power each. This large cost has since been much reduced, and to-day the British Columbia Electric Railway Company supplies 566 lights at 10 cents per lamp per night.

The Electric Tramway By-law passed the City Council Board in November, and a capital Telephone system became an established reality. Thus three very important enterprises to the business life of the seaport were obtained. Vancouver enjoys the distinction of possessing the first electric street railway ever employed in Canada.

Then the Dominion Government built a magnificent stone block for the Custom House and Post Office, at a cost of about three-quarters of a million; but of late this post office has been unable to cope with the increasing trade, and a new one is under construction which will be one of the finest in Canada. A City Hospital was also erected at a cost of $8,192, and the Seymour Street Fire Station at a cost of $18,837, was also erected and equipped.

The material progress of Vancouver at that date was simply amazing, and within three years thirty-six miles of streets were graded, nine miles of park roads made, twenty-four miles of side-walks, and 5,280 feet of bridging built. A splendid permanent sewerage system was also commenced, which in this year, 1898, is the best constructed and laid system in British Columbia.

The excellent sanitary conditions, an unrivalled water supply, and a temperate climate render the city exceptionally healthy and a very desirable place of residence. The Brocton Point Athletic Association and the Jockey Club were formed in 1889. Boating Clubs were organized, and to-day the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club is the most flourishing on the North Pacific Coast.

The plans for the C.P.R. Opera House were drafted. The B.P.A. Association grounds are to-day one of the greatest attractions of the city, comprising as they do, lacrosse, football, cricket, hockey, tennis, baseball, and golf grounds, a splendid cinder bicycle track, and a large "grand stand." They are situated on one of the most picturesque points in Stanley Park.

With the following year came the establishment of the sugar refinery; the new Court House was built, but this also has proven too small, and a new one is being erected which will cost the sum of about $750,000; the B.C. Ironworks commenced operations; but 1890 was signalized, chiefly, by the sharp contest that took place over the election of the first Vancouver members, chosen to represent the city in the Provincial Legislature, and in which Messrs. F. Carter-Cotton and J. W. Horne came out at the head of the polls.

The Y.M.C.A. building was erected and opened in that year, as was also the West End School, whilst among the business enterprises started were the B.C. Fruit Canning concern and the Vancouver Tannery.

In the month of April 1891, the R.M.S. "Empress of India," of the C.P.R. Steamship Line, anchored in port, and was followed in due course by the "Empress of China" and "Empress of Japan," thus connecting Vancouver regularly with the Orient by means of a first-class line of steamers in place of the old chartered boats.

Hospitals, Orphanages, and Churches had for some time been well established in the city; also other charitable organizations too numerous to mention.

The inauguration of the New Westminster and Vancouver Electric Railway took place in July, and thus an immense step was taken towards uniting the Terminal City with the Fraser Valley country; the line also opened up Central Park, where the Dominion Rifle Range is situated, and it has ever since contributed largely in inter-urban traffic. A line also is built from Vancouver to Steveston, the great cannery town on the Fraser, where the Dominion Rifle Range is situated.

The following year, that of 1892, saw a great advance of rateable property value, which enabled the city to reduce the local taxation from sixteen to ten mills, and that, too, in the face of extensive municipal expenditure upon civic works. The town itself improved rapidly in appearance and a number of fine buildings were put up, such as the Vancouver Club, the Banks of Montreal, and B.N.A., and the Hudson's Bay Company buildings and other blocks; and the C.P.R. permanently established a large railway industry by erecting machine shops and engineering works of considerable value.

On November 1st, 1892, an event occurred that marked the growing importance of the Terminal City, namely, the holding of the first of a series of courts of civil and criminal assize, and ever since then Vancouver has enjoyed the full legal facilities that rightly belong to a flourishing commercial and shipping centre.

Unfortunately with the summer of 1892 came the epidemic of smallpox, which temporarily interrupted the trade prosperity of the city. It was a brief scourge, however, for the authorities exercised extreme caution and took the strictest measures to stamp out the disease before it had gained a strong foothold, and by the autumn matters had gradually resumed their usual routine.

The wave of commercial depression that swept over the whole world soon afterwards struck the Pacific Coast, and 1893 saw a sad falling-off in business development; but Vancouver struggled on bravely through the crisis and has now emerged into the sunshine of better times.

To-day all the talk runs to timber, mining and mines, and no doubt there is a brilliant future ahead of this seaport town, more so than even the most sanguine "eighty-sixer" ever dreamed of. But to return to the year 1893, when the mining industry was comparatively quiet, and the Kootenay country was only just beginning to be opened up. The "Miowera," the pioneer vessel of a second large line of steamers plying to the Orient, entered Vancouver Harbour in June. The Canadian-Australian service was thus successfully consummated, and the line has ever since been the means of establishing and increasing commercial relations with the Australian Colonies.

With May, 1894, came the news of the floods in the upper country and down the Fraser Valley. This temporarily interrupted trade intercourse with the farming districts and caused serious inconvenience and loss to the C.P.R., delaying the trains and damaging the bridges and low-lying sections of the track. Time, however, rapidly cured these ills. The Company with ready activity repaired the breaches and the express trains ran as regularly as before.

July then turned the current of public thoughts into an even more exciting channel, and Vancouverites plunged heartily into the hot Provincial election campaign, returning three Opposition candidates to the local house. During the summer many distinguished visitors visited the seaport, among them His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen and the Hon. Wilfred Laurier (now Sir Wilfred Laurier, and Premier of Canada); and Sir Hibbert Tupper also came to Vancouver late in the season of 1894.

In 1895 the Consolidated Company became the owners of Vancouver Street Railway and Electric Lighting services, and have run them to the complete satisfaction of the public. For a town of its size, Vancouver is now exceptionally well covered by tramway lines, the cars run on double tracks which are laid on all the principal streets, and all through the summer months open cars run alternately with the closed ones.

The year 1885 saw great mining developments in British Columbia. The Kootenays, Slocan, Okanagan and Cariboo all came prominently into notice, with the consequence that Vancouver being the commercial distributing centre for all the mining districts, local trades increased enormously.

The salmon pack of that season reached the high total of 600,000 cases, valued at $3,000,000 and largely benefited the Terminal City. Then followed another wave of trade depression, so serious that all the cities on the Pacific coast suffered more or less from it, but Vancouver still fought bravely on, and as a matter of fact maintained a more solid front during those exceedingly trying months than any other western centre.

Owing to the bad times which preceded it the Klondike "boom" struck the Terminal City with tremendous force. In June 1897, the great reaction set in, and as one of the chief places for the purchase of outfits and supplies, and the most important shipping point between Eastern Canada and the Northern Gold Fields, the city sprang with one bound from the depths of depression to the heights of good times.

Though the first great rush to the Yukon has subsided, the trade to Vancouver stands firm—based not on the fluctuating market of a mining excitement, but upon the solid bed-rock of commercial enterprise backed by capital.

Next we come to the year 1898 and Vancouver has a population of thirty thousand inhabitants thriving apace under an energetic Mayor and Board of Aldermen. Many fine new blocks and residences are noticeable.

British Columbia possesses the finest and most compact reserve of timber limits in the world to-day, the 524,573 acres of forest lands leased to mill-owners contain about 20,000 feet of timber per acre. As the centre of the lumber trade of the province, the distributing point for the salmon canning industry, and of supplies for coast camps and mines, and as the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Vancouver is destined to become a great city.

Most exquisite is the natural location of the city sites, for, surrounded on three sides by water, with the harbour and mountains lying to the North, the Gulf of Georgia to the West and South, and Stanley Park with its tall fir trees at the Western boundary of the city, the situation of Vancouver may well be termed an ideal one, possessing all the scenic advantages of mountain and wood and water.

The following statistics will give the reader an idea of this city's growth:—

FIGURES OF TERMINAL CITY'S PROGRESS.

The following tabulated statement respecting the industries, wholesale commercial establishments, and general labour-employing businesses in Vancouver to-day, as compared with conditions existing twenty years ago, is interesting as illustrating the growth of two decades:—

	1886.	1906.
Sawmills	3	21
Shingle-mills	0	9
Sash, door and box factories ...	0	8
Grain elevators	0	1
Sugar refineries	0	1
Ironworks and machine shops ...	0	8
Stove works	0	2

Saw works	0	2
Paint works	0	1
Soap works	0	1
Distilleries	0	1
Marine railways	0	3
Salmon canneries and fish packers	12	38
Banks	2	15
Mattress and bedding factories	0	2
Sheet metal works	0	6
Cooperages	0	2
Ship building yards	0	4
Boat building factories	0	8
Steam laundries	0	4
Brickmaking plants	0	2
Carbolineum works	0	1
Umbrella factories	0	2
Lithographing plant	0	2
Cigar factories	0	3
Carburreted waterworks	0	4
Ice and cold storage plants	0	2
Street railways	0	1
Gas plants	0	1
Boot and shoe factories	0	1
Pipe works (wood and iron)	0	3
Breweries and Bottling works	0	4
Candy, Biscuits and Syrup factories	0	2
Carriage makers	0	2

In 1886, there was one schoolroom in the city; now there are 13 handsome buildings with more than 140 rooms.

In 1886 there were three small churches, now there are 47 of all denominations in Vancouver.

CHAPTER XV.

I LEAVE THE C.P.N. COMPANY AND DECIDE TO START IN BUSINESS FOR MYSELF.

To resume the thread of my story:—In the Spring of the following year I contemplated leaving the C.P.N. Company, and when I told the commodore of my intention, which was caused as a matter of fact by there being so much Sunday work, he did not like it, and wanted to know my reasons, and enquired if I were dissatisfied, and told me if I wanted to leave the boat, I might go to his house at Cadbury Bay and look after his horses, and drive the family around. This, I thought, was worse than steam-boating, and refused to accept.

I had been in the Company's employ for about three years, and during that time had found the commodore quite a gentleman, and had been well treated by the Company generally. I told him that I was not dissatisfied, but thought I could do better in business for myself, having Vancouver in my mind as a coming city, so I finally left the Company, and purchased two fishing nets from E. B. Marvin in Victoria, to go into the fish business, my intention being to start a fish market in Vancouver.

You will understand that I have now severed my connection with the Company, and as I have been pretty well tied up for three years, felt like having a little liberty. You will remember that I have a young lady friend here, and I thought it would be nice to take her for a drive, so I went to a friend of mine to hire a horse and buggy, whereupon he said, "John, you must take my own private outfit," which I did with pleasure. I then called for my friend, and we took a drive up the gorge, which is noted for its beautiful scenery.

I had been driving pretty fast, at the same time doing a lot of thinking, and suddenly brought the horse to a standstill, and said to my companion, "I am going away in a day or two, and I would like if we could come to an understanding before I take my departure," but she wanted a little more time, and promised to write me at Vancouver. We then returned to her home, which was away out Fort street, and I assisted her to alight, and then escorted her into the garden, and as we came up on the porch, the horse took fright at something and started off at full gallop down the street. She noticed that there was something wrong, and upon looking out where the horse had stood discovered he was missing, and thereupon enquired, "Where is your horse," and I, not wishing her to think that anything serious had happened, replied, "There he goes," at the same time pointing down the street, and I certainly would not have given fifteen cents for the chances of anything of the vehicle being left. However, after excusing myself, I started out to find the "remains," which did not turn out as badly as I anticipated. The horse was evidently making for the barn, and in trying to reach it tried to take a short cut by crossing through a vacant lot, which proved disastrous. The damages all told did not exceed $30.00., the horse not being damaged in the slightest. Strange to say, the owner of the horse and buggy had the same name as the lady with whom I had been out driving.

The day before leaving Victoria I went to a livery stable, owned by Mr. Frank Garnet, on Broad street, and told him that I wanted to purchase a horse. He asked me what kind of a horse I wanted, and I told him that I wanted a good horse to drive in a single waggon. He then asked me if I knew a good horse when I saw one. I replied, "No, sir"; we sailors don't know very much about horses, and the only way I could tell a horse from a cow is that the cow has horns, and told him I would trust the matter entirely to his honesty.

He then brought out a horse that didn't look good to me, so another was sent out, and that didn't seem to please me either, and he then brought out a third, and this fellow took my eye. His name was Frank, and he was a good, gentle and useful animal. As he had used him for some time in his own business I asked him the price, and he told me $80.00, I replied, "All right, here is your money," at the same time handing over the necessary amount, and I got the horse.

I also purchased a waggon and harness and shipped them on the boat for Vancouver that night.

This horse turned out to be quite an investment. At first I felt a little timid of him, but soon we became better acquainted. I will tell you more of him in succeeding chapters.

I had now arrived in Vancouver, which, at that time was not very much of a city. I rented a store from a Mr. McGregor, on the corner of Cambie and Cordova streets, where the McDowell, Atkins and Watson Co's. Drug Store stand to-day. This Mr. McGregor at that time held this property as a squatter and finally obtained a grant from the Government for it, and afterwards sold it for a large sum of money. This store was a rough boarded place.

A few days after my arrival, I purchased two boats, and sent them over to the Fraser river to fish. It required two men in each boat to do the fishing, which was done with nets, and my brother Martin had charge of one of these boats. This year turned out very poor for the fishermen, and I had the expense of keeping up the store, and a little extra help, so that I could not make any money this first year.

In those days the fish were mostly brought from New Westminster to Vancouver by horse and waggon and I generally drove after the fish myself, and discovered that one of the boats frequently had disposed of a number of the fish caught, and had kept the money belonging to me, which made things very much harder.

On one particular morning, as I was just about to start for New Westminster, the postman entered, and laid down my mail, and sure enough there was a letter from my lady friend in Victoria, and I felt a little nervous in opening it, wondering what my fate would be, and sure enough it was her favourable reply, and I can assure you that I read this letter over a good many times on my way to Westminster, and I kept it a long time, and from now we corresponded in earnest.

I had been in Vancouver now about six months, and thought it was time for me to take a trip to Victoria on business, and, of course, I had to call and see my intended, and as we talked matters over, she made some remarks about wanting to make some alterations to my house, with regard to bay windows, etc., also remarking that she could see no reason why we could not be married shortly. Then I began to explain to her fully my situation, telling her that the fish had been scarce, and that I had made no money all the summer, and I also told her that I would not be in a position to marry for some time to come. She told me that as far as the money was concerned, that would make no difference, as she was well fixed financially herself. She was an only daughter, and had one brother who was a banker in Portland, Oregon, but I must say that I could not see it that way, and told her that if I could not give a lady as good a home as the one she was leaving for me, that I would not marry her, and thought that I had better wait until I was able to do so. She did not seem to like this altogether, but we corresponded for awhile, and finally I was obliged to go down there on business again, and we met, and our engagement was broken off.

Upon returning to Vancouver this time, I thought seriously of selling out my fish business, and did so, as by this time I had learned something about horses, and could see that there was money in the Express business, and I decided to try my hand at it, and money I made; and the horse seemed like myself in this respect, that he never got tired as long as there was something in sight.

A Mr. W. C. Marshall, who to-day has a livery business here, and myself started in about the same time, and we rented a small cabin and stable, which we shared between us. This was situated in the alley between Cordova and Hastings streets, behind the old Brunswick Hotel, the proprietor of which was Pat Carey, and next door was the late Chief of Police, Stewart.

After having the horse for two years, a Chinese contractor by the name of "Charlie," that I knew very well, came along and told me he wanted to buy Frank. I told him that I did not care about selling him as he was a good horse, and made a very good appearance. He then asked me to put a price on him, and I replied $175.00., and he thought it was a little high, and made an offer of $165.00., which secured him the horse. He wanted to send Frank up to a brickyard, which was up across the second narrows of Burrard Inlet, where he was operating a brick-yard. He had only about six month's work for him, and when he got through, he came to see me, and told me that he was a good animal, and that as he was now through with him, he wanted to know if I would not buy him back again. I then enquired what he wanted for him, and he said that I had better go over to the yard and look at him, as he did not look very well, having had very poor care, and the mosquitos were very hard on him.

I went to see him, and as soon as I saw him, I sang out "Frank," and he at once came running down towards me, and appeared to know me. It was true he did not look very well, and had every evidence of not having had good care. I examined him thoroughly but by this time it was getting dark and I started for home. The following day I saw the Chinaman, and asked him what he wanted for the horse. He said $50.00, at which I told him to bring him down, and I would give him the money.

He then sent a couple of men up with the small barge so as to get him down to the city, but they were unable to locate him, and returned without him, only to find that he had swam across after me the night before, but it being so dark, I did not know this at the time. He was found across the water some days after, near the C.P.R. tracks, at a place called Hastings, heading for the city.

However, when they got him to the city, I had him brought up, and paid the $50.00 required for him, and immediately commenced to take good care of him again, and within a couple of months I had him looking as good as ever. A Mr. Carter, having then a music store on Granville street, known as the Temple of Music, fell in love with this horse and wanted to get him from me. He already had a horse which was not quite heavy enough to do his work, so he wanted to trade his horse for Frank, but I asked him $100.00 to boot, and he seemed to think this rather high, and frequently stopped me on the street and asked me to come down in my price. I finally became very much annoyed and told him that I did not care very much whether I disposed of him or not, and told him that if he did not want him at that price it was all right; and one night he came to my house and gave me the $100.00 and his horse to boot. In about a year or so he purchased a farm up the river and took him with him, and I never saw dear old Frank again. So much for my first experience with a horse, and I may say that I have been the owner of many horses since then and have had good luck with them.

CHAPTER XVI.

MY SISTER AND BROTHER ARRIVE FROM NORWAY AND MY SISTER DIES SHORTLY AFTER.

After I had been in business for about eighteen months my eldest sister Sophie, then Mrs. Anderson, and her husband, also another brother of mine named Ole, came over from Norway to Vancouver. This boy Ole was an exceptionally fine boy, but he did not live very long after coming out.

Six months later Mr. Anderson built himself a house which he occupies to-day, and I got him to put up a place at the rear of the lot for myself and my horse Frank, which was a rough boarded place being about 10 feet by 20 feet, and I divided it by having a partition in the centre, the horse being on one side and I on the other.

I remember some of the furniture which I had in my " little house," which was about eight feet by ten feet. There was my trunk, small stove, wash stand, and a bunk, which was not very elaborate, but was covered by a white fancy bed spread, and a table. These comprised all the furniture. Often when my sister had any visitors they quite frequently wanted to have a look at my dwelling, and no doubt they had many jokes at my expense, but it answered my purpose and I thought it quite a little refuge. It reminded me a good deal of being aboard ship, where, as you know, sailors are not used to having very large quarters.

About this time I had been taking an interest in one of the churches, and one evening I asked my sister if she would not like to come with me. She answered, " What would be the use John, I would not understand." I asked her many times, until one evening when I asked her to come, she appeared to have been ready for my invitation, and without the slightest hesitation put on her things and we started up town for church.

The service appeared to be especially strong this evening and the singing was beautiful. After some remarks had been made, the minister enquired, " Will all those who are desirous of leading a better life kindly stand up?" And to my surprise my sister was among the first, and she said in clear strong notes of her native tongue, " If there is such a thing to be had, as that of which you have been speaking I should like to find it." Of course, the reader will understand that I acted as interpreter for her during the service.

The minister asked me afterwards to translate what she had said, and I did so, which caused quite a little sensation in the church. From this time I noticed quite a change in my sister as she seemed to have found something which she had never known before.

My brother Ole, to whom I have previously referred, came to me just about this time and remarked that he understood that I was about to be married, and as I had had more than my share of looking after the folks at home from boyhood, he had decided upon relieving me of this responsibility. I appreciated this very much and thought it was very kind of him, but the poor lad was not long for this world.

After staying with my sister for about a year she became sick. She had never been strong from childhood. We sent for a doctor, and when he had been treating her for some time with no favourable results noticeable, I asked Mr. Anderson if I might send for another, who was noted for being a good physician, and after receiving his consent, I took my horse and rig and drove up for him one morning. While he was making an examination, I remained outside to await his return so as to take him back. When he came out he asked me if this was my sister, and I told him "Yes," he then said, "Johnnie, I am sorry in being compelled to tell you that her chances for recovery are very small, and you had better tell her this in the best way you can.

This sister of mine was very fond of good style and displayed excellent taste in appearance, and as she was a first-class dressmaker it was comparatively easy for her to dress well. I sometimes told her that I thought she was too fond of dress and fine things, but she only smiled.

However, during the last six months there had been a decided change in her, which was very much to my surprise, and I attributed this to the meetings which we had attended, before she became ill. She often used to talk to us, telling us to be good boys. Gradually she grew worse, and as Mr. Anderson was employed all the time, on account of working for some one else, and not being his own master, he had not much leisure to spend with her.

She, however, appeared to be just as anxious for my company as she was for that of her husband, and as I was working for myself I kept my horse in the stable a great deal of the time, and spent my time with her. During the last two months it was necessary to have a nurse for her as she was getting worse every day, and a day or two before she died she asked me to call in my brothers as she felt that she was going away and wished to take her farewell talk with them.

She asked us boys, there being four of us altogether, to try and live better lives, so that when our journey was over we might all meet again in that better land where there will be no sickness or parting. She also told us that when we wrote to mother after she had passed away, not to say at once that she was dead, but very, very sick, as the news would not be so hard for her to bear.

Finally the end came, and I was with her, it was one of the most touching scenes of all my life, as just before her last moments had arrived, she seemed to grow stronger and began to sing, "The Lord is my Shepherd I shall not want," and it was heard by the nurse out in the kitchen, who came in and was more than surprised, as we thought she was too weak to sing so loud.

At this time I was alone with her and she told me of the wonderful scenes and the beautiful things she could see, saying that she could see the angels coming to carry her home and asked me if I could see them too, and said, "If this is to die, what then must it be to live? Be sure and meet me in the land where there is no sorrow nor parting, but For ever with the Lord." And that was the last! This was a hard blow for us all and we felt very lonely when she had gone.

Light of the World, faint were our weary feet
With wandering far;
But Thou dids't come our lonely hearts to greet
O Morning Star;
And Thou dids't bid us lift our gaze on high
To see the glory of the glowing sky.

In days long past we missed our homeward way
We could not see;
Blind were our eyes, our feet were bound to stray,
How blind to Thee!
But Thou dids't pity, Lord, our gloomy plight,
And Thou dids't touch our eyes, and give them [sight.

Now hallelujahs rise along the road
Our glad feet tread;
Thy love hath shared our sorrow's heavy load,
There's light o'erhead;
Glory to Thee whose love hath led us on
Glory for all the great things Thou hast done.

Where is death's sting! where grave, thy victory,
Where all the pain!
Now that thy King the veil that hung o'er thee
Hath rent in twain?
Light of the World, we hear Thee bid us come,
To light and love in Thine eternal home.

A short time before this I had become acquainted with a lady in Vancouver, who was a Canadian, born in St. John, New Brunswick, and eventually we were married on January 8th, 1888. During the early part of our married life we experienced quite a lot of sickness, and as the reader may know, doctor's bills are very expensive, and were especially so in those days, and in this part of the world.

We had three children, named respectively, Stanley Norman, George Harold, and Clarence Edward Johnson. Stanley, our first boy, died when he was 18 months old, and left a vacant place in our home. George and Clarence are still living, George being about 18 years of age and Clarence about 14.

I was still engaged in the express business in Vancouver. I had only one horse, but soon obtained more work than I was able to handle. One day I was called into the Hudson Bay Company's office by the manager, the late Mr. C. W. Robson, and he was anxious for me to do all their hauling, and at the same time to enter into a special contract to deliver all their groceries at so much per delivery, which was a good proposition, and I accepted it and held it for two years. At this time they had two stores, one for groceries and the other for liquors, and I made a good thing of it during the time mentioned. Their stores were then situated in Cordova street, where Bailey Bros. are to-day. I also did the heavy hauling as well, and was obliged to purchase a heavy team of horses and heavy rig for this purpose, and had all the work I could attend to at a very good figure, as the number of expressmen in Vancouver at this time was very limited, and I being among the first, was well acquainted in the city.

Mr. Robson frequently called me into his private office when any one wanted credit, and asked me what I knew about them and if I considered them all right, and generally whatever I said was sufficient.

My business increased so much that I finally had to give up my contracts with the Company, and was obliged to attend strictly to my own affairs. The Hudson Bay Company then bought teams for themselves and for a long time I purchased their horses for them when needed.

One particular feature of our work at this time was the moving of safes, which was very profitable, there being few vaults in the buildings, consequently safes were used, and I being acquainted with ropes and tackle found my past experience very convenient, as numbers of these safes had to be taken up stairs, and quite frequently through windows on the second and even third storeys of buildings. So I got quite a name as safe-remover and received in my turn a good price for my services.

I remember one particular incident which occurred while moving a large safe into the office of the late John Boultbee, who was a solicitor. His offices were in the Holland Block, and in order to get this safe upstairs it was necessary to lay planks on the stairs and secure a block to some solid substance at the top and have the horses pull it up from below.

At the head of the stair landing was a large ring fastened to an iron bolt, which was intended for this purpose, and which I found upon making enquiries was rivetted into a thick beam in the wall, and was given the assurance from reliable parties that it would be perfectly safe to make the block fast to this ring. I nevertheless felt a little timid, as I never trusted any other person's work of this nature. However, I thought it would answer the purpose, and the signal was given to commence pulling, and as the safe started to move slowly I remained at the bottom of the stairs, so that I could keep an eye on the wheels in order to see that they did not go off the planks.

When half way up the bolt gave way, and down came the safe. I just managed to escape by throwing myself on one side, the safe luckily going to the other, but it was a very close shave. As I lay there Captain Mellon and the late Mr. J. B. Blake, a former solicitor, happened to be passing at the time and saw the occurrence, at the same time seeing my predicament. Mr. Mellon remarked, "John, this life of yours is not your own, yours lies beneath that safe." I felt very grateful in escaping such a horrible death.

CHAPTER XVII.

FATHER AND MOTHER COME TO BRITISH COLUMBIA.

About 1889 my father and mother took a great longing to come out to Vancouver to visit us. There were five of us boys (the youngest having just come out), namely Martin, Charley, Ole, Alfred and myself. My parents kept continually writing and pleading with me to have them come over to this country and I kept putting them off the best way I could, as they were great mission workers in Norway and I fully realized how much they would miss their work in this country. They were well up in the sixties and unable to speak the English language, and it would be hard for them to learn it, so I tried to persuade them to remain in Norway, telling them it would be better for them to do so.

They still pleaded to come, and mother would not be satisfied until she came over to see her boys, and finally we sent tickets for them and father, mother and Christine, our youngest sister (who by the way was married to a Mr. Olsen some time after her arrival) came together.

They remained with us for awhile, and then my four brothers built a home for themselves, and father and mother went to live with them. The boys gave our parents the title, clear of all encumbrances, to this property, which they appreciated very much; but by this time they had seen things in the true light and had become discouraged and their hearts were turned towards dear old Norway.

Shortly Christmas came round and we all went to my sister's home for our Christmas dinner. It is customary in Norway to celebrate Christmas dinner on Christmas Eve, so we naturally followed the same custom here. Our number consisted of father, mother, Mr. Olsen, my sister and the five boys. My wife was not with us on account of being busy at home making Christmas preparations, and as she thought we would all be conversing in our own native tongue she felt we might enjoy being by ourselves, which was very thoughtful of her.

We finally got seated at the table and partook of our annual repast. I then turned to mother and asked her if she liked Vancouver, she replied, "John it is just as you said it was, and would be in your letters." I then asked her if she would like to return home, whereupon she looked at me with a smile, as much as to say, "we are now here, and we must make the best of it." At the same time I could plainly see that her heart was set on dear old Norway, her former home, and she was longing for it.

I then turned to father and asked him how he felt about it. He replied, "You have heard mother's feelings expressed, and my feelings are the same as hers." It has always been my great ambition as far as I was able or could afford to make them happy, so I then said, "If you will make up your minds to be contented until the coming May I will do all in my power to take you home to Norway so that you will reach there about mid-summer, when everything is very beautiful and Norway looks her best and grandest."

The expression which came over their faces when I made this statement to them was beyond description, and it made them very happy. They were so delighted that they acted like children. We spent a very enjoyable evening together.

Father and mother were always together when they went to town, and as they had to pass our house, they always stepped in on the way. The first thing they would ask my wife was, "Is it true that John is going to take us home to Norway?" She would reply, "Yes, he will take you, if possible." They kept this up continuously, every time they came in, until they took their departure. They thought it was too good to be true, and seemed to have it on their minds all the time and were very happy in the thought of going home again.

The next thing to do was to get the money to defray our expenses going over, and mine back. I called on a gentleman named Mr. Green and told him that I wanted to borrow $750.00 on some property which I had, to take my parents back to Norway. He told me that this security would not be sufficient to cover the amount which I wanted to borrow, but that he was willing to advance me the money on my own personal note, which I appreciated very much. I gave him my note, and the deed of the property as well, as security. It was in the year 1890 that I borrowed this money, paying interest at the rate of eight per cent., which took me seven years to pay back, so that if the reader has ever borrowed any money they may know what a relief it was to have it repaid.

The day before we left Vancouver, mother and father handed back the deed of the property to the boys who gave it to them, saying, that they had no further use for it, as they were going back home.

The day for their departure came and we engaged part of a tourist car, and as we entered the car, the conductor approached me and asked me if my name was Johnson, I told him it was. He then said, " Here is a basket, which was left in my charge for you by the Hudson's Bay Company." I did not know the contents of the basket but had an idea that it contained something good, coming as it did from such a good source.

Finally the train began to move, slowly at first, but faster and faster, until we were spinning very rapidly on our long and tiresome journey. I told father and mother that they might open the basket and see what was in it, as we also had a basket, which was made up for our journey at home. Presently I saw a gentleman seated in the front end of the coach, who was a doctor from New York, whom I knew, also his wife who was accompanying him on his trip. I went over to see him and we had quite a chat together, and upon my return to my seat I found father and mother laughing and carrying on like children, and

CHATEAU FRONTENAC, QUEBEC.

immediately concluded that there must be something in the basket which pleased them very much, and so there was, it being full of good things.

We eventually arrived at Quebec, and remained there a couple of days and I showed them around the city.

QUEBEC.

Quebec is the capital of the province, of the same name, and stands on a steep promontory of the St. Lawrence, at its junction with the St. Charles river, 300 miles from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and 180 miles below Montreal. Quebec is the most important military position in Canada. The citadel occupies an area of 40 acres and commands a magnificent view. The harbour is spacious, and the docks and tidal basin are perfect specimens of engineering skill. The city is divided into an upper and lower town. In the latter are situated the banks, warehouses, wholesale and retail stores. In the upper town are the principal residences, public buildings, churches and retail shops. Towards the west are numerous thriving suburbs. To the southwest are the plains of Abraham, the historic battlefield, where a column, 40 feet in height, has been erected to the memory of General Wolfe. Another monument 65 feet high dedicated to Wolfe and Montcalm, is situated in the Governor's Garden, and immediately overlooks the St. Lawrence. Four Martello towers occupy elevated positions. In the upper town is Dufferin Terrace, 1,400 feet long and

200 feet above the water level, commanding a noble view. Handsome modern gates have replaced the old gates. The principal buildings are the Court House, Post Office, Custom House, City Hall, Masonic Hall, Basilica, Anglican Cathedral, Church Hall and the Parliament and Executive Buildings. The Naval University, named after the first Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec, who first founded the seminary in 1663, is an important institution. It contains a library of 90,000 volumes. Quebec is connected with all the principal cities in America by various railroads and with Montreal, and is at the head of Ocean Steamship Navigation to Europe. There are few more picturesque towns in the world than Quebec. The population is about 70,000.

During our stay in Quebec I visited the Plains of Abraham and I think it will be of interest to repeat the history of the memorable encounter which took place there.

BATTLE OF THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.

"The eventful night was clear and calm, with no light but that of the stars. Within two hours before daybreak thirty boats crowded with 1,600 soldiers, cast off from the vessels and floated down the river at ebb tide. Wolfe who was in command and in ill health, seemed to improve, so that he was able to take command in person. He sat in the stern of one of the boats, pale and weak, but resolved to do or die. Every order had been given and only the issue remained. Wolfe frequently uttered the line of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." "Gentlemen," he said "I would rather have written that line, than take Quebec to-morrow." As they approached the landing place, the boats edged in towards the shore, when "Qui vive?" shouted a French sentinel from out of the gloom, "La France," answered one of the Highlanders in the foremost boat and as a convoy with supplies was expected down the river, were allowed to proceed. A few moments later they were challenged again, and discovered a soldier running close to the water's edge, as if his suspicions were aroused; but the skilful replies of the Highlander saved the party from discovery. They reached the landing place in safety, which now bears the name of Wolfe's Cove. Here a narrow path led up the face of the Heights, and a French guard was posted to defend it. Wolfe was one of the first on shore, and looked up at the Heights which towered above him, and remarked coolly to an officer, "You can try it but I do not think you will get up." Meanwhile the ships had glided silently down the river and had landed the rest of the troops. At the point where the Highlanders landed, one of the captains who had answered the French sentinels, was climbing in advance of his men, when he was challenged. He replied in French, and said that he had been sent to relieve the guard and ordered the soldier to withdraw. Before his suspicions had been aroused a crowd of Highlanders were around the guard, and they were soon made prisoners. The men meanwhile came swarming up the heights and were quickly formed on the plains above. As the sun rose the astonished people, from the ramparts of Quebec, saw the plains of Abraham glittering with arms and the dark red lines of the British, forming in array for battle. Messengers soon bore the news to Montcalm, the French General, and great preparations were put in progress. He too had his struggles and sorrows. Famine, and discontent were rife among the soldiers. Montcalm's army numbered 7,500 men, while Wolfe had less than 5,000, but all were strong in the full assurance of success. A little before 10 o'clock, the British could see that Montcalm was preparing to advance, and in a few moments the French were all in rapid motion, firing heavily as they ran. In the British ranks not a trigger was pulled, not a soldier stirred. It was not until the French were within 40 yards, that the fatal word was given, and the British muskets blazed forth at once in one crashing explosion. The ranks of Montcalm staggered, and broke before the terrible fire, and when the smoke cleared a wretched spectacle appeared, men and officers tumbled in heaps, and order and obedience gone. The British troops gave a second volley and rushed upon the remaining force, who still were bravely fighting, but eventually turned and fled, and were chased to the gates of Quebec. Never was victory more quick or decisive. In the short action and pursuit the French lost 1,500 men killed, wounded and taken. There were only two General officers among the British remaining unhurt, and they passed among the men and thanked them for the bravery displayed. Yet the triumph was mingled with sadness and tidings went from rank to rank that Wolfe had fallen. In the heat of the action as he advanced at the head of a regiment, a bullet shattered his wrist, but he wrapped his handkerchief around the wound, and showed no sign of pain. A moment more and a bullet pierced his side, still he pressed forward. When a third shot lodged deep in his breast he fell to the earth. Two of his lieutenants bore him to the rear and asked if he would have a surgeon, but he shook his head and his eyes closed. Yet the officers could not take their eyes from the battle, and shouted, " See how they run," " Who run?" demanded Wolfe, opening his eyes, " The enemy, sir," was the reply. " Then," said Wolfe, " Tell Col. Burton to march Col. Webb's regiment to the Charles river and cut off their retreat, from the bridge. Now, God be praised, I will die in peace," he murmured, and turning on his side, calmly breathed his last. Almost at the same moment his brave adversary, Montcalm expired."

At last we went aboard the steamer "Parisian" of the Allan Line, running between Montreal, Quebec, and Liverpool. We experienced fine weather for the first few days, but when reaching the middle of the Atlantic we encountered a bad storm. I was walking on the promenade deck with my mother on my arm, and the boat was rocking and rolling very heavily, and there was quite a heavy sea running. I felt rather squeamish myself, and I asked my mother if she did not feel a little sea-sick, and to my surprise she looked up at me, smiled, and said in a soft tone of voice, "John, let her roll, as we are going home."

Mother carried with her a little brass coffee kettle and some special coffee, which seemed to be a great treat for her every morning and afternoon. We met some very nice people on the steamer and had a very pleasant trip, and finally arrived at Liverpool. Here I hired a carriage and drove my parents round the city, as I felt that they would never see this city again. Here we met an old neighbour of ours, who had just arrived on her way home by another steamer. This gave every one great pleasure, as we should be continuing our journey home together.

While out strolling one day, we were passing a store where a nice looking Jewess was standing in the doorway, and she saluted us in Norwegian, and asked us to come into her store, which we did. After a few remarks she took out a top-hat and began fitting father with it, he protesting that he did not want it, but she was determined to make the sale if possible, so I said to her in English, "If you can sell him that hat I will buy a new suit so that he will have an outfit. He carried a cane made from the wood of the old steamer, "Beaver," which you will remember. After considerable bargaining, to make a long story short, father decided on taking the hat; but I had a hard time persuading him to take the suit, which he was to wear on arriving in Norway.

We then continued our journey together, and in a few days we got the Wilson Line steamer from Hull, which carried us home to Norway. There must have been about 300 or 400 persons on this steamer going home.

We left Hull on Friday afternoon, and had very fine weather across the North Sea, and on Sunday, a beautiful morning, about 10.30, we sighted the coast of Norway and a pilot boat came out to see if we wanted a pilot. What a treat it was to those on board as they viewed the mountains of their own native land again. Some of them had been away from 10 to 30 years, had made a fortune, and had come back to remain at home. Others had been away for a short space of time and were coming home for a visit. There were Prayer Books and Bibles brought out, which had never been out of their trunks since they left, and they were all on deck this morning, and the singing and rejoicing was grand to hear, and far beyond my pen to describe. About 12.30 we were tied up at Christiansand, which is the first and last calling place for these steamers coming and going, and as soon as luncheon was over we went up to the park, and listened eagerly to the beautiful strains of music from the Norwegian band. Here we remained until about 6.30, then started for our destination which was Christiana, which as you will remember is the capital of Norway. Here we remained until 9.30 the following morning, and certainly had a nice time.

My father and mother acted just like children and everything was pleasant to them. We then took the train for Fredrikshald, our final destination and old home, which is only about four or five hours run from Christiana, where I had one married sister living, by the name of Clara. I have referred to her during my previous chapters, she gave us a great reception.

True to his promise when home at last, father put on his dress suit and top hat, and you might know the rest. He had every appearance of being a great personage, and all our friends were glad to welcome them to their native soil.

I remained home for six weeks and was then obliged to return to Vancouver again, as I had left my business in charge of other parties while away, and I felt somewhat uneasy regarding it. This time I took a new route and went by the way of Glasgow, Scotland, where I remained for about five days, and had a good look round this large and industrious city.

Glasgow is the second city in the British Empire. The Clyde is her great business centre. The fine harbour is always full of craft of all kinds from the great ocean steamer to the pleasure ferry operating on the river. It is truly a marvellous piece of work. At the cost of about eleven million sterling the Clyde has been deepened and enclosed in great stone walls, and will accommodate vessels drawing 24 feet of water with ease. Into this splendid harbour the commerce of all nations is poured. As I entered Glasgow, quite noticeable were the great heaps from the smelters and mines. Close by, roar the great blast furnaces, working day and night, all the year round. Far beneath this, men are working digging out ironstone and coal. In fact the city is built over a coal bed, and this is an immense industry. Next, and just as important, is the great Clyde shipbuilding industry. The banks of the river are lined for mile after mile with huge dockyards and it is not an altogether pleasant sound to hear the great hammers going continually. Glasgow is the stronghold of Protestant Presbyterianism, and in fact all over Scotland the people are generally very strict Presbyterians. The civic administration of Glasgow is one of the best in the world, as is evidenced by the fact, that the water department, lighting, street railway system, etc., are under civic control and the cost of working each is less than any other city. The splendid water supply is brought a distance of 34 miles from Loch Katrine, and has a capacity of one hundred million gallons daily. One of the most interesting points is Kelvinside, where the fine University is situated, and many of the world's best and smartest men have come from the Glasgow University.

The population to-day is close upon one million.

I finally sailed on a steamer called the "Scotsman" for New York. She had very poor accommodation and there were quite a number of passengers on board, among whom were a number of children from the late Dr. Barnado's Institute, London, which is well known in the old country on account of the good work accomplished by him for the fatherless, homeless, and afflicted children, a great number of whom were deaf and dumb, and were in charge of good people.

I must say that those children appeared to be unusually happy and contented with their lot. Employment had already been secured for them upon their arrival in the States, as there are a great many boys of this kind coming from England and securing situations, and as a rule they are well provided for.

We experienced very rough weather on this trip, but finally got across the Atlantic and arrived in New York. I remained here for some time to see some old friends.

I then returned to Vancouver and found that business had not gone on as well as I had expected, and I had to start in and make up for lost time. It took me some time to do so, but I got over it and am still here.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Death of my Brother Ole.

After I had been home for some time, one morning, as I was seated at breakfast, the telephone rang, and my wife said, "John, the 'phone is ringing." I went and answered it, and to my great surprise found it to be Mr. S. Ramage, the foreman at the factory where my brothers were working, and a great friend of mine. He told me to come down to the Mill at once, as one of my brothers had been hurt, there being four of them working there at the time. I enquired which one, but received no reply, except to make haste, and as I hurried along, kept wondering which one of them it could be, but met them carrying him on a stretcher to the Hospital and found it was Ole, who to my mind was the pride of all the boys. I followed them to the hospital but was refused admittance, the nurse not knowing me. I then told her that I was the brother of the gentleman just carried in and I said, "I pray you to allow me to enter, or I shall be tempted to force my entrance." However, I was immediately admitted, but that grim spectre death, had already appeared. I learned, that when placed upon the operating table he breathed his last. This was a great blow to us, and it fell to my lot to write home and inform the folks, which made it very hard for me. This happened on July 4th, 1894. Ole was running a planer machine in the Royal City Mills, and had had charge of this machine for about four years, and was considered a good workman. In recognition of his ability, his salary was frequently increased. He was held in high esteem by his fellow workmen. The cause of his death was as follows:—While planing a board it was found necessary to change the gauge, which necessitated altering the belt operating the machine, by changing it from one pulley to another. To do this the machinery should have been stopped, but as they were in a hurry to finish the work they tried to slip the belt while in motion, which proved fatal. Ole was standing at his end of the machine, and the man who was to change the belt, lost control of it, consequently the belt flew to the block where Ole was feeding the machine, where it choked the pulley and broke it, part of it striking Ole, throwing him quite a distance into the air. From what I could learn from bystanders, he appeared to have suffered no pain, as it was all done so quickly. I may say that I afterwards learned from his fellow workmen that my brother had frequently warned the planer aforeman, that this pulley was not safe on account of being cracked, and would cause serious trouble some day if not attended to. Strange to say his words proved all too true, but he little guessed that his life would be the cost. On my way back from the hospital, I met Mr. C. Ferguson, the manager of the mills, who had accompanied us to the hospital, and he told me that he was extremely sorry that this had happened, and said, "John, go down to the undertaker (a Mr. Frank Hart), and order everything necessary in connection with your brother's funeral, and have the account sent in to the Company." I then had Ole's remains brought to my house, from which the funeral took place. Some time afterwards I went to the mill and asked for the pulley, but was refused it, they stating that it could not be found. However, I demanded it, and after a search discovered it and took it home for safe-keeping. I then wrote a letter to Mr. John Hendry, President of the Company, asking him if he would favour me with an interview regarding the death of my brother, and in about a month, I received a favourable reply, he having been out of town in the meantime. I went down to his office and had an interview with him. He said, "Mr. Johnson, what do you expect us to do in this matter? Of course you cannot hold us responsible for your brother's death, as you yourself are employing men, and when an accident occurs, you don't hold yourself responsible." He also enquired if my brother was married, I replied, "No." He thereupon offered me $200.00, which I refused to accept. Continuing our conversation, I told him that we had a mother and father in Norway, whom Ole and I had to support, the other boys not being very steady, and for him also to take a little time and think the matter over. In a short while he sent for me, and said, "I will give you $500.00." I replied that I could not accept this offer, whereupon he enquired what I wanted, and I told him that I would accept a cheque in my parents' favour for $1,500.00 to be paid to them, and that I would have the British Consul in Norway sign an affidavit to the effect that they had received the money, also the signatures of my brothers and myself as witnesses. His reply to this was, "Mr. Johnson, this is impossible; we could not think of it." I then said "Mr. Hendry, I have evidence to prove that the planer foreman was told by my late brother that the pulley was not safe, and I also have the pulley in my possession." He replied, "I will think the matter over and let you know, and in a few days I heard from him again. Once more I went to his office, and he asked me, "How old are your parents?" I told him. He then enquired, "Do people live long in Norway?" I smiled and told him that "life was as uncertain in Norway as in any other country." He then made me a proposition to pay my mother and father $100.00 per year during their lifetime, which I also refused, thinking that I could invest a larger sum to better advantage, the thought having come to me that if one of my parents should die, it would only mean fifty dollars per year, and if both should be taken away, there would be nothing, and then again there would doubtless be more or less trouble every year in getting the money. If the Company should fail it would also shut off the income. I then told him that a cheque for one thousand dollars, payable to me, would be accepted, which I thought I could invest and make them $100.00 per year, and still have the principal, and that I would prepare documents to be sent to Norway for father and mother and my two sisters to sign, before the British Consul there, and to be signed by my brothers, sisters and self here, releasing the Company from all obligations whatever. This was finally agreed upon, the papers forwarded and returned to us, whereupon I handed them over to Mr. Hendry, who in turn handed them to the Company's Solicitor, who tried to find some fault in the wording of the affidavit, which was written in Norwegian. I told this lawyer in these words, " With all due respect to your learning, I want you to distinctly understand that you cannot teach me the words in question." After trying to dissuade me from my purpose it was at last settled, and I finally got the money. When I started these proceedings with the Company, my brothers often laughed at my efforts, but I persevered and gained my point.

CHAPTER XIX.

I TAKE ANOTHER TRIP, AND MY EXPERIENCE IN LONDON WITH PATENTS.

About this time things were very quiet here and in fact were so all over the province. In addition to the business, I had brought out an invention, and like everyone else who invents a certain article, thought I had the best thing in the world of its kind. I therefore made up my mind to sell out my business and go over to London to dispose of it. My wife's health had been very poor for some time back, and we tried different physicians to see if help could be obtained for her, and I had a talk with one of the noted doctors here, who suggested that I should take her to her native air. This being a complete change of climate and surroundings it might have a tendency to improve her health, so we concluded to go to New Brunswick, trusting that it would eventually do her good. Just before I got ready to start a friend of mine came to see me and informed me that one of his friends had just invented a labelling machine, and would like to have a talk with me with regard to doing some business, and to have me put it on the London market. This man was a great inventor, but was not adapted to demonstrating his work before the public in order to have it placed on the market, and he was thus obliged to get someone to assist him. This ability which he lacked, I possessed, but I was a very poor inventor. I went to see this gentleman the following morning and asked him to give an exhibition before a number of prominent men and friends of mine, who were interested in the canning business, and also a few other business men of the city. After we saw it working, I asked him what he would take for a half interest in the European patent which he had, and upon his telling me, I told him that at that price we could not do business. Finally after having thoroughly investigated as to who I was, he called upon me and enquired what I was willing to give, and I told him, and eventually my offer was accepted. In the course of two or three days I had him give another exhibition before the same people, and as I was standing near looking on, watching the exhibit, a number of my friends approached me and enquired if this was the patent I had produced. I told them that it was not, but I held a half interest in this. They were very much taken up with it, one gentleman, in particular, approached me and asked me to sell a quarter interest to him, providing we held the British patent, and upon my telling him that we did, he enquired what price he could purchase the quarter interest for, and I mentioned a certain sum which he accepted, by which I made a handsome profit. When the inventor got to know of this transaction, he held my ability as a salesman in high esteem, and said that as he had spent a good deal of time and money on this patent, he was hard pressed for funds, and any fair proposition put to him would be acceptable. He then asked me if I could sell his Australian rights, which he had a patent for in New South Wales, and he would give me another quarter interest in the European patent. This I sold for him in a couple of days. Later on I sold a quarter interest which I divided up and sold to far better advantage as the machine appeared to be a money maker, so I had a little money to start on our journey, as it was to be an expensive one. I had to carry this machine with me as a sample, and it weighed about 600 lbs., and was taken apart and put into boxes so that it would be easy to handle, and some of it required to be handled with care. All this expense was to be paid by myself.

After having completed the sale of my business and made preparations to go to England to put my patent on the London Market, my wife and I were free to visit her home together, where I spent some time with her and the children. Mrs. Johnson had one sister then in St. John, New Brunswick, and quite a number of relatives, and many kind friends who made it very pleasant for us, and made us feel very much at home indeed. She also had a father, mother, four brothers and three sisters living in Vancouver. After about two months she certainly began to improve in health and spirits I also noticed an improvement in the children. I am a firm believer in a change of surroundings and climate and think it better than medical treatment. She remained in the East until the fall of the year and then returned home, accompanied by one of her cousins, who proved to be a great help to her with the children. I continued my journey to England, and after a few days in London I took a run across the North Sea to Norway, to see my father, mother and sister, and I spent a month with them, and had a very pleasant time, with the exception of my mind being so loaded with the thoughts of these patents, which were under my care, so that I did not enjoy it as I otherwise might have done. It is my disposition, if I have anything to do, not to be able to rest until it is completed, so I commenced my return journey to London where my patents had been left at the station. My father came with me as far as Christiana, as I wanted to purchase some flower pots for mother, which she could not get at home, and sent them back with father, so he was with me two days previous to sailing. When sailing day came he accompanied me to the boat, and we remained on the dock as long as we could talking together. When the farewell whistle blew and the lines were being cast off one by one, I took father's hand and said, "Good-bye." He said, "Good-bye John, I feel that I shall never see you again in this world, and I want to say just a few words. I want you to know my own and mother's gratefulness to you, as we feel that you have done everything in the world that a son could possibly do for his parents, and now take these words with you, and the Lord be with you till we meet again." Father often told us children never to speak of absent persons unless it was to speak well of them, especially of the dead, and I have always remembered those words.

I soon arrived in London, on my first visit since leaving the good old ship "Dorset," many years ago. Here I rented a place to put my machinery together from a Mr. W. I. who was at that time on the City Council. After I had been working at my machine for a few days this gentleman came down to see me, and I found him to be a very pleasant man, fine company and full of fun. After we had been talking for some time he asked me where I had spent last Sunday, and I told him that I went to the Metropolitan Tabernacle, to hear young Mr. Spurgeon, who is the son of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, whom I have previously referred to. He then asked me what nationality I was, and I told him that I was a Norwegian. He then enquired if I was married, and I answered that I was. He then said, "Do you not feel lonely so far away from home?" I replied that I must not allow myself to think of those things, as I was here on very important business, and I could not afford to allow my mind to drift to other matters as there were other parties interested in this as well as myself, and I was therefore the more anxious to make it a success if possible. He then told me that his wife wanted me to come up to their house next Sunday afternoon and have tea with them. I immediately began to offer a number of excuses, but all to no effect, so I promised to go. When Sunday came I fulfilled my promise, and found a very beautiful house. His wife received me very kindly, and while there I met his son-in-law, a Mr. D. and his wife, a Mr. H. J. P., another son-in-law, and his wife, and their son, and also one of their daughters. After we had been seated for a short time the old lady pulled up her chair beside me, and asked me if I would not be her boy, which surprised me so much that I was unable to find words to express myself. She eventually told me that I reminded her so much of her son, who had died about two months before my arrival. She then enquired where I was stopping, and I told her that I was staying in College Street, about three blocks away, at which she said that she would like to send a cab after my things to-morrow, and have me remain in the house as one of their own family. But this I did not feel like doing. However I spent a great deal of time there and had most of my meals there during my stay, which was about six months, and she was at all times like a mother to me. I shall cherish her memory as long as I live. She also took quite an interest in my patents. During the afternoon they asked me to speak a few words in Norwegian for them, which I did; but when they asked me to sing, that was altogether out of my line, although very fond of music. However, I was coaxed into trying, and when I got through was perspiring freely. One morning I had taken the last sovereign out of my trunk to pay my room rent, so that I was down pretty low, as my expenses with the class of people with whom I had to deal were quite heavy. A peculiar thing happened just afterwards. I was walking up Leadenhall Street with Mr. P. This street is always crowded with people, being one of the main thoroughfares, and as we were walking along I noticed a small purse lying on the sidewalk and picked it up quickly, remarking to my friend, "I'll bet you that there is a sovereign in that purse," and sure enough as I showed it to him, there was the very coin sticking out. He made the remark that this was a peculiar incident. A few evenings later, the old lady and I were sitting in the drawing-room, when she asked me, "How are you fixed financially?" I replied, "Pretty well, thank you." She told me that she felt that I was out of money, and placing her hand in mine put quite a little sum into it. About two months later, a week before Christmas, she did the same thing. I persisted in refusing to take this money, but she told me, "Take this money, Mr. Johnson, as I feel you need it, and this money is not mine, it is the Lord's, and I generally put away so much per week to give to the needy. But I know that you will promise me that some day, when you are able, somewhere, you will pass the same on to someone else to make another heart glad. This is all I ask for, and I feel the time will come when you will be in a position to do this."

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on!
'Twas not given for thee alone,
Pass it on!
Let it travel down the years;
Let it wipe another's tears;
Till in Heaven the deed appears.
Pass it on!

Did you hear a loving word?
Pass it on!
Like the singing of a bird;
Pass it on!
Let its music live and grow,
Let it cheer another's woe;
You have reaped what others sow.
Pass it on!

'Twas the sunshine of a smile,
Pass it on!
Staying but a little while,
Pass it on!
April beam's a little thing,
Still it makes the flowers of Spring,
Makes the silent birds to sing.
Pass it on!

Have you found the heavenly light?
Pass it on!
Souls are groping in the night.
Pass it on!
Hold thy lighted lamp on high;
Be a star in someone's sky;
He may live, who else may die.
Pass it on!

Be not selfish in thy greed;
Pass it on!
Look upon another's need;
Pass it on!
Live for self—you'll live in vain;
Live for Christ, you live again;
Live for Him, with Him you'll reign.
Pass it on!

It was customary for this family to give a dinner twice a year to the poor in their community, and they frequently gave entertainments in the chapel of which they were members. They were also a very musical family and were very talented in entertaining, and were held in the highest respect by all who came in contact with them. About the middle of January they gave an "At Home," and I was to assist in decorating the hall with flags, bunting, etc., which we certainly did in great style. When evening came the hall was lighted up, and it was a grand sight to see the great crowd assembled, including some of the city Councillors. During the evening as the programme was being carried out, to my surprise my name was called, as I was to describe the scenery of the wonderful Rocky Mountains and surroundings, also the great transcontinental route from the Pacific to the Atlantic by the Canadian and Pacific Railway. I have mentioned that there were some noted personages present, so I felt rather uneasy about stepping forward and appearing before such a crowd. However I made up my mind, that being there, I could but do my best, which I did, and felt that it was very acceptable.

Shortly after the old lady told me that she had some very antique hardwood chairs, which, having been neglected, were in very bad condition. She asked me if I could repair them for her, but I told her that carpenter's work was altogether out of my line. She said she felt sure that I could do them; so I secured the necessary tools and started in, making a great job of it, but when completed I felt somewhat uneasy, as I expected that the first one to sit on them would find a seat on the floor.

I remained in London for about six months, and during this time I worked hard in trying to dispose of my patents. In all I had five different ones, but the labelling machine looked the best to me. I finally got this set up and ready for exhibition, but had been obliged to have assistance in doing so, which my friend helped me to by giving me the foreman of his shop, who proved to be quite a genius, and between the two of us we soon had the machine in exhibition order.

About this time I met some gentlemen from my home, Vancouver, who were in London on business, and they told me that they had learned by the newspapers that I was in London for the purpose of disposing of some patents, and asked me how I was getting along with them. I told them that I had a labelling machine, which was ready for exhibition, whereupon they enquired if they might come and see it work, and I told them that I would be glad to have them do so, and also would be pleased to have them bring their friends, the more the better. After they had seen it working, they were quite taken up with it, and enquired if I had a British patent, and I told them I had, and showed it to them right enough. This patent covered England, Scotland, Ireland, and the Isle of Man. They then asked me what I wanted for this patent, and I replied $20,000. Thereupon I was called to one side, and asked if I would give them an option for thirty days to dispose of it. I did not reply immediately, but considered the matter very carefully and finally came to the conclusion that I would do so, as I realised that they would be able to get in close touch with very prominent and monied people whom I never would be able to approach, and in this way the patent would be disposed of quickly, and we would get our money. The first thing they did was to have their solicitor investigate the patent to see if it was all valid. The investigation proved it all right. This labelling machine was a great saving to the Canneries and Packeries, as it could easily be operated by two small boys, who could label from 90 to 100 cans per minute, which would be equivalent to the work of 20 girls, and I had been informed by several of the large packers in London that they experienced much difficulty in obtaining girls sufficiently capable to do this work. Beside which, they required much space to work in, whereas in this case only a small space was required.

The evening before my final exhibition, the old lady was very anxious that my efforts should prove successful after all my hard work and worry. We had asked a great many people who were interested in the labelling business in London, also their friends, to come and see this machine at work, and in some cases I received orders to manufacture these machines at a great profit. But this proposition I refused to entertain, as my object was to dispose of the patent. During some of the exhibitions which we had, I must say that the machine worked splendidly, and soon the final test came, which was just before the money was to be paid over by the persons who intended buying the patent, and who were present. I had spent about two weeks in preparing for this exhibition, so that the final test might be satisfactory, and was in good spirits in the expectation that it would be only a few days before I would have the extreme pleasure of cabling my friends who were interested in the success of the machine, and sending them a draft. Had it been my own money which had been spent on the invention, I should not have been so anxious, but I was entrusted with money from others, and was therefore more than anxious to make it a great success. When the final test came, I am sorry to say that the machine baulked, and of course the work was not satisfactory, and as a natural result of this unfortunate occurrence, the expected deal fell through. It is needless to tell you of my great disappointment, as I had set my heart on this being a splendid success. I attempted to make an explanation as to how this had happened, and to show that it was merely an accident, but to no avail. I tried to explain that it was a weakness that could be very easily remedied, but as there already had been several labelling machines on the market that had proved failures, I was unable to convince them, and they would not consider the matter further.

When I called upon my lady friend that evening, she asked me if I had made a success of my machine, and you can imagine how hard it was for me to tell her that I had not. She felt almost as badly as I did, and after dinner ordered a carriage and sent me and some of the family to attend a grand concert which was given at the Queen's Hall, thinking to drive away my troubles. The singing was expected to be something grand. My failure had been such a sore disappointment that it would take a great deal more than a song to raise my spirits, although I tried my best to hope for something to turn up in my favour. Shortly after this I managed to get hold of Mr. John Headly, of John Headly and Co., Fenchurch Street, London, and I had him bring along some of his friends to see the machine in working order once more. They became very much interested in it, and Mr. Headly worked on this for quite a while until at last he got some people interested, and a deposit was put down for an option of about twenty days. This time expired and I renewed it for him, but nothing was done as they were unable to put up the necessary funds. Afterwards I got another party interested, but did not succeed in making the sale, as there was still a recollection of the previous trial of this same machine, which put a damper on it, and so I was disappointed once more. At last I made up my mind to return home, and just before leaving gave a gentleman a power of attorney for twelve months; that is to say, that at the expiration of the twelve months the power would be revoked if nothing had been done. Sure enough, after I had left London. he succeeded in getting some people interested enough to put some money into it. He organised a company, rented an office, purchased office furniture, stationery, fixtures, etc. I received a letter from him telling me of this condition of affairs, and I asked him how much he had collected from the different parties, and he told me that all monies received had been used to defray necessary expenses. I thought how nice it would have been if a little had been sent home to strengthen the confidence of my backers in me. After I arrived home I called a meeting of the stockholders and showed them the correspondence, telegrams, etc., which I had had in London. They were very pleased indeed with what I had done and told me that I could have done no more, and said that they wanted to take out a new patent. They decided on laying out more money to remedy the weakness which was experienced at the time of the trial, and insisted upon sending me back to England again, as I had already worked up the field and knew a great many of the people in the canning and packing business. I thanked them very much for their kindness and confidence, but my disappointment was too fresh in my memory to undertake it again, and I did not want to see any more patents for a long time to come. Shortly afterwards two friends of mine were going over to London on business, and I asked them to enquire into this matter for me, but they were unable to obtain the necessary information, and from the time I left London until the present I have never seen a labelling machine nor have I realised any money from this source.

CHAPTER XX.

DEATH OF MY FATHER.

About this time we received a letter from my mother stating that father was failing fast, and as he did not seem to rally, it was decided to send him to the country, to the farm of one of our relatives. He went and stayed for the summer and enjoyed it very much, the owner being a great friend of his, but his health did not improve, and finally he passed away in the year 1897. His end was very peaceful. Last summer, while in Norway, I visited the farm where my father spent some of his last days and was shown his favourite spot, where he and the owner of the farm had spent many pleasant hours in speaking of the life to come. This was on the shores of a lake at the foot of a mountain, where two large fir trees were growing, under which he used to sit.

After being home again about two months, I decided to start in the old business on a small scale, and commenced to work it up again. My finances were getting pretty low and times were hard. Just then the Klondike rush began, and a friend of mine went up to Skagway, Alaska. After being there for a while, he wrote me a letter saying that if I was not doing much, there was a grand opening for me up North, and if I decided to come, to purchase a small gasoline launch and bring it up to Skagway, where we could operate as a ferry between Skagway and Dyea. I finally got a couple of men interested with me in trying to buy a boat at home, but on finding that the duty would be very high to take it into American waters, we went over to Seattle and endeavoured to purchase one there, but did not succeed in getting what we wanted. We, however, purchased the hull of a new steamer from a gentleman by the name of Ferguson, and tried to procure the necessary machinery, but were unable to do so. We noticed that the steamer "Umitalla" was lying here at the wharf ready to sail for San Francisco, and it was decided that I should make the trip on her and purchase the machinery required there, so I was soon on board and on my way to California. This was in the fall of the year and we experienced fine weather going down, and I struck some very nice company, among whom was a Mr. Butterworth, of Seattle. In all we had made up a party of eight gentlemen. On the second day out, which was a Sunday, after luncheon, we were sitting in the after cabin having a chat, when a couple of our fellow-passengers told us that they had heard strange sounds coming from the hold, which sounded like human beings in distress. Doubtless some of the officers knew of this, but no immediate attention was given. We went forward to enquire into it and found out that there were at least two persons seemingly in great agony, so Mr. Butterworth and myself were asked to approach the captain, as we were more experienced in the customs of sea life. We then went up on the bridge where the captain was, and asked him if he would kindly investigate the matter, but he did not feel so inclined. I then asked him, "How would you like to be in the same predicament?" This he did not seem to like at all, and after a few more words I remarked to him, "Remember we have asked for their release and the responsibility will rest upon you.'" Shortly after leaving the bridge we noticed that one of the officers was called up and instructed to take off the hatches, and find out the trouble, and sure enough, the two stowaways, for such they were, were in very close quarters, being up against the pipes leading to the refrigerator, and nearly frozen to death. They were immediately released and the necessary food and clothing given them.

Nothing of further importance having happened during the remainder of the voyage, we reached the "Golden Gate," which is at the entrance to the harbour. I perceived that this was a very beautiful place, and noticed that there was a large hotel built on the solid rocks, known as the Cliff House. It was a truly marvellous building, having a history behind it. There are also some wonderful rocks noticeable in the water, after passing the Cliff House, which are known as Seal Rocks, their name being derived from their resemblance to seals. Altogether, it was a beautiful sight and the water-front presented a busy appearance. In a short time we were tied up at the dock. Shortly after our arrival we went to the hotel and had dinner, after which a gentleman approached us, and asked if we were strangers in the city, and we told him that some of us were and that some of us had been there before. He then threw open his coat and displayed a badge which he wore, thus showing us that he was a private detective. He told us if we had no objections he would take us around the city for a sum mentioned, and accordingly we made arrangements to go with him. Upon going through Chinatown, especially the underground portion, we were very much impressed with what we saw, and to our surprise we noticed many white people smoking opium in the Chinese opium dens. I remember seeing one Chinaman who was in a very low state of nervousness and exhaustion putting an injection of morphine into his arm, which was literally punctured with these marks. Two of us, after seeing all that was necessary from our point of view, having remained with the guide for about three hours, started for the hotel. The remainder of the party continued sight-seeing, and brought some strange tales to us the following morning, I remained in San Francisco five days, and having obtained the machinery required got it aboard the steamer and started back for Seattle, where upon my arrival I secured an engineer to set up the engine for us, and to show us how to handle her. This was during the Klondike Rush, and shipments and tickets had to be applied for some time previous to sailing day. I found it a very hard matter to find a steamer to take us and our boat up to Skagway, as they were nearly all overloaded with passengers and freight. Finally we heard of a barque sailing, which was to take in a cargo of cattle and merchandise for Skagway, and was to be towed up. This was in the month of December. I immediately went to the agents of this barque and enquired if I could secure two cabin tickets and at the same time ship our boat, and to my great relief found that I could do so. I then gave the dimensions of the boat, and a certain sum was agreed upon. I paid the clerk $50.00 deposit and he gave me a receipt, upon which I had the clause inserted that she was to sail between the 1st and 15th of the next month, January, and in the course of two or three days I paid the balance. Now this vessel, which was lying at San Francisco, did not leave that port until the end of February and did not arrive at Seattle until the middle of March, so it may be imagined what time and expense my partner and myself were put to. However, when she did arrive, I went to the company's offices and asked the clerk to give me a letter to the captain, so that we could pick out our berths in the cabin, when, to my surprise, he said, "You are not going in the cabin." Upon enquiring where we were to go, he replied, "With the cattlemen in the hold." I then told him that we had paid our fares and held the company's receipt for them. He then became very impertinent, and told me that he felt like cancelling our tickets altogether. After a few more remarks I left and proceeded to the office of a lawyer and laid my case before him. I wanted $175.00 for expenses incurred during our stay there awaiting the arrival of this ship, and an order for our cabin passage, or otherwise I would hold the ship liable for damages, and in this way detain her from sailing. Had the order been issued to me when asked for, nothing more would have been said regarding the matter, as we were more than anxious to get up to Skagway. Our solicitor was intimately acquainted with the president of the company, and an appointment was made. We were offered one hundred dollars and the necessary passage, which I refused, but was counselled by my partner to accept. In a few days we were made another offer of $150.00. This also I refused, stating that $175.00 was our price and nothing short of this would answer. At the last moment we were informed that the necessary amount awaited us in the bank, and matters were adjusted satisfactorily. Our boat was soon taken on board, and in a short time we had started on our journey, and in about twelve days reached our destination. Here we ran up against it again. The day after our arrival the boat was lowered into the water, and we made preparations to start on our run the following day, between Skagway and Dyea, for which we charged one dollar per passenger. There being no wharf at Dyea, the passengers were brought in and out by means of row boats, and for this service the boatmen received 25 cents. Our launch was a very swift little craft and we named her the "Flyer," and some days she would run like a scared wolf, but often she baulked and refused to move, and had to be towed in on several occasions. We tried a number of men in order to have the machinery put right, but all to no purpose. Had she continued to run we could easily have made $100.00 per day. One day while we were on this run, there was quite a storm raging, and word was received of a terrible accident at Dyea Trail. The undertaker at Skagway came down to the wharf and asked us to take him up there. I asked my partner if he thought we could make it, and he replied, "Let her go." There had been nineteen men killed and the undertaker was going up to attend to them, and we were to bring them down. We made Dyea all right and got a good price for the trip, but were unable to bring back the bodies, as our engine went wrong again, and we had to be towed back. The bodies were transferred to one of the steamers operating on the run, of which there were two in opposition to us. We left Dyea one afternoon for Skagway and had a large crowd on board, among whom were some doctors, nurses, and a lot of miners. Some of the latter had come a long way, and one made the remark that they would have a good night's rest that night in Skagway, but he was doomed to disappointment. Our old troubles began again. The engine refused to work after going a mile or so, and although the miners offered assistance it was of no avail. She just simply refused to move. It was by this time beginning to get dark, and we were drifting considerably. I saw a light some distance ahead of us, and I took some boards off the flooring and distributed them among some of the male passengers, telling them to paddle for the light. It was pitch dark by this time and we were all very tired indeed and hungry. Upon reaching the light, which proved to be that of a barge, it was nearly midnight, and we discovered a man on board and told him our situation, and asked him if he could let us have something to eat and drink, and a fire if possible. He replied, "With pleasure," and pointed to a little cabin on deck, saying, "You will find a ham, sack of flour, yeast cakes, and tea and coffee, and lots of wood for a fire." Off came our coats and we all started in to prepare a meal, the nurses making the bread, and during this process and the frying of the ham, the odour reached us all, and it *was* good. Someone made the remark, "There is still corn in Egypt." The cakes were heavy as lead owing to the haste in which they were made, and if anyone had fallen overboard after eating them, they would surely have sunk to the bottom. However the meal through, we took turns in keeping the fire alight, and as the cabin was only eight feet square, we had to stand up close together, and sleep in this manner—those of us who could. Every once in a while some of us would slip to the floor. You will understand that we had no sleeping accommodation on our launch, besides which it would have been too cold, but we had a shack on shore. Next morning we had to signal a steamer to tow us home. We anchored her in the harbour, a place which reminded me a great deal of the Straits of Magellan, on account of the suddenness with which the winds came swooping down upon us without a moment's notice. I have seen a man blown off Moore's Wharf at Skagway by these sudden gales. One night a great wind-storm occurred, and on going to the wharf, opposite which our boat was anchored, next morning, we discovered that our boat had dragged her anchor and was piled up on the rocks and under lock and key. Upon enquiry we learned that she had been picked up by two American Customs patrol boats and was being held for salvage. To make matters worse, we were very short of money, and we told one of the officers that we would give him ten cases of gasoline which we had brought up with us, also our watches and chains, which he accepted, in spite of the fact that we told him we were very hard up. But he was determined to take all we had. We finally got her back to her anchorage again. A few days later my partner was called to Vancouver on special business, and I had to remain. It was decided for me to hire a man in his place, and I secured one who thought he could fix the machinery and work on commission. This seemed a fair proposition, so we started in and made the run to Dyea and took all the machinery out of her and overhauled every part, which took some days. After going to all this trouble we tried to make the run back to Skagway, but experienced the same thing, so I made up my mind to tie her up and go down to Seattle and get a man who could run the engine. There was a large freight steamer, "Ning Chow," tied up at the wharf, and I went aboard and asked the chief steward if I could work my passage down as my finances were pretty low. To my surprise I knew the pilot on her, and there was no trouble in getting a position. When we had landed in Seattle, I accidentally met the engineer who put the machinery in the boat originally, and I told him my troubles, and he said that someone had likely been trying to force the machinery (which we certainly had done), or that something had been misplaced, or the climate might have had an effect on a gasoline engine. After trying hard to get an engineer for some time, but being unable to do so, I went over to Vancouver for a few days to see my family and partners, and it was decided that I was to bring the boat back, if nothing could be done with her. I then secured a passage on the steamer "Tees," of the C.P.N. Co., and on the journey to Skagway, met Miss Eva Booth, daughter of the great Salvation Army leader, and became very interested in her tales of the work which her people had done and were doing. She also told me some peculiar incidents which she had experienced, and I have never forgotten them. Upon reaching Skagway I made up my mind to tie up our boat, and met a friend of mine who had a few dollars which he wished to invest. There was quite a business in pack horses for carrying merchandise from Skagway to Summit, and even further over the White Pass, and as I knew quite a few people coming and going, I thought I could make a little money, so we formed a partnership and purchased two mules and a horse and commenced to do business. We made quite a sum of money, but shortly this business became overdone. I then made up my mind to get our boat out and leave the country, so I sold my interest in the pack train and made preparations to catch the next steamer going south. Here I met my friend the Commodore of the C.P.N. Co., and made arrangements with him to take my boat back to Vancouver on the "Islander" (which was wrecked some time afterwards on the same run). As our launch was brought alongside of her, it was found that the steamer had no appliances suitable for hoisting her aboard, so I was given a letter for the captain of the "Tees," which would be along shortly. Upon her arrival I had the launch put aboard, and we started for Vancouver. A duty was collected at this port on account of coming from American waters, but we finally got her into the waters of Burrard Inlet. Two of us sold out our interests, but the necessary repairs being made, she is now running in good shape. This finished my disappointing experiences in the North.

FARM IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

CHAPTER XXI.

FINALLY THE LONG ROAD TAKES A TURN.

Shortly after my arrival, I produced an invention which seemed to give a little encouragement, and I worked it myself in British Columbia, and then decided to take it East, where I remained for about three months; but finding it much more difficult to do business there than in British Columbia, and not having much success, I returned home. At this time business generally in Vancouver was better than ever, and a number of my acquaintances asked me to start my old truck and dray business again, as they were in a position to give me quite a bit of work. After considering the matter, I decided to do so. Things soon began to come my way, and the long-looked-for came at last. I had worked myself into a good connection with sound business people and got the pick of the work in the city of Vancouver. I then found it easy to meet all my obligations. This good luck continued to stay by me and increased rapidly, so that I was able to raise the wages of my helpers in proportion. I firmly believe that if a person is successful in business he should never forget that he owes a helping hand to those who are working for him, and I think it good policy to continue so doing in order to be successful, as the employees will then take an interest in the business. I believe a good deal depends on this for success and happiness. I should say that some time previous to my marriage I had secured a piece of land, and after marrying decided to erect a house upon it, for which I borrowed money on mortgage at a high rate of interest, payment of which taxed me to the utmost. This I continued to pay for about six years, and then decided to borrow from a loan society, because I could thus clear off the mortgage and repay them principal and interest by monthly instalments running for eight years. After carrying on the shares for several years I found that I was unable to keep them up, so I was compelled to drop them. But the payment of the loan, which amounted to $1,800, was obliged to be kept up. I had been paying on this loan for seven years and nine months, and I made the remark to my wife that as there was only three months' interest to be paid on this, which amounted to 84 dollars, I would pay it, and we would once more be clear of debt and the title would be clear of encumbrances for her should anything happen to me. I wrote to the company and asked for the papers, stating that I wished to square up the loan, and received a reply informing me that there was still a balance of 970 dollars against the property, which was somewhat of a surprise to us, and at the same time caused some uneasiness. I wrote and enquired how this could be, as I had all the receipts for the payments made, and was informed that the company had advanced money on property in different cities in Canada, some of which had depreciated in value, consequently the company had gone behind, and that every shareholder was a stockholder in the concern and had to bear part of the loss. That was certainly a great blow to us. I then consulted my solicitor with regard to the matter, and he told me that he had numerous clients who were in the same predicament, and he advised me to pay up and get clear of the company as soon as possible, as they were very unsatisfactory. In order to do this I had to take out a new mortgage with a private individual for one thousand dollars, and upon so doing paid the loan company, and only had to carry this 1,000 dollars, the interest on which I paid every three months, with the privilege of paying any part of the principal at any time. Often during the period of the loan, my wife and I would remark that if we ever succeeded in getting the title to the property clear of all encumbrances we would have a brass band to celebrate the occasion.

By this time I had secured some property, which was increasing rapidly in value, part of which I had assigned to my wife some years before. Part of it was clear of all encumbrances, and everything seemed to be going along nicely with the exception of my health. Owing to pressure of business, my mind being completely absorbed by it, my health fell off. My physician told me that it would be advisable to give it up and have a complete rest. I was considering doing so when, strange to say, a company was watching for an opportunity to buy me out. They made a proposal and a figure was named, and the matter closed without a hitch. The following day I received a telephone message from a Real Estate Company, asking me if I would sell two pieces of property, and if so, to put a price on them. I did so, which was a good figure, and to my surprise it was accepted and the money paid over, which, in addition to what I had received for my business, looked more than good to me. I remember walking down the street that night, when I said to myself, "Oh! think of it, John; John Johnson worth all this money." While in this frame of mind, for a time I really did not know whether I was going or coming. It seemed too good to be true. After I had sold out my business I paid off the mortgage which was on our old home. This was on the 21st day of February, 1906, and I remember well paying the agent the final cheque, which amounted to $724.35, and handing the title deeds of our home to my wife after nineteen years' struggle. Just think of it! After all was cleared up, I said to my wife, "You have helped me to make this, and you need a rest as well as myself, and we will take the boys with us and go first to your home in St. John's, New Brunswick, then to England and Norway."

CHAPTER XXII.

OFF FOR THE "LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN."

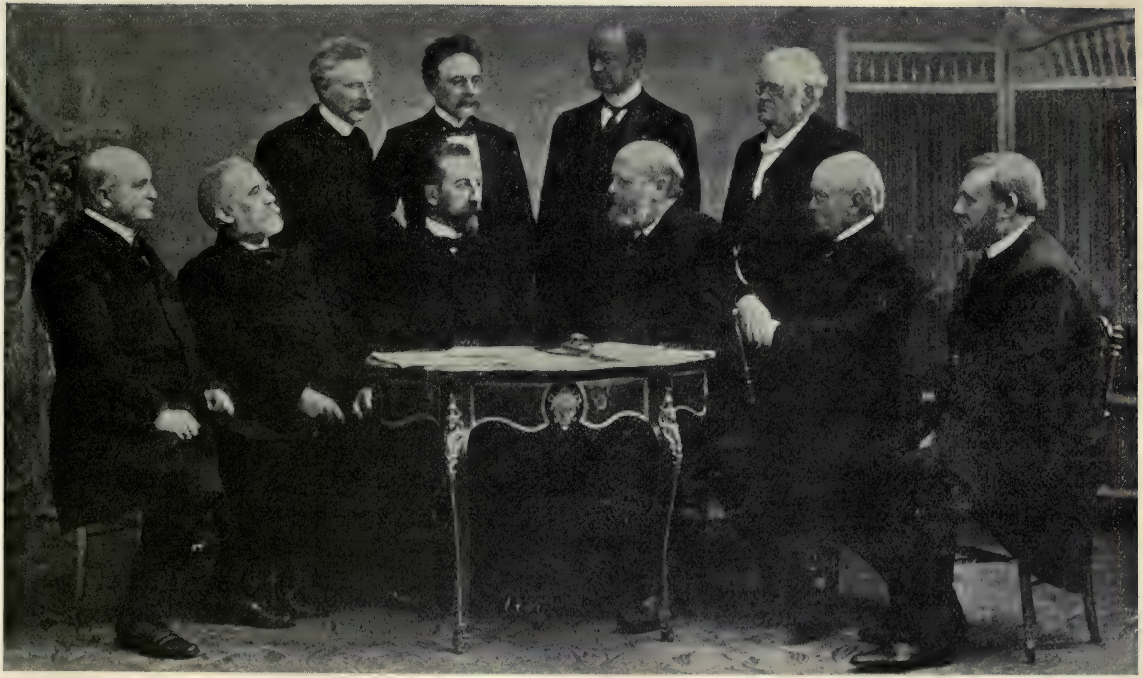
We made up our minds to take a tour to Europe, visiting London first, and then going to the "land of the midnight sun," my old home, and to see my mother and sister. Mrs. Johnson, George, Clarence, and myself started on March 1, 1906, our first destination being Mrs. Johnson's old home, St. John, New Brunswick, where she was born. We spent about three weeks with her friends and relatives, and had a very pleasant holiday. On the 31st of March we left St. John, on the s.s. "Lake Manitoba" for Liverpool, England. On April 6th, in latitude 48 degrees, 13 minutes north, longitude 34 degrees, 6 minutes west, I wrote a letter, containing details of the voyage, and a request that if it be picked up, the finder be kind enough to send an acknowledgment to my Vancouver address. I then placed it in an air-tight bottle, and threw it overboard. This I did as an experiment to trace the course of the current in the ocean, an expedient often adopted by seafaring men. We arrived in Liverpool all safe and sound on April 11, after having experienced fine weather. We also had a jolly crowd on board, I should say between three and four hundred. We remained at Liverpool a day or two, and then proceeded to London. During the voyage I had made up my mind to take my wife and family on a visit to my friends in London and at Dunstable, so that after arriving in Norway if they found it unsatisfactory, on account of not being able to speak the language, they could return to London and spend the summer with my friends, while I would remain in Norway. I also wished to let my family have the pleasure of seeing the great city of London and some of the principal places there, as it would be a great education to the boys as well as ourselves. We visited Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, Madame Tussaud's, Royal Horse Guards, Law Courts, etc., etc. While in London I regretted much to hear that Mrs. I——, who had been so friendly to me, had passed away. In company with members of the family, I visited the cemetery and had the melancholy pleasure of planting some flowers upon her grave. We remained in England about three weeks and happened to be there on Easter Sunday, on which morning we went to service in the City Temple, where the late Dr. Parker used to preach, but which is now occupied by Mr. Campbell. This is a beautiful building, and we heard good music and singing. Easter Sunday evening we went to the Metropolitan Tabernacle and heard young Mr. Spurgeon, son of the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. After remaining in London for a week or so, we took the train and went down to Dunstable to visit some friends for a couple of days, and then returned to London. We then packed up and left London for Hull, where we embarked on the S.S. "Montebello" to cross the North Sea for Norway. We left Hull on Friday night and had exceptionally fine weather in crossing. We passed through a large fleet of English fishing boats, known as trawlers, to which I have already referred as being stationed on the Banks. We sighted the Norwegian coast at 10.30 on Sunday morning. There was great rejoicing for many of the passengers to see their native land once more.

NATIVE LAND.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own my Native Land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there be, go, mark him well;
From him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch concentred, all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

—SCOTT, *Last Minstrel.*

We tied up in Christiansand about 12.30 noon. We had luncheon, and as soon as that was over, took a walk up town to the park, and heard once more the strains of the Norwegian Band, which was very beautiful, and seemed to charm one after being away from it for some time. We went on board again at 5.30 p.m. for dinner, and at 7.30 p.m. started for Christiana, the steamer's destination. We arrived there on Monday morning at 7.30. This is quite a large city, having a population of over 230,000. Christiana was named after Christian IV., who began to build the city in 1624. The National Parliament also meets here. It has a large University, a fine Observatory, two Palaces of the King of Norway, and a National Picture Gallery. An interesting establishment here is the steam kitchen, which provides good and cheap dinners for working people. The great industry is the shipping trade, both foreign and coasting. Its chief exports are timber and fish. We were here only a few hours, then took the train direct for home, Fredrikshald, where we arrived in due course, and here my dear old mother, my sister and her family, were waiting to receive us at the station, and it was quite a grand reception. The old lady was simply overjoyed to see us all. It will be remembered that mother and father had some years back been out to Vancouver to see us, and on meeting my wife now easily recognised her, and was very much taken up with her during our stay here. After we had been home for a day or two, I noticed my oldest boy, George, began to long to return to Canada, and particularly to Vancouver, where he was born and where his old playmates were. This was not the case with Clarence, who tried to make the best of it



W. Olsson. S. Arctander. H. Bothner. E. Hagerup Bull. K. D. Lehmkuhl. Chr. Knudsen. A. H. Vinje.
Chr. Michelsen. J. Lovland. Gunnar Knadsen.

THE NORWEGIAN CABINET.

for our sakes. No doubt they felt somewhat strange at first, but in a very short time picked up a few words of the language and were thus enabled to understand a little, although not able to speak it. To my surprise we found a great many Norwegian people who could speak English, and I understand that in the common schools of Norway to-day the children are taught English, French and German, which they pick up rapidly. Here I saw the same old school house, where I had put in all my school days, and noticed that the front step of this building, where we used to play and eat our luncheon, was still the same. I also visited the lumber yard where I first went to work as a very small boy, as the reader, no doubt, will remember, this situation my mother got for me, and of my bringing home to her my first pay. Things have not changed very much in this little city since my boyhood days. At this time the beautiful spring weather had set in. In Norway we have a bird known as the cuckoo, which sings in the early spring mornings and it is considered quite a treat by some people to hear. I frequently got up in the mornings between four and five o'clock, to take early walks, often by myself, and I heard these birds singing. I used to go up into the mountains, which were of a very great height, and where I used to play in my happy childhood days. One morning particularly, being the beginning of May, 1906, it was an exceptionally clear and peaceful morning, the sun having just appeared above the mountains, the distant objects brought very nigh, and the water looked calm and peaceful. I was seated on one of these high mountains, known as Rudsfjeldet, by myself, where I had a splendid panoramic view of the city and its surroundings. The birds were singing in the trees and the whole forest seemed to be filled with gratitude. The flowers of the field were budding out, and the city looked as if it were sleeping in its childhood's sleep during the silence of the night. Oh! what a feeling came over me at this time. This beautiful scenery of sky and water seemed to carry me away. The trees of the forest around me seemed to be shaking hands together, and joining in praise to the Creator of land and sea. It seemed to me as if the spot where I stood, was holy ground, and that all was beautiful and pure but man. My thoughts began to wander in a great many directions, and were carried back to different parts of the world where my feet have trodden, and as I remained on this mountain for a couple of hours, I began to think so much of childhood's happy days, and thought or how up to the present moment I had been favoured. The poverty of my childhood's home also came back to me and how things have changed, being spared to come back to my mother and having plenty of this world's goods, inasmuch that I have enough and to spare; although it is only a few years since I was sometimes wondering whether it would not be best to let the mortgagees take the property, as it seemed almost impossible longer to battle with the burden. But a wise hand was guiding me, and now as I look back, I see that all was for the best. I am seeking strength and guidance so that I may be able to bestow some of it upon the needy. But I find that self is very hard to overcome. I wonder why I have been spared to roam in so many different parts of the world and always been preserved and protected in so many different ways, and well received among so many kind and noble-hearted people of different nationalities, and had the pleasure of working and staying with them. To me it seems that all humanity is but one family, with one Father, and we all journeying to one final home, where we shall know as we are known, and never more part again. Yes! the Lord has been around me and taken care of me, as He promised to be around His children as the walls around Jerusalem. During my travels I have seen many of my bosom friends who, in the prime of life, have been called away into eternity without a moment's notice, I myself being spared. It is no wonder, that David often repeats, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that Thou visitest him?" Oh! that we might get better acquainted with the Friend of man, "in whom we live and move and have our being." One who is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities," for "He knoweth our fame and remembereth that we are but dust."

About the middle of May I felt as if Mrs. Johnson was not enjoying herself as she ought to, and I asked her if she would not like to take a run over to London with the boys and spend a short time with her friends there, and to bring some of them back to

Norway with her for company. This she thought she would like to do, and in a few days I escorted them to Christiana, and saw them safely on board, bound for Hull. They did not remain long in London, and in a few days started for Liverpool, and shortly afterwards embarked for St. John, by way of Boston. She remained in St. John for a short time and then commenced her train journey for Vancouver, and arrived home safely with the boys. This left me alone in Norway and I missed them very much, and as I was here I thought I might as well spend the remainder of the summer with my mother, as I might never see her again. I decided to take a trip to the northern part of Norway, where the Coronation of the new King, Haakon VII, was to take place in Trondhjem Domkirke, where all the Kings of Norway are crowned. This is an ancient church, being over 300 years old, and is under reconstruction, and it will be some time yet before it is completed. This church has quite a history. There were great preparations made for this occasion, every building in the town being painted and decorated with bunting, flags and foliage. There was an immense crowd around the church, and it was not until after the ceremony that I was able to get in to view the place. A gentleman then took me to the room where the King was crowned. There were crowds of people from England, France, Germany and the United States; also quite a fleet assembled in the harbour from the English and German Navies. The photographs of the King and Queen and their little son were in

KING HAAKON VII. and QUEEN MAUD.

nearly every store and house in Trondhjem, and great were the rejoicings over the selection of their King which the country had made, as he was very popular among all the people. I remained here for about three or four weeks, and during my stay met a number of American tourists and formed quite a friendship with some of them, as when tourists meet in a foreign land, even though strangers, they generally form a strong attachment for one another. I then continued my journey north as far as North Cape which is the most northerly point in the world, for the purpose of viewing the Midnight Sun; but on the way up on the S.S. " King Haakon," a beautiful passenger steamer, the captain told us if we were going to see the Midnight Sun, we could do so at Bodö, so we decided to stop here and take our chance. As midnight approached on the 29th of June, we were on a high mountain, at a place known as Tourist Hayten, for the purpose of viewing the scene, and were seated with our watches in our hands, waiting for 12 o'clock to come and gazing at the sun which, although at its lowest, was still a distance above the horizon. It appeared to remain stationary for a short time, and then commenced to rise. It did seem a strange sight, one which I shall never forget. It was so unnatural to see the sun shining on the mountains and peaks at midnight. The traffic to this point in the summer is enormous, and the companies who operate steamers are yearly increasing their fleets, to meet the demand of travellers. The steamers as a rule are a fine class of boats. In addition to this, large numbers of excursionists are continually coming from England during the summer, so that the fjords are crowded with them. I remained here for about three days, then returned to Trondjem, and then started back for Fredrikshald where I bid my mother, sister and friends good-bye. My mother's parting, and as it proved, final words to me were, "John, continue to cast your bread upon the waters and you shall find it after many days." We took train for Christiana, thence embarked for Hull, and continued on to Liverpool, where I took passage on R.M.S. "Empress of Ireland" (a sister ship to the "Empress of Britain," in the illustration, and on the same model). We broke the record, her time that voyage being five days and some odd hours. Arriving in Quebec I continued my journey by rail to Vancouver. Here I remained for ten months and made some very profitable investments. Out of the ten months at home, I spent two months or so upon a small wooded island situated in the harbour, off Vancouver, and known as Deadman's Island. At low water it was connected with the famous Stanley Park. I did this for the purpose of more quietly composing the matter in this work. Here I camped day and night. The island was also inhabited on the west side by a company of fishermen, and I frequently saw them at work washing and mending their nets. This strongly reminded me of the fishermen of old on the Sea of Galilee; so much so, that the gospel story was very often in my mind. Situated in the middle of the island was a well where we used to draw up our fresh

C.P. RY., LINE S.S. "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN"
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LARGEST and FASTEST TO CANADA

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S.S. "LAKE MANITOBA."

water. Being a solitary place it reminded me of the circumstances of the weary Saviour resting at the well-side and of the woman of Samaria. As I dwelt upon that story and of how, from the most unlikely material (a woman of ill repute), there should, at the Saviour's words, come forth, not only her entire reformation, but also the bringing of the dwellers in the village of Sychar to acknowledge the truth, the truth of the apostles words become manifest—"God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are." 1 Cor., i. 27-28. I now decided upon taking an extensive tour, and crave your further attention for these few last chapters.

CHAPTER XXIII.

VANCOUVER TO MONTREAL.

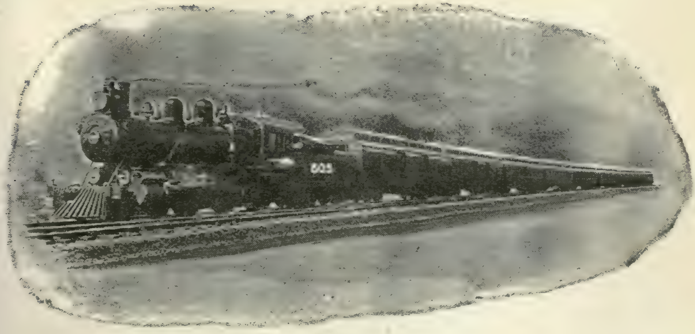
(Sketches by rail from the Pacific to the Atlantic.)

On Wednesday, October 15th, 1907, I took the train at Vancouver by the Canadian and Pacific Railway and commenced another tour. It may not be out of place for me to describe this line of railway, which to my mind is one of the grandest scenic routes of transcontinental railway in the world. At 3.30 p.m. the usual "all-aboard," was heard, and we soon started slowly out of the Terminal Station.

The railway follows the south shore of Burrard Inlet and the outlook is most delightful, the mountains rise up in grandeur with their snow-capped peaks. The numerous saw mills passed are very noticeable, as each mill means a small village. Shortly after passing Port Moody, which was the former terminus of the railway, we soon leave the salt water and skirt the shores of the wonderful Fraser river. Here a new industry of British Columbia is seen to advantage, namely farming. Many beautiful glimpses are to be had of Mount Baker in the State of Washington, which rises to a height of over 14,000 feet, and is always topped with snow.

Seventy miles from Vancouver, at a place called Agassiz, is located the Government Experimental

C.P.R. STATION, VANCOUVER.



C.P.R. TRAIN.

Farm, where fruit and grain is grown in abundance. Five miles north of here is located Harrison Hot Springs (sulphur), which are noted for their curative powers. It is a beautifully situated spot on Harrison Lake with a splendid hotel for tourists, etc. Continuing our journey, the country begins to assume a different aspect, becoming more rugged and rocky. No man knows the wealth these rocky walls may have stored for some prospector in the future. After passing through a succession of tunnels, we are soon in the Fraser Canon. The old Government road built in the early sixties, is in evidence all along the Fraser and Thompson Valleys. It makes one shiver to gaze up out of the car window at this old road, now a thousand feet sheer above a raging torrent, and here propped up with poles placed into the rock. To believe that human beings, horses and waggons have traversed this dangerous road seems almost impossible. The scenery we are following is quite startling, the great river is forced between walls of huge rocks, where being repeatedly thrown back upon itself, it roars and foams in great fury. At Lytton, 156 miles from our starting point, we leave the Fraser Valley and enter the Canons of the Thompson river, which in its course among rocks and chasms is very emerald-like in beauty. Soon Kamloops is reached, where we are 1,160 feet above the sea-level. It is noted as being a very healthy place, and quite a thriving town. We soon reach a point in Eagle Pass, 1,996 feet above the sea-level, and in the next eight miles a descent is made of 525 feet, to the Columbia river, then Revelstoke is reached, being 379 miles from our point of commencement. Here fish and game are to be found in abundance. The Columbia winds itself down from the Selkirk Mountains. Here also branch lines are to be had to the different lakes and points of interest. Leaving Revelstoke the Selkirk Range of mountains is soon entered, by the Illecillewaet river. Some splendid scenery is to be viewed 400 miles from Vancouver in the way of Canons, the most prominent being Albert Canon, 2,227 feet above the sea-level. At this point the river rushes down at great speed, 300 feet straight below the railway and only 20 feet wide. It is truly a marvellous sight. Upon reaching an altitude of 4,122 feet, the Glacier House is reached, after making a circuit of the wonderful "Loop." Here excellent accommodation is afforded the tourist by the Railway Company, in the way of sight seeing. A splendid hotel is also in operation. Mount Sir Donald, named after Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, one of the promoters of the railway company, is 10,808 feet in height. Snow surrounds you on all sides and the many glaciers are lovely, and long to be remembered sights. Means of climbing are provided and small huts built for resting and look-out places, thousands of feet above the railway track. We are now in the heart of the Selkirks and Mount MacDonald which towers a mile above the railway, in almost vertical height, gives one a feeling of awe at its immensity and mighty grandeur. We are now descending the

railway following the Columbia river, where the Selkirks and Rockies force the river down narrow gorges. Just beyond Golden, a prosperous mining town on the Columbia, the railway enters the Kicking Horse Canon (through which the river plunges and roars), crossing and recrossing the river several times.

About 490 miles from Vancouver the Canadian National Park is entered. This park to-day comprises 5,732 square miles, or 4,668,480 acres; it is situated on both sides of the Rockies, and by this means the Canadian Government are assured of visitors for all time. Here are kept a herd of buffalo, that once ranged the prairie in countless thousands; splendid moose, elk, goats and a herd of deer, together with other wild animals, find the surroundings most congenial. Carriage roads and bridle paths are already to be seen in certain accessible parts of the park, and fishing is tolerated under certain conditions. We reach Field, 510 miles from Vancouver, which is 4,064 feet above the sea-level; here a beautiful hotel is operated by the railway company, known as Mount Stephen House, and situated not far from the Mount of the same name, whose height is 10,450 feet. From here roads and paths lead all through the hills and a magnificent view is to be had of the highest peaks and mountains of the Rockies, some of which rise twelve and thirteen thousand feet. Seven miles from Field is Emerald Lake, which is almost incomparable as a mountain water; here also the Company have created a comfortable chalet for the tourist. During the Summer Swiss guides are stationed here to accompany the tourist in mountain climbing. At Field also commences a heavy grade, and it was necessary to have three engines, puffing with all their energy, up this 4½ per cent. grade. Continuing our journey we soon reach the "Great Divide," where a beautiful stream separates, one branch flowing into the Pacific, the other into Hudson Bay. At Laggan, at an altitude of 4,930 feet, begins the Atlantic Slope, here also swift and sure-footed ponies are obtainable to take the travellers to the many lakes, including the Lakes in the Clouds and Lake Louise; they are all perfect mirrors. We are now running down into the Bow Valley and here again the scenery is magnificent and many precipitous places are encountered. Our next stop of importance is Banff, 561 miles of our journey having been covered. It is most favourably situated for health and picturesque views, being at the same time the centre of all kinds of out-door recreation. There are also a Sanatorium, Hospital and Museum of much interest. Soon we enter the Gap, the gateway by which the Bow river issues from the hills, between two vertical masses of rock. We are beginning to leave mountain and forest and at early morn draw into Calgary, the picturesque ranching city. It is the centre for the trading in the ranching country and one of the sources for supplies in the mining district beyond. It is also an important station of the North West Mounted Police; here is to be seen the greatest irrigation scheme in the country, three million acres being embraced in carrying water from the Bow river to the city. All along now are

LAKE LOUISE, LAGGAN.

BANFF HOTEL.

seen signs of a ranching and cattle raising country. Although 150 miles from the Rockies, on a clear day their highest peaks can be seen quite distinctly. The entire country is underlaid with coal beds and natural gas is found upon boring. Continuing we come into the sheep raising country, where large farms are to be seen at short intervals, operated principally by the Canadian Land and Ranch Company. At a distance of 1,083 miles from our western starting point, Moose Jaw is reached, being the railway divisional point. Here flour mills and elevators indicate the wheat producing qualities of the country. Regina, the Capital of the Province of Saskatchewan, is the distributing point for the country North and South; here are located the headquarters of the Royal North West Mounted Police, who are a military organization numbering 840 men, and are stationed in the north west to look after the Indians and preserve order generally. At Indian Head, 1,167 miles from Vancouver is located a fine Government Experimental Farm. From here eastward the line follows gradually lowering prairie, until we enter the Province of Manitoba and before entering Brandon, drop into the valley of the Assiniboine river. Brandon is one of the largest grain markets in Manitoba; there are nine grain elevators, two flour mills and numerous manufactories. All through this country for miles and miles, seemingly endless, one is overwhelmed by the vastness of the grain producing qualities of this Province. Winnipeg, 1,482 miles from Vancouver, is the largest city in Canada west of Toronto.

In 1871 there was a population of 100. It is situated at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine rivers, both navigable. For many years it has been the chief post of the Hudson Bay Company. Here the Canadian Pacific Railway own and operate the Royal Alexandra Hotel, which was erected at a cost of one and a quarter million dollars. The principal workshops of the Company, between Montreal and Vancouver are here, and the train yard contains 110 miles of sidings, being the largest belonging to any one company in the world. Continuing, numerous pretty lakes are seen, until the Lake of the Woods District is reached, in the Province of Ontario. At Keewatin 1,612 miles of our journey has been travelled, and here are the works of the Keewatin Power Company, creating one of the largest water powers in the world, making of the lake of the woods a gigantic mill pond, with an area of 3,000 square miles, and affording most convenient sites for pulp mills and other establishments. Here also a mammoth flour mill is in operation, built of granite quarried on the spot. Three miles farther eastwards we reach Kenora, formerly called Rat Portage, situated at one of the outlets of the Lake of the Woods. It is an important mining centre with several saw mills, and is also the key of the Gold Fields now being developed in this vicinity. The fisheries of this lake are very valuable, the annual shipments being large. From here to Fort William, nineteen hundred and some odd miles from Vancouver, the railway traverses a wild broken region, with rapid

INTERIOR DINING CAR.

THREE SISTERS, CANMORE.

rivers and many lakes, but containing valuable forests. Fort William was formerly an important post of the Hudson Bay Company; here also some of the largest grain elevators in the world are to be seen. It is the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway and Lake Steamship Line. These fine steel Lake steamships ply between here and Owen Sound. Three miles further and we reach Port Arthur, on the west shore of Thunder Bay, an arm of Lake Superior, the greatest body of inland fresh water in the world. It is connected with Fort William by an electrical railway, and is a favourite resort for tourists during the summer months. Leaving Port Arthur, we skirt the rocky and picturesque north shore of Lake Superior, and are carried by and around promontories of so startling a character that one becomes thoroughly interested. Great fishing is to be had in this locality, and the trout fishing in Lake Nipigon is said to be the finest in the world. Another point of interest is the great sweep the railway takes around Jack Fish Bay. From a scenic point of view it is marvellous. Jack Fish is the great coaling station for the railway. For sixty miles now the line is carried around bold and harsh points of the shore of this wonderful lake, with rock cuttings, viaducts and tunnels constantly occurring, and, where frequently the railway is cut out of the face of the cliffs, the great lake comes into full view. We are now 2,200 miles from Vancouver, and the country of lakes, as it may well be termed, not only contains vast stores of minerals, but also offers matchless opportunities to sportsmen and pleasure seekers. Bears, moose and deer abound throughout this region. Eastward now, there are intervals of good agricultural land, but timber cutting is as yet the principal industry. The lands are owned by the Ontario Government and are open for settlers. Sudbury is the next stop of importance. Here lines branch out to the different lakes and to the United States. Within a few miles of Sudbury are the most extensive copper and nickel deposits known in the world, and the vicinity has also, in the Moose Mountain Range, the largest iron range in Canada. A number of smelting furnaces are in operation near Sudbury, reducing the ores right on the spot. After covering a distance of 2,544 miles, North Bay is reached, situate on Lake Nipissing, which is 90 miles long and 20 miles wide. It is a railway divisional point; here trains are to be had for Toronto and other leading cities in the south east. The famous Cobalt Silver Mines are in this vicinity. Fishing and shooting are excellent. Small villages occur, surrounding saw mills, and farms are frequently seen even from the car window. Bonfield, formerly called Collander was intended as the Eastern Terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, but with a change of control from Government to Company the line was extended to Montreal. At a place called Mattawa, 2,589 miles from Vancouver and 315 from Montreal, the line strikes the Ottawa river, which for many miles is the dividing line between the provinces of Ontario and Quebec. It is the old fur trading post of the Hudson

RYAN & FARES

Bay Company, but at present is the distributing point for the lumber districts and agricultural country; it is also a favourite centre for moose hunters, and guides and supplies are always obtainable. An attractive point for tourists is Lake Timikamig, which abounds in fish, as the country does in game. To the south of the railway is Algonquin Park, established by the Ontario Government as a forest and game preserve. The next stop of interest is Chalk river, which is also a railway divisional point, with the usual buildings and appurtenances. Little towns are springing up with great rapidity, and a saw mill is to be noticed wherever water power is obtainable. Pembroke is the most important town on this section of the line, and has many industries, and commands a great deal of the lumber trade towards the north. Here it is noticeable that the Ottawa river is navigable both above and below the falls, and steam boats are frequently seen. Numerous good sized towns occur now and then, and besides the usual mills, farming has also a strong foothold as well as fishing. We now follow the Ottawa Valley, which is very beautiful, and after passing through some of Ottawa's suburbs, we slowly pull into the Capital City of our Dominion.

CHAPTER XXIV.

OTTAWA, THE CAPITAL OF CANADA.

Ottawa with a population of about 85,000 is picturesquely situated at the junction of the Rideau and Ottawa rivers. The Chaudiere Falls which here interrupt the navigation of the Ottawa river, afford water power for a host of saw mills and other manufactories. Vast quantities of lumber are made here from logs floated down the river. Here I make a break in my journey and with my readers' patience will endeavour to describe my sight-seeing in our capital. The city stands on high ground overlooking a valley and contains many fine residences, large hotels, parks, etc. I think the Parliamentary buildings are worthy of first mention, and as I walk up towards the main building, which is the centre of three—The East Building, Main Building and the Mackenzie Tower or West Building, I turn to the left before entering. Here appears a magnificent statue of our late beloved Queen Victoria, which was unveiled by the Prince of Wales, on September 20th, 1901, during their visit to Canada. Immediately in the rear are two large cannons, standing on the high cliffs of Parliament Hill. On the same side overlooking the river is the statue of Alexander Mackenzie, the first Liberal Prime Minister of the Dominion, supported by an

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.

emblematic lady in bronze, bearing the inscription, "Duty was his law, and Conscience his ruler." Another statue, that of Cartier, one of the fathers of Confederation, is also on this side. Crossing over to the east side, is a handsome monument of Sir John A. MacDonald, the late Premier of Canada, and one of the ablest men in Canada's public life. In the rear a large cannon seems to quietly keep guard of these sacred surroundings. I now enter the building. Much has been said about the grace and beauty and dignity of the Canadian Houses of Parliament, but to know how far short of the reality falls all the praise that has been lavished upon them, one must see them. The situation, on the bluffs of the Ottawa river, is commanding, and gives fine opportunities for architectural display. But to return to the interior. First I visit the Chamber of the House of Commons, here are life sized oil paintings of our present King and Queen, one at each end of the Chamber, surmounted by a large clock. The next point of interest is the Senate Chamber, in which upon entering there is noticeable in front of the throne, Queen Victoria's portrait in oil painting, at the left is one of King George the III, and of Queen Charlotte on the right. Next I am courteously shown through the library, upon entering which one is confronted with a large white marble statue of our late Queen. The library is a rotunda in form but possesses a marvellous combination of strength and grace. From the floor to the centre of the dome is 140 feet. The floor is inlaid with Canadian woods, and the book-shelves are richly carved in Canadian white pine, rising to three stories, with galleries for access to the books. The library now contains something over 200,000 books and is particularly rich in Canadian history. It also possesses a large collection of valuable coins, pamphlets and manuscripts of historical value. Next I visit the tower. About half way up there commences a spiral climb, so that upon reaching the top one is very tired. It is 370 feet above the river, 210 feet from the grounds, and comprises 308 steps from the ground floor. A magnificent view is obtainable of the surrounding country for miles. Looking up the Ottawa river, the Chaudiere Falls, Upper Ottawa, and Lake Deschene, meet the eyes. Gaze around and a sweeping view takes the city of Hull in the province of Quebec, just across the river, then the Gatineau, a branch of the Ottawa is seen winding its way into the Laurentian Hills. Gazing almost sheer down, the Rideau Canal is seen; Bankers Row, directly in front, the City Hall, Post Office, the Twin Bridges which cross the Dideau Canal, The Armory, Government Printing Bureau, the Basilica Catholic Church, Government Mint, Ernstcliffe, where Sir John A. MacDonald lived, and died June 6th, 1891, Rideau Falls on the Rideau river, Rideau Hall, the residence of the present Governor General, Earl Grey, Rockliffe Park, Dominion Rifle Range, Ottawa University, the village of Chelsea, spire of the Church at Alymer, Quebec, at a distance of nine miles. In another direction the Experimental Farm, Government Observatory, Exhibition Buildings, and numerous

MONUMENT OF SIR JOHN A MACDONALD.

others. On a clear day a bird's-eye view is given for a distance of 30 miles. Descending we pass a large bell, weighing 35,000 lbs., placed in the tower in 1879, it was made by Dent and Company of London, England, and is operated by two weights, weighing 1,100 and 550 lbs., respectively. Upon reaching terra firma, I am quite satisfied with my visit and feel amply repaid for the climb. Going over to the cliffs there is just visible through the trees, Lover's Walk, which circles the bluffs; it is a very beautiful walk.

Perhaps it would not be out of place to reproduce the famous letter, by which the news was given to Canada, of the selection of the capital.

"OTTAWA'S CHARTER AS CANADA'S CAPITAL GIVEN BY QUEEN VICTORIA, IN 1857."

Downing Street,
31st December, 1857.

"Sir;—By my dispatch of the 17th April last, I informed you that Her Majesty had been graciously pleased to comply with the prayer of the addresses presented to Her by the Legislative Council and Assembly of Canada, namely, that she would exercise the Royal Prerogative by the selection of some place for the permanent seat of the Government of Canada."

"This question has now been considered by Her Majesty and Her Government, with that attention which its great importance demanded. The statements and agreements contained in the various memorials laid before them, in consequence of your invitation to the Mayors of the several cities chiefly interested, have been fully weighed."

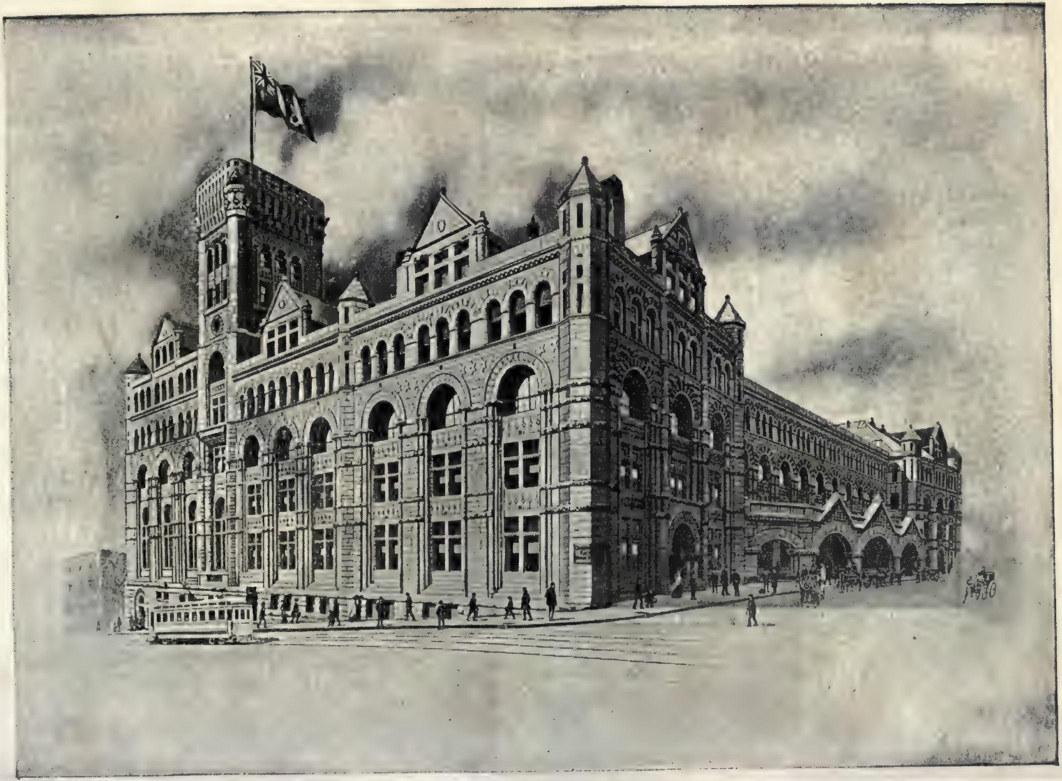
"I am commanded by the Queen to inform you that, in the judgment of Her Majesty, the city of Ottawa combines greater advantages than any other place in Canada for the permanent seat of the future Government of the Province; and is selected by Her Majesty accordingly."

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
H. LABOUCHERE.

In the Supreme Court, the most westerly of the buildings, opposite the throne, is an oil painting of Judge Henry Strong, upon the right is one of Judge Rennie and on the left one of Judge King, both deceased. The library here consists of 30,000 volumes of law books.

About a mile out of town to the southwest is situated the Central Experimental Farm, covering some 500 acres of ground. Here are stationed a Director, Wm. Saunders, C.M.G., L.L.D., F.R.C.S., F.L.S., controlling all the Experimental Farms throughout the Dominion. This gentleman, to whom I had an introduction, took very great trouble in showing me round and giving me every information, which I appreciated heartily. This system of Experimental Farms established by the Dominion Government, for the benefit of Canadian farmers was organised during 1886, and there is probably no country in the world where nature has been more lavish in stores of fertility provided in the soil, or where the land has greater capacity for the production of food for mankind than Canada, while the resources of the Dominion in its minerals, its forests and its fisheries are very great. It is in the soil that the greater wealth of the country lies. About one half of the entire population is engaged in Agricultural pursuits, but the people are as yet so comparatively few, and the area of unoccupied land so large, that no adequate conception can be formed as to the vast quantities of food products which Canada is capable of producing. Some years ago Parliament voted a considerable sum for the establishment of an Observatory at Ottawa, which is built at the Experimental Farm. I think, dear reader, you have a fair description of Ottawa, at least the best my pen can depict, in such small space. Leaving Ottawa the railway crosses a long iron bridge, from which a fine view is obtained up the river, and enters Hull, in the Province of Quebec. We then recross the river by the Alexandra Bridge to the Central Station in the heart of Ottawa. From the line of railway may be seen the great lumber plants of the busy city across the river. Continuing the line follows the banks of the Rideau Canal, which with the Rideau river and lakes, connect the capital with the city of Kingston, at the foot of Lake Ontario. We now pass many pleasure resorts and thriving French-Canadian towns of mostly French names. Just before reaching Montreal Junction, five miles from Montreal, the old village of Lachine is seen to the right, and above the trees further away, a good view is to be had of the great steel bridge built by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, across the St. Lawrence river. At 6.30 p.m. we slowly pull into Montreal (Windsor Street Station) and our long train journey of nearly 3,000 miles is over.

It is now my duty to describe Montreal, as best I can, that is to say, from what I have personally seen.



STREET, MONTREAL

CHAPTER XXV.

MONTREAL, CANADA'S GREATEST CITY.

Montreal has a population of about 375,000, and is the greatest commercial city of Canada, situate on an island formed by the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers, and on the site of the ancient Indian village of Hochelaga, visited by Jacques Cartier in 1835. A trading post was established here by the French 250 years ago, and was yielded to the English in 1760. Atlantic Steamships of the Canadian Pacific, Allan, Dominion and other well known lines run from here. Montreal is also the chief railway centre of the Dominion, and to facilitate direct railway communication with the city, two magnificent bridges span the St. Lawrence. The Victoria Jubilee Bridge opened for traffic in 1860, by His Majesty King Edward the VII, then Prince of Wales, is a double track, steel, open-girder bridge, with carriage-ways and foot-walks on either side of the main trestles. It is over two miles long. The other bridge belongs to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, and is also a triumph of engineering. The harbour situated on the north side of the St. Lawrence, has ten miles of wharfage which is being constantly increased. Montreal is the great export centre of the continent for dairy produce, and its exports exceed those of New York in butter and cheese. The exports from this port for the year 1905 amounted to $59,411,270, the value of imports to $78,457,031. The Customs duty collected amounted to $11,591,656. Montreal's public and private buildings wear a look of stability, comfort and wealth, being built chiefly of limestone, and many of the private residences, University buildings and Churches are magnificent examples of architecture. One of the most important of these churches is the Roman Catholic Parish Church, situated on Notre Dame Street, facing Place d'Armes Square. It is a massive and impressive structure. The style is of a composite Gothic Order, combining different varieties of a severe French design. The vast auditorium holds 10,000 people, and the organ is reputed to be the finest on the continent. The towers are 228 feet high; in the western is hung the great bell, Le Gros Bourdon, the largest in Canada, weighing 28,780 lbs, it was cast in London in 1846. In the eastern tower are ten bells which require 18 men to ring them The Seminary adjoins the Church and here also is found a vast wealth of historical treasure, and from 1710 here also have been kept all the Registers, etc. The building, including the old stone wall, has seen practically no change since erected, 200 years ago. St. James' Cathedral (Roman Catholic) is situated on the eastern side of Dominion Square, designed to exceed in size and magnificence all others on the continent. It is built on the model, and one-third the size of St. Peter's at Rome. The foundations were commenced in 1870, and the structure completed 30 years later. It is built in the form of a cross, 330 feet long and 222 feet wide. The Dome is the great feature of the building and is seen from all parts of the city. The Church of Notre-Dame-de-Bonsecours, is historically, perhaps, the most important of Montreal's churches. It was so named to commemorate the many escapes of the colony from the Iroquois Indians. It was the first stone church in Montreal, the foundations being laid in 1857. Christ Church Cathedral (Anglican) is situated on St. Catherine Street, and is architecturally the finest Church edifice in the city. Built in 1859, the spire, which is entirely of stone, is 211 ft. high. The Presbyterians have over 20 churches in this city and some are handsome architectural structures. McGill University grounds lie at the foot of the slope of Mount Royal. Close to the grounds are situated the Royal Victoria College, the building of the Faculty of Comparative Medicine and Veterinary Science, the gymnasium and four affiliated colleges, Diocesan, Presbyterian, Wesleyan and Congregational. These modern buildings are magnificent in their architecture and unrivalled in their equipment. The princely munificence of Sir William McDonald, has erected and endowed the Physics building, and the Chemistry laboratories. It is said by experts that these are unsurpassed, not only on this continent, but in the world. In 1886, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, Chancellor of the University, endowed the Royal Victoria College for the instruction of women in the Arts Course; in addition to the endowment of one million dollars, he built the college at a cost of $300,000. Some of the buildings were destroyed by fire last year, but new ones have taken their place. McGill University is worthy of inspection and is truly a seat of learning. I had intended paying a visit to the surgical rooms, and was agreeably surprised when I met a doctor that I knew from the coast. He very kindly took me, at my request, through the immense operating chambers, where I found 40 tables with four students employed at each, and saw all that I wished to see. This was founded by the Hon. James McGill, 1744-1813. There are other Colleges and Universities too numerous to mention, also many public Institutions offering interest to strangers visiting the city. The hospitals bear witness that Canada is in the front rank of Surgical and Medical Science. The Royal Victoria Hospital was founded in the year 1887, in commemoration of the Jubilee of Her Majesty, the late Queen Victoria. The founders, Lord Mount Stephen and Lord Strathcona, each contributed one million dollars for its erection, equipment and endowment. The Grey Nunnery, so called from the dress of its community, was founded in 1692, when Louis XIV, of France, had granted the Bishop of Quebec power to establish General Hospitals. In a corner of the grounds is a red cross, which marks a murderer's grave. Montreal has many pleasure grounds, and its parks and squares are laid out with good taste. There are three large public parks, Mount Royal, St. Helen's Island and Parc Lafontaine. Mount Royal rises directly behind the city and is covered with thousands of beautiful trees. From the summit may be had a most charming panoramic view. Mount Royal is of volcanic origin, the crater is on the top of the hill, and there is a prophecy that one day, it will become active and bury Montreal in its ashes. It is 900 feet above the sea and 740 above the river; the portion set apart as a park contains 464 acres. On Victoria Square stands the beautiful bronze statue of Queen Victoria, from which the square is named. In the centre of the Place d'Armes stands a bronze statue of de Maisonneuve above a granite pedestal on which is inscribed "Paul de Chomedy de Maisonneuve, founder of Montreal, 1642." The Bank of Montreal is of interest, being the oldest in Canada, organized in 1817; it is a fine specimen of architecture. In Dalhousie Square the French laid down their arms to the British under General Amherst, in 1760. The Post Office and City Hall are massive buildings, the latter costing over half a million dollars. On the wall is the tablet, "To Jacques Cartier, celebrated Navigator of St. Malo, discovered Canada and named the St. Lawrence, 1534-1535." In Jacques Cartier Square, is a tall column surmounted by a statue of Lord Nelson, erected by public subscription in 1809. Adjoining this square is the famous Château de Ramezay, built about 1705 by Claude de Ramezay, Governor of Montreal in 1703. It was also the headquarters of the American army, 1775. Many other and important events are chronicled to have happened here. I hope I have not tried your patience, dear reader, but I think Canada's Commercial Capital, worthy of more praise than what I can bestow upon it. After having "seen" Montreal, I prepare to make the journey to Liverpool, also by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's Steamers.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE OCEAN VOYAGE AND THE CITY OF LIVERPOOL.

On Friday night, October 25th, 1907, I embark on the S. S. Lake Manitoba, which was due to sail early Saturday morning. The following, which is an extract from the steamer's log, will probably be of interest. "Saturday, October 26th, 1907, 5.30 a.m., all cargo and baggage aboard; 6.18 a.m., left berth at Montreal; 6.30 a.m., proceed at full speed down the river of St. Lawrence; 7.30 a.m., passed Bareenas; 9.40 a.m., passed Sorel. 10.35 a.m., entered Lake St. Peter; 2.20 p.m., passed Three Rivers; 3.5 p.m., passed Richelieu Rapids; 4.35 p.m., anchored off Pt. Augusta Bar, awaiting tide; 7 p.m., hove anchor and proceeded; 8.47 p.m., arrived at Quebec, took on passengers and exchanged pilots; 9.12 p.m., left Quebec and proceeded at full speed—light winds and fine cloudy weather. October 27th, 4.32 a.m., passed Cape Salmon; 9.23 a.m., passed Bic Island; 10.47 a.m., stopped off Farther Point to discharge pilot; 10.50 a.m., proceeded full speed, light winds, dull and overcast; 3.22 p.m., met S. S. Montcalm, who signalled, "no ice, clear weather;" 7.22 p.m., passed Martin river; midnight, dull and overcast with occasional snow. October 28th, 2.42 a.m., passed Frame Point; 6 a.m., sighted Anticosti; 11.51 a.m., passed Anticosti Light Vessel; moderate winds and fine clear weather; October 29th, 4.21 a.m., passed Rich Point, Newfoundland; 8.15 a.m., passed port Armour, Labrador; 1.48 p.m., passed Belle Isle, wind freshening to strong breeze, vessel pitching and shipping spray forward; midnight, moderate gale, with high beam sea, wind S.S.W.; October 30, noon fresh gale, shipping heavy seas fore and aft; 2.30 p.m., passed Allan Liner, Victoria, west-bound; 4 p.m., fresh gale and high sea with incessant rain and fore and aft sea; midnight, wind and sea moderating; occasional showers, wind, S.W.; October 31st, fresh wind, rough quarterly sea, frequent rain showers. 8 p.m. winds "haul" W.S.W., to W.N.W., and N., sky dull and overcast; November 1st, 4 a.m., freshening breeze, overcast, occasional snow flourish, wind following. November 2nd, strong following wind and sea; clear and cloudy weather."

To-day I wrote a letter, placing same in an airtight bottle and threw it overboard. It read as follows:—

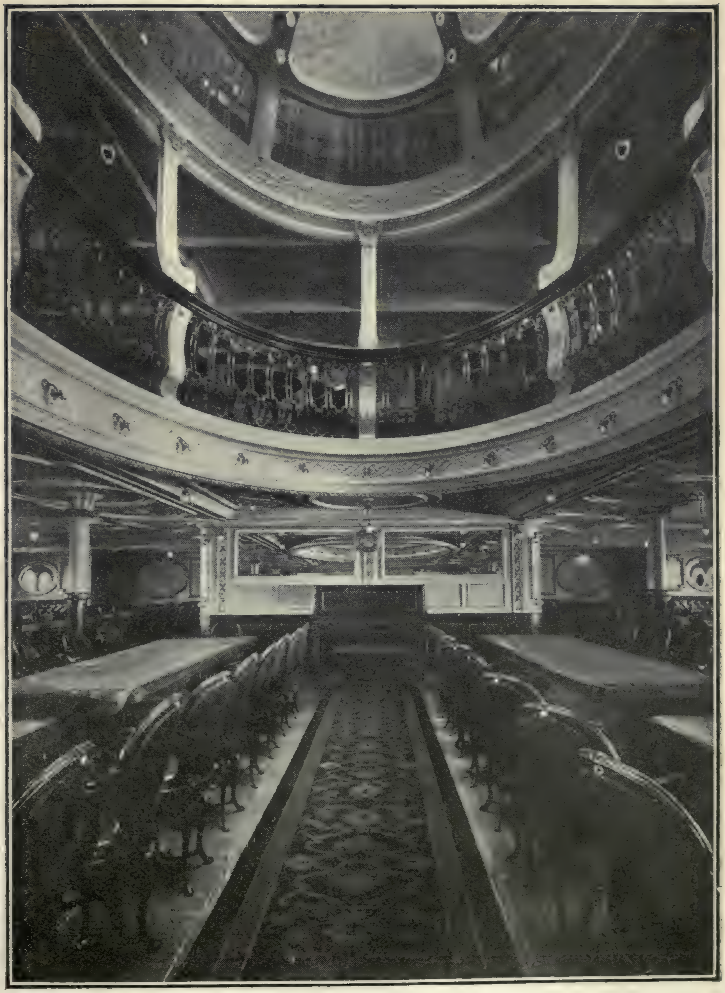
"On Board S. S. Lake Manitoba."

Saturday, November 2nd, 1907.

To the Finder Unknown;

In Latitude 56.24 N. Longitude 26.53 W.

My name is John Johnson, of Vancouver, British Columbia, on a tour to England, Norway and France, to obtain information for the completion of a book which I have written, entitled CHILDHOOD, TRAVEL, AND BRITISH COLUMBIA. I left



DINING SALOON "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN."

Vancouver on October 15th, at 3.20 p.m., arriving in Montreal on October 23rd, after a delightful trip across the continent. During the trip I visited many places of interest, including the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa and McGill College in Montreal, etc. Embarking on the S. S. Lake Manitoba, Friday night, October 26th. The passenger list consists of 31 saloon, 46 second and 198 steerage. There is quite a party from Vancouver, including Mrs. Gilbert Harrop, Mr. E. B. Hewitt, Mrs. E. Hughes, Mr. H. W. Liddle, Mrs. A. Siderfin, Mr. Wm. Trigg, Mr. Chas. A. Anthony, Mrs. Farrow and two children. I might say that Master Farrow, was took sick with scarlet fever on the 1st inst., and is now confined to the hospital. They also have a lunatic in the steerage. Weather has been fine, no ice-bergs. All well, expect to arrive in Liverpool, next Tuesday.

I would esteem it a favor if the finder would acknowledge to my Vancouver address, John Johnson, 621, Barnard Street, Vancouver, B.C. I had the pleasure of meeting Robert R. Roome, M.D., and family, of Minneapolis, U.S.A., and we spent many enjoyable hours together. He also has enclosed a letter in the same bottle.

List of Officers:—

Captain, G. C. Evans.
Chief Officer, V. Webster.
Chief Engineer, F. E. Hoor.
Purser, F. D. Fishwick.
Surgeon, R. R. Stitt, M. D.

Chief Steward, J. Baxter.

Trusting this will be found and answered.

I remain,
Sincerely,
JOHN JOHNSON."

"November 3rd, fresh following wind and sea. fine weather; 6.15 p.m., passed Allan Liner westbound; November 4th, strong quarterly wind and sea, dull weather; 8.34 p.m., passed Tory Island. November 5th, 12.35 a.m., passed Instruhull; 1.33 a.m., passed Chicken Rock, Isle of Man; 5.35 p.m., stopped off Bar Lightship for pilot; 6.33 p.m., arrived in Liverpool; 7.20 p.m., arrived alongside landing stage and passengers disembarked. Total distance, 2,640 miles in 9 days, 15 hours and 57 minutes."

I am now in Liverpool, and it being evening at once proceed to an hotel and after a good night's rest proceed to take in this city. Liverpool, the third city in the United Kingdom, is situate on the Mersey river in Lancashire, England; it has a very large traffic with America, and is about 201 miles from London. The great trade of the city has given rise to a magnificent system of docks, extending for 34 miles and covering 544 acres, which have nearly all been built since 1812. For the convenience of steamers there is a large floating landing stage 2,063 feet long, connected with the shore by seven bridges. The Town Hall, built in 1754; St. George's Hall, nearly 500 feet long, with its great organ; Custom House, Free Library, Museum of Natural History, Art Galleries and Botanical Gardens, are a few of the many interesting sights of the city. There are four Universities and Colleges, besides other schools of Art, Medicine and Law. There are eight parks and seven cemeteries. The foreign trade of Liverpool now is about one-third of the whole kingdom. There are large ship-building yards, brass foundries, engine works, tar and turpentine distilleries, rice and flour mills, tobacco, cigar and soap factories, etc. It was the leading port for the African Slave Trade as late as 1807; her ship owners had 185 vessels in the business, carrying 44,000 slaves. The population is about 700,000.

I now proceed to the Central Station at Liverpool, and take train for Hull. This would be about 6.30 p.m., and of course at this time of the year it is quite dark. After crossing England and passing through many large cities and manufacturing towns I arrived in Hull at 11 p.m., and drove to the old steamer "Montebello," as she is due to sail at early morn. On awaking on board next morning I found the ship already in motion, and while passing down the splendid docks the great shipping industry of this port is quite apparent. We are soon steaming down the river, and once more enter the North Sea, and pass the famous Spurn Light. The passage across was one of the most enjoyable, as regards weather and comfort, and once more we pass through the fleets of trawlers on the Banks, fishing night and day. Sunday night at 7 p.m. we arrive in Christiansand, where we discharge sundry cargo, and are enabled to spend two hours on *terra firma.*

Returning to the steamer, we are soon on the way to Christiana, and are tied up there on Monday morning at 8 o'clock. Even in November the Norwegian fjords give evidence of the beauty they exhibit in the summer time. I only stay a few hours in Christiana, and then proceed to Fredrikshald, my old home, where I receive a right royal welcome from my sister and friends.

Home seemed quite empty without my mother, whose happy face I had never before missed, and I was impatient until the next day, when my sister and I drove to the cemetery to decorate the graves of my father and mother, who lay side by side, with such flowers as were then obtainable. As we entered the gates and walked up the narrow path, and then stood where they lay, our feelings were too great for utterance, and but few words escaped us.

Jesus, these eyes have never seen
  That radiant form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
  Thy blessed face and mine.

I see Thee not; I hear Thee not,
  Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth has ne'er so dear a spot
  As where I meet with Thee.

Like some bright dream that comes unsought
  When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
  And charms my ravished soul.

Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

When death these mortal eyes shall seal
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal
All glorious as Thou art.

I naturally wished to see the preparations which this little town had made, during the expectation of trouble with Sweden two years ago, in the way of fortifications. Here is one of the strongest forts in Norway, and there are many other historic places to be seen here.

A friend of mine obtained permission for me to visit the museum with him, which was very interesting indeed. Here I saw specimens of the ancient weapons and defensive armour; also historic garments of bygone monarchs; also oil paintings representing Fredrikshald in 1658; portraits of the noted Anna, Calbjorn's daughter; Carl XII., Carl XIV etc.

The river was in course of being dredged, and, among the things found there I saw old cannon and cannon balls, supposed to have been on board Swedish vessels destroyed there when making attacks upon the city. They were marked with the year 1614. Extracts from newspapers will explain the position of affairs at the time referred to above, viz., 1905.

“NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

“Long drawn out Quarrel may result in War.

“Regent is disposed to bring matters to an issue.

“There is grave danger that the long-drawn-out quarrel between Norway and Sweden over a separate consular system for Norway, may disrupt the bond of union between the two countries. Both countries have for the last five years been preparing for the conflict, making extraordinary army preparations, and now that King Oscar of Sweden has appointed his eldest son, Crown Prince Gustav, as Regent, war seems inevitable, as the latter has always been for forcing Norway to retain the present system by remaining in the union.

“The Crown Prince Gustav is understood to have a secret understanding with Emperor William, which would bring Germany into the threatened conflict, and such an interference is regarded as likely to result in all Europe becoming involved. A short time ago, Crown Prince Gustav said, in a public speech, that he would like nothing better than to lead a Swedish army into Norway and force the Norwegians to remain in the union. His appointment as Regent in the face of these recently expressed sentiments, may, therefore, be taken as a sign of a coming war.

“The retirement of the venerable King Oscar II. of Sweden and Norway at this particular time removes from the arena of international politics the man who has been called the ablest ruler of the age, and who has certainly been the most democratic king that ever lived. As referee in international complications, he has had an importance in world politics out of all proportion to the rank of his kingdom, and at home he has ruled with the greatest tact and diplomacy.

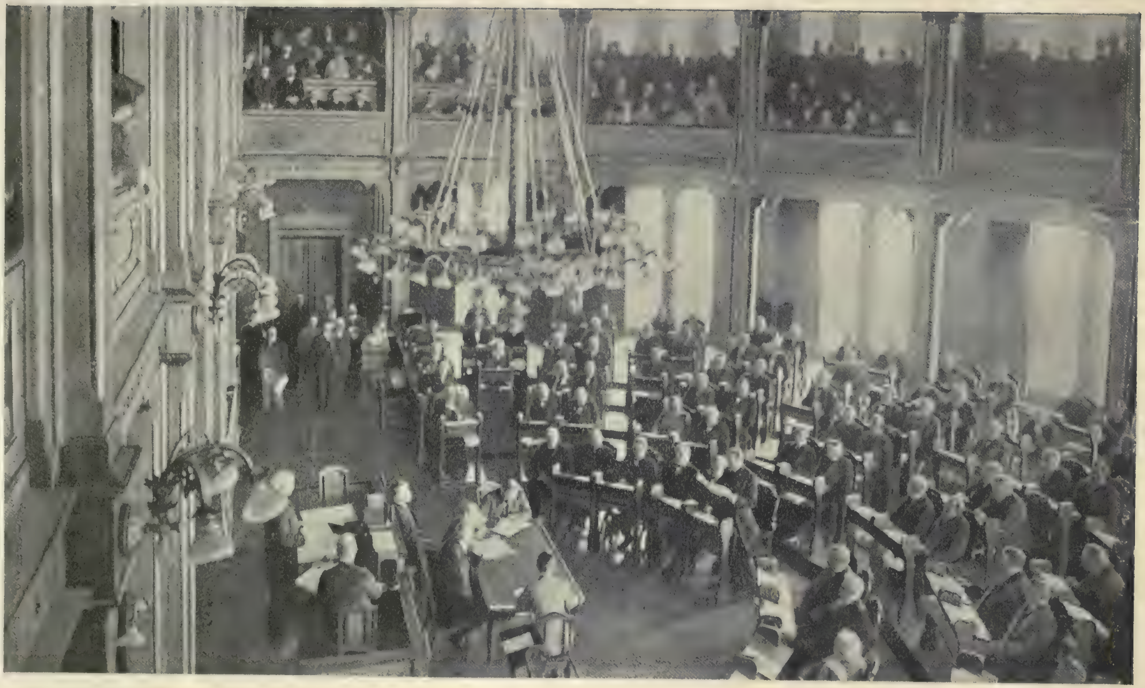
For years King Oscar has been regarded by all nations as the proper man for them to apply to, to decide points of international law, and his decisions have always been accepted. With all his ability in this direction, he has, however, been unable to firmly weld together his own two kingdoms, and now, at the moment when they are more ready than ever to fly at each other's throats, he has given up the task to his eldest son, who seems determined to bring on a war between Norway and Sweden, and thus settle the matter for once and for all by force of arms.

Norway was, for 400 years, until 1814, joined by an Act of Union to Denmark, and had for over 500 years before that been a sovereign kingdom. Therefore, when it was, in 1814, ceded to Sweden by the Danish King Frederick VI., the Norwegians repudiated the terms of the cession, and a short war took place, ending in the defeat of the Norwegians. A Bond of Union was drawn up, however, under which Norway was to be 'a free, independent and indivisible kingdom, united with Sweden under one king.'

Over and over again attempts have been made to amend this Act of Union, but it has remained intact. Norway has always successfully resented Swedish attempts to meddle in Norwegian affairs, and, except that there is one King, and a combined Consular Service, the two Kingdoms have nothing in common. They have separate and distinct Constitutions and Cabinets, armies, navies and flags, and a subject of either country is a foreigner in the other. They have been for 70 years quarrelling over the question of separate diplomatic services, and the issue to-day is more grave than ever before.

Nothing was settled in the Act of Union of 1814 as to diplomatic intercourse, and the Swedish Diplomatic Service has always resented Norway. For some years past there has been friction between Norway and Sweden, because few Norwegians were appointed to foreign posts, and because the Swedish Minister of Foreign Affairs could not be held responsible by Norway. Three years ago committees were appointed by each country to consider the Diplomatic Service question, but they were unable to agree. The result has been the growth of a sentiment in Norway favourable to separation from Sweden.

"A few days ago Premier Hagerup, of Norway, addressing the Strothing at Christiana, said that he regretted that the negotiations between Sweden and Norway had failed. The situation, he added, was very serious. The present condition could not be continued without endangering the relations between the two countries. Norway must therefore make provision for taking up the national and international



NORWEGIAN STORTHING DECIDES ON SEPARATION: HISTORIC SCENES.

UNIONENS OPLOSNING: STORTHINGSMODET 7, JUNI 1905.

position to which she is entitled as a sovereign state. If this could not be achieved within the terms of the existing treaty of union, new forms for the co-operation of the nations must be considered. These troubles have prompted the aged King to turn over the reigns of Government to his son.

"Prince Gustav has been temporary Regent twice since 1900, during periods when the King was dangerously ill. His mother was Princess Sophia of Nassau, and he is one of four sons. Although Gustav has hardly shown his hand as yet, it is thought that he is less Liberal than his father. In 1901 Oscar granted the Liberal demands which Gustav opposed. Sweden has an area of 172,876 square miles, and a population of 5,200,000. Her army numbers 250,000 men, while her navy represents 38 war vessels.

"Norway in area has 124,128 square miles, and has a population of 2,250,000. The war footing of her army represents 80,000 men, with a navy of 16 war vessels."—April 16th, 1905.

"SWEDEN GIVES IN TO NORWAY:

"Withdraws its demands for the Reduction of the Fortresses. At least so Dr. Nansen interprets Karlstad story. Peace Impossible unless Norway's Irreducible Minimum is Granted."

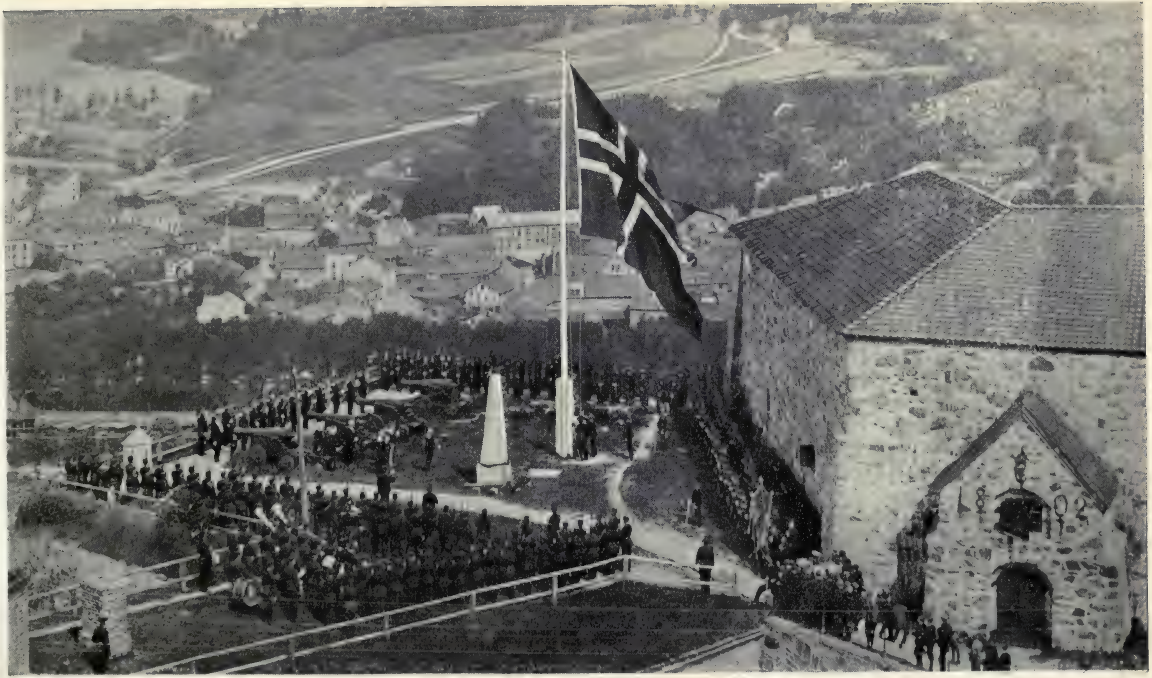
"From an authoritative source at Karlstad, the Verisgang learns that the negotiations have taken such a turn that it is now possible, with full confidence, to foreshadow a peaceful settlement of the disputed questions that have hitherto separated the negotiators. 'This is what I expected,' said Dr. Nansen, when shown the foregoing despatch announcing the practical settlement of the Swedish-Norwegian differences. Dr. Nansen continued:—

"'It can only mean that Sweden has acceded to our irreducible minimum, namely, the retention of the Frederiksten and Kongsvinger forts in their present state and the demolition of the frontier fortresses only after Sweden has formally entered into an arbitration treaty covering future differences. I am without definite advices, but it is my impression that Norway will not remove a single gun or a single stone from the frontier fortresses unless the arbitration treaty has actually been signed.

"'A settlement has apparently been refused on the basis of an exchange of promises. Our willingness to rase our frontier fortifications, however, rests entirely upon the security that arbitration would afford. So we will not fulfil our promises to rase them until the security bond has been sealed and delivered.

"'Recognition by the Powers will be delayed only until we have mapped out our future form of Government. The decision in this matter will probably be left to the people, after the fashion of last month's referendum. I think they will vote to adhere to the monarchial form.'"—September 16th, 1906.

After remaining home a fortnight I returned to Christiana, and paid a visit to Holmenkollen, a great tourist hotel, built on high land rising directly above

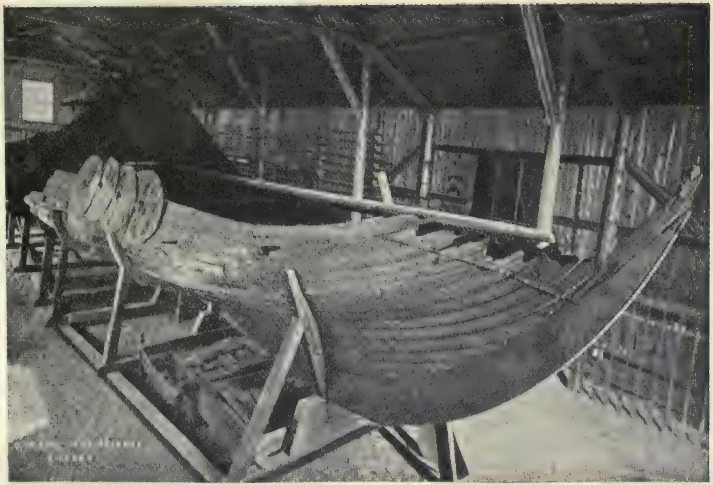


HOISTING NORWEGIAN FLAG, JUNE 9th, 1905.

the city. From this a magnificent view is obtainable. The National Museum is of great interest, as, in addition to the ancient sculpture and other works of art, there are to be seen the world-famed Viking ships, found only a few years ago, but dating from the 9th to 11th centuries. They were the old war vessels of the ancient kings of Norway.

Near a small town on the Christiana fjord, a large mound existed known as the King's Mound, where, according to tradition, a former king had been buried with all his treasure. The inhabitants determined to examine it and commenced to dig there in 1880. They were prevented from carrying out their investigations by the Antiquarian Society, who wished to examine it with extra care, and scientifically. It was soon discovered that someone had been buried in the ship, but it had already been robbed of all valuables which may have been buried there. The ship was wonderfully well preserved owing to having been banked up with clay. The parts not so protected had utterly decayed. Among other things, beside the actual tomb, were remnants of the bedstead on which the body had lain, portions of canvas, rigging and mast, and the oars and steering gear, it being worked both by oars and a large square sail. In a short time the vessel was conveyed to Christiana, and finally to this museum, where it excites the greatest interest. Its length is 76ft., and beam, amidships, about 16ft. The carving on the sternpost was exceedingly well done, equal to anything the experts of to-day can accomplish. In a glass case near the ship are the bones of the Viking chief, from which it appears that he was a tall and well-built man. The bones of his dogs and of the horses, supposed to have been employed in dragging the vessel to its position, were also found. Inside the vessel were the remains of a peacock, part of the spoil, no doubt, of one of his adventurous voyages.

I remained in Christiana for about a week, and then recrossed the North Sea for Hull. Arriving in England once more, we proceeded to London, thence on to Newhaven, and embarked on the S.S. "Tamise" for Dieppe, where we arrived after a very rough passage. After our baggage was examined, we took train for Paris, where I endeavoured to "see" that noted city. An account of my sight-seeing you will find in my next chapter.



A FAMOUS VIKING SHIP.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE CITY OF PARIS, FRANCE.

I am afraid, dear reader, that it will take an abler pen than mine to describe this gay and fashionable city, but with your kind indulgence I will review some of the most important and interesting points which came under my notice. The first place I visited was the Opera House, which is the largest theatre in the world, covering an area of three acres. Between four and five hundred houses were demolished to provide the site, which cost over two million dollars. The building was commenced in 1861 and finished in 1874, at a cost of seven and a half million dollars. Nearly every country in Europe has contributed materials for its construction, which is seen to advantage during the evening by electric light. It will seat over 15,000. Next in order of importance is the Louvre, the museum of which comprises in its vast galleries the richest collections in the entire world. The foundation of the present building was laid by Francis I. Passing through the ground floor many statues are seen, including one, Salle de la Melpoméne, one of the largest known hewn from a single block; also ancient Roman and Grecian works. Ascending to the second floor I entered the room were Napoleon was married to Marie Louise of Austria. In the centre stands a case containing the crown diamonds.

It contains, I should say, what remains of them, part having been sold in 1887. One diamond known as the "Regent" is said to be worth twelve million francs, or over two and a half million dollars; the sword of Napoleon I. set with diamonds, and the crown of Louis XV. By means of a mechanical arrangement this case is lowered into its pedestal which forms a strong box for it. Continuing, I enter the picture galleries. Here one may spend a week and be amply rewarded for the time spent. There is truly a wonderful collection, a few of which appeal to me as studies: "The Meal at Simon the Pharisee's," "The Interior of St. Peter's at Rome," "The Marriage at Cana," a copy of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," and "The Death of Queen Elizabeth of England." I would like to dwell upon these subjects more, but have not space within these pages. I also paid a visit to Notre Dame, Cathedral of the Archbishopric of Paris, founded in 1163, on the site of a church of the fourth century. The west front is surmounted by two square towers, dating from the 13th century, and has much carving, but suffered much during the First Revolution. The church is 425 feet long and 157 feet broad. The towers rise to a height of 266 feet; the façade consists of three stories. On the gallery above the great rose window are niches containing 28 statues of the Kings of France. Above the Kings are statues of Adam and Eve, and the Virgin being worshipped by angels. The interior of the church is also interesting, the organ being remarkably fine, opened in 1868, on the 7th of May.

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS.

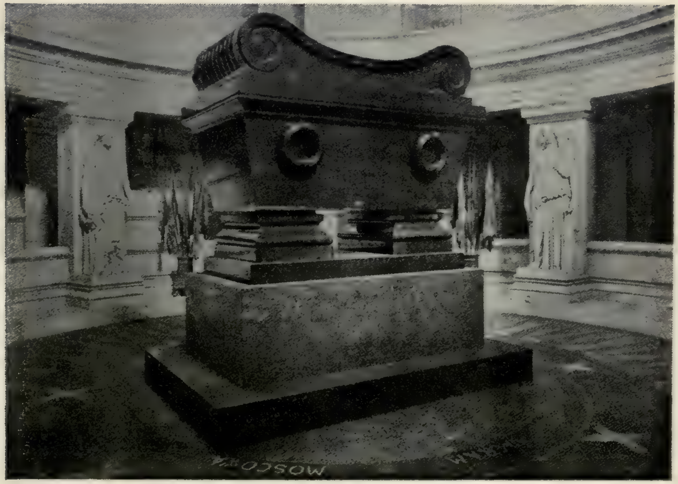
It contains 86 stops and 6,000 pipes, and is one of the finest in France. Paris is noted for her many Squares, in which invariably are found statues and monuments of historical interest. In Place Vendôme is the Colonne Vendôme, begun in 1806. It was cast with the bronze obtained by melting down 1,200 cannon taken from the enemy and erected in 1810 to commemorate the victories of the French Armies. It is 144 feet in height and 13 in diameter. On the top is a statue of Napoleon I. in the costume of a Roman Emperor. Place de la Concorde is the finest in Paris, and indeed in Europe. It is beautifully situated. From the centre can be seen many interesting places, including the Arc de Triomphe, the Madeleine, the Palace of the Louvre, the French House of Commons, and many other fine public buildings. The site has a tragic history; it was here that Louis XVI. with Marie Antoinette met their death by the guillotine. Between January of 1793 and May, 1795, upwards of 2,000 persons were decapitated here. A visitor should make it a point to see this Place de la Concorde by night, as it is generally beautifully illuminated. There are eight great historic statues in this square, and of these the one in the north-east corner is draped in black. At night the others blaze with light, but this one remains shrouded in darkness. It represents the City of Strasburg, the city now held by the Germans, and its drapery by day and its gloom by night are constant reminders that the city it represents is in the hands of an enemy, and France cannot rest till Strasburg has been recovered from the despoiler. Paris is gay and apparently thoughtless, coming and going across the great square, yet someone in the throng looks upon the dark group and shrugging his shoulders passes on. The Frenchman does not forget. The Grand Boulevards of Paris are worthy of mention. These splendid lines of streets extend on the north along the Seine River, and are always crowded with pleasure seekers and a busy throng. They were the original line of the fortifications of the city. The Avenue de l'Opéra is the greatest of the modern improvements of Paris. It is over three-quarters of a mile in length and was previously covered by innumerable small streets, but has now contributed the finishing touch to the approaches to the Opera House. It is illuminated from one end to the other with electric light, and its superb buildings are seen to advantage. The Avenue des Champs-Elysées is the natural continuation of the Grand Boulevards, but is a promenade of quite another sort. It is not the rendezvous of the world at large, but rather that of the elegant sort. It is a very interesting and picturesque drive through this wonderful Avenue. At the end we come to the Arc de Triomphe, began by the Emperor Napoleon I., in 1806, to commemorate the glories of the French Armies. It cost about two million dollars. Each stone tells of a victory, each name given on it recalls a hero. It suffered a lot during the Commune, having received an average of 98 projectiles daily for three whole weeks. It has been completely restored. Ten avenues lead up to this beautiful arch. The

ARC DE TRIOMPHE.

body of Victor Hugo lay in state under this arch during the day and night of 31st May, 1885. From here it is not far to the Eiffel Tower, which, constructed entirely of iron, rises to a height of 984 feet. It is the loftiest structure in the world; platforms divide it into three parts called first, second and third floors. At the top is a beacon which projects at night an electric search-light. One can readily imagine the magnificence of the view which is obtainable from the top of this lofty structure—it is almost beyond pen to describe, mine at least. Elevators are run to the different floors and a small charge is made to ascend. Restaurants, cafés, theatre and shops are to be found on the Tower. Next I visit the Church of the Invalides, built in 1706, and in which is placed the tomb of Napoleon I. The tomb is formed of a single block of red granite occupying the centre of a sombre portion of the church. Over the door is the inscription from the Emperor's will, in French, but here translated: "I wish my ashes to rest on the borders of the Seine, in the midst of the people I have loved so much." On each side of the tomb rises a large statue in bronze, one bearing the imperial sceptre, the other the emblems of civil and military authority. La Madeleine, in the Place of the same name, is also a church of great interest; of majestic aspect and built in the Greek style on the model of the Temple of Jupiter at Athens, and almost of the same proportions. It is approached by a flight of 28 large steps. On the large bronze doors are illustrations of the Ten Commandments. The first stone of this building was laid by Louis XV, in 1764, and it was not completed until 1843 and was dedicated to Saint Mary Magdalen. The interior is resplendent with marble and gilding. In one of the chapels is a group representing Mary Magdalen at the feet of Christ, and historical personages from Saint Louis to Napoleon I, all by Ziegler. These latter paintings are on the ceiling. Another interesting one is that by Rude, representing the Baptism of Christ.

These few days in Paris I consider have been well spent, and I prepare to take my departure from the Gare St. Lazare, the principal station, which I notice has no fewer than 26 platforms. It is an interesting sight to see the crowds coming and going. However, I am soon on the train and speeding to Dieppe, where I embark on the S.S. "Tamise" to cross the English Channel, and after a very pleasant trip across, arrived safely in Newhaven. The steamship accommodation is all that could be desired for so short a trip, and the boats are very fast, making the trip in less than four hours. After having our luggage examined we stepped upon the train, and in a short time are in London (Victoria Station) again. It feels good to hear the good old language on all sides once more.

PALAIS DU LUXEMBOURG.



TOMB OF NAPOLEON I.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LONDON, THE METROPOLIS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

I have been in London several times before, but have never tried to describe it. This would be impossible, as the subject is too immense, for after weeks of sight-seeing, when it seems that every place of interest had been visited, you find that only the very fringe has been touched. As Goldwin-Smith says, "London is not a city, but a province of brick and stone."

I will endeavour to notice a few of the most interesting places visited by me.

The most populous city in the world and capital of the British Empire is situated on the Thames River, about 60 miles from its mouth. The old city of London was surrounded by a wall, built in the 4th century, and covered about 380 acres. In 1760 this wall and gates were torn down, and the streets were lighted for the first time.

The Thames flows through the city and is crossed by several bridges, Waterloo, London Bridge, Vauxhall and Westminster Bridge being some of the best known. There are several tunnels under the river and embankments on both sides forming wide roadways.

There are many large Parks:—Hyde Park, in which is erected the Albert Memorial, the finest modern monument, with marble groups, etc., and 169 sculptured portraits of great poets and artists; Regent's Park has the finest Zoological Gardens in the world; St. James's Park, with Buckingham Palace, is always a place of interest; Green Park, with the statues of Wellington, Victoria, and Alexandra, are a few of the best known. There are a number of Botanical Gardens such as Kensington and Kew. There are also numerous squares, among them Lincoln's Inn Fields, Trafalgar Square, with Nelson's Monument; Belgrave and Grosvenor Squares.

The Parliament buildings cover eight acres and have 1,100 rooms. The cellars are searched two hours before the sovereign arrives to open Parliament, and have been for hundreds of years.

St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey are the best known of the more than 2,000 churches in London. St. Paul's Cathedral stands on the site of the old church which was burned in 1666, and was rebuilt, and finished in 1715. Its dome is one of the largest in the world, and its bell is 10 feet across. The tombs of Wellington and Nelson are here

The annals of Westminster Abbey reach back to the seventh century. It is in the city of Westminster, which is now a part of London. On an island formed by a branch of the Thames, Sebert, King of the East Saxons, built a church in the seventh century, which was replaced, it is thought, by an abbey called Westminster, to distinguish it from St. Paul's or Eastminster. The first stone building on the site was built by Edward the Confessor, of which the Pyx House is a remnant. The present Abbey was mostly built by Henry III., beginning in 1220 with a chapel. The west front with its great window was the work of Richard III. and Henry VII. The last also built the chapel called by his name. The two towers were added by Sir Christopher Wren. The building is a cross, 511 feet long. It was used as the burying-place of the English Kings, and is crowded with monuments. The shrine of Edward the Confessor was built by Henry III.; the tombs of Edward I., Henry III., Henry V., Edward III., and of most of the sovereigns from Henry VII. to George III. are within the walls. There are besides two coronation chairs, one enclosing the stone brought by Edward I. from Scone, on which the Scottish Kings were crowned. The most interesting part of the Abbey is the "Poets' Corner," on the east aisle of the south transept, where are memorials of the great British poets, among them Chaucer, Dryden, Milton, Gray, Shakespeare, Addison, Thomson, Tennyson, and the American poet, Longfellow. The monuments of Pitt, Fox, Chatham, Canning, and Wilberforce, and of the great inventors, Talford, Watt and Stephenson, are in other parts of the building.

The Tower of London is the only fortress in the city and has barracks for several thousand soldiers. It contains the royal jewels and many points of historic interest.

The Bank of England was established in the year 1694, by a Scotchman named Patterson. It is the most thoroughly organized and best managed bank in the world; its capital and reserve is over ninety million dollars. I noticed one feature, as I had occasion to enter it, that the gold was all weighed out, on account of the shortness in weight of some of the older coins. Their mode of putting the money away at night for safe keeping is very peculiar. I was informed that it was operated somewhat after the manner of a large gas tank, which is lowered into and out of water when required.

The British Museum is a great national institution in Great Russell Street. It was opened in 1759, and is constantly growing in size and value. The present building was erected at the expense of several millions.. There are eleven departments, the largest being that of printed books, which contain upwards of two million books, and many are old and rare. In the collection are libraries of several English Kings and great Englishmen, and books in all languages. The Reading-room is under the vast dome, which is larger than St. Peter's; it has over 6,000 readers daily. The department of maps and manuscripts is very valuable. That of prints and drawings contains works of great masters, such as the drawings of Michael Angelo, Raphael, etc. One of the finest branches of the Museum is the department of Greek and Roman antiquities; here are fine collections of the sculptures of Athens and Attica. The Natural History Museum at South Kensington is a branch of the British Museum, making it one of the finest institutions of its kind in the world.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

At the close of the Great Exhibition of 1851 in Hyde Park, it was decided that the unique building, designed by Joseph Paxton—the first example of a new and striking style of architecture—should rise again in increased grandeur and beauty to form a palace, where at all times, protected from climate, healthful exercises and recreation should be easily attainable; and in which there should be art collections of a high standard. The building was accordingly transferred to its present site at Sydenham. It consisted, previous to the fire in 1866, when the north transept was destroyed, of a grand central nave, two side aisles, two main galleries, three transepts and two wings; the whole length of the main building being 1,608 feet, and the wings 574 feet each, making a length of 2,756 feet, which, with 720 feet in the colonnade, leading from the Low Level railway station, to the wings, gives a total length of 3,477 feet, or nearly three-quarters of a mile of ground, covered with a transparent roof of glass. The visitor on entering the Palace should make his way at once to the central transept, the arched roof of which rises 175 feet in height from the floor. The western end of this transept is occupied by the great Orchestra, capable of accommodating nearly 4,000 performers, which was erected for the great Triennial Handel Festivals, but which is frequently used for other musical festivals and celebrations. In the centre of the Orchestra is the grand organ; it contains 4,568 speaking pipes. At the eastern end are the apartments used by the members of the Royal Family when visiting the Palace. At the south side is the Concert Room, capable of seating 3,000 persons. To the north is the theatre in which 2,000 spectators can be comfortably seated. Continuing through the the Palace there are rare specimens of architecture and sculpture. There are numerous courts, such as the Greek, Egyptian, Mediæval, Roman, Alhambra, English (ancient), Italian, Pompeian, etc. To view the celebrated Crystal Fountain, one should make a point. The Picture Gallery is filled with a collection of oil paintings and water-colour drawings, by eminent British and foreign artists. Continuing our walk we must not omit the Great Clock the dial of which is 40 feet in diameter and the minute hand 19 feet long. The Park and Gardens are also very beautiful and the lakes which are devoted to boating and aquatic sports. There are also grounds for each and every kind of sports. Let me conclude by mentioning the two water towers, situate one at each end of the building. The extreme height of these from the ground is 282 feet and they are very beautiful to behold.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

Trafalgar Square is one of the finest open places in London and a great centre of attraction. In it is the celebrated Corinthian column erected to the memory of Lord Nelson. It is 176½ feet high, surmounted by a bronze statue of the hero, and the pedestal is decorated with bronze sculptures in high relief, and the base with four bronze lions by Landseer.

Appended is a description of Lord Nelson's victory and death at Trafalgar. It will be of interest to know that a tableau, vividly portraying the latter, is to be seen at Madame Tussaud's, where life-like figures of the principal actors, Mr. Burke, Mr. Chevallier, Dr. Beatty, Capt. Hardy, and Rev. Dr. Scott, also of a sailor holding a lantern, are reproduced.

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

On October 21, 1805, the British Fleet, under Lord Nelson, met the combined fleets of France and Spain, off Cape Trafalgar, in the battle of the same name. The British had 31 vessels, while the French and Spaniards numbered 38. The British captured 19 ships of the enemy. As Nelson bore down on the French, he hoisted the famous signal, "England expects this day every man will do his duty." It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing on the "Redoubtable," supposing she had struck because her guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship he received his death wound. A ball fired from her mizzen top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder. He fell upon his face on the spot. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raise him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not," cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied "my back-bone is shot through." Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately. Then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed those badges of honour from the enemy, England perhaps would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the Battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived upon examination that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Capt. Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself, being certain from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momently within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him and attend to those to whom he might be useful; "for," said he, "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the "Victory" hurrahed, and at each hurrah a visible expression gleamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him. and repeatedly cried, "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!" An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence, Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublime moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well," replied Hardy, "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked and show an intention to bear down upon the 'Victory.' I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." "I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?" Hardy answered, "There is no fear of that." Then and not till then did Nelson speak of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he. "I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon." When Dr. Beatty enquired whether his pain was very great, he replied "So great, that I wish I were dead—yet," he added in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too!" Captain Hardy, who had been absent for some time, returned, and again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. He then told Hardy to anchor. In a short time he said to Hardy in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard." He desired that he might be buried beside his parents, unless it should please the King to order otherwise. Then reverting to private feelings, "Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek, and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied; Thank God, I have done my duty!" Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment, then knelt down and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson, and being informed, he replied "God bless you, Hardy," and was once more heard to murmur "Thank God, I have done my duty," and then expired.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

The next place of interest to mention is the famous Art Gallery called the "National." Ruskin says, "Without question the most important collection in Europe." Among the more valuable pictures are those purchased by the nation. A few may be mentioned and their cost. "The Ansidei Madonna," Raphael, £70,000; "Charles I.," Van Dyck, £17,500; "Family of Darius," Veronese, £13,650; "Mercury, Venus and Cupid," and "Ecce Homo," both by Correggio, £11,500; "The Two Ambassadors," Holbein, and "An Italian Nobleman," Moroni, £55,000; "A Burgomaster" and "An Old Lady," Rembrandt, £15,050; "Portrait of Ariosto," Titian, £30,000, and many others.

"Ecce Homo!" was the one that affected me most. It depicts the coming forth of Jesus from Pilate's bar, wearing the crown of thorns and the purple robe, and with bound hands, held forward, as if to say. "I suffered this for you." The expression of painful sorrow, rather than of agony from His recent scourging, is depicted on His countenance. The Virgin is supporting herself by clinging to the balustrade in front of Him and reaching up with difficulty to gaze into His face. Poignant anguish and motherly worship are depicted in her countenance. She has to be partly supported by Mary Magdalene. A Roman soldier stands by, rough and uncouth, but giving evidence of his pity for the suffering and innocent Saviour. In the rear is Pilate, self satisfied and smug, as having "washed his hands" of the affair. with the words upon his lips—"Behold the Man!" ("Ecce Homo!")

Other personally impressive pictures were: "The Procession to Calvary," Boccaccio; "The Light of the World," Bordone, depicting the Saviour holding in His hand a roll inscribed with the words "Ecce, sum lux mundi" (Lo! I am the Light of the World); "Christ's agony in the Garden." Bellini; "The Virgin and Child," Perugino, also appealed to me very strongly. and a vast number of others so numerous and so entrancing that time and space fail even to name them.

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

At the time of writing. this famous hospital contained 610 children, who are retained until 15 or 16 years of age and then placed out to trades or service. Formerly, children were deposited in a basket and the bell rung to call the attention of the officials. This course led to such grave abuses that the method of admission has been altered. Now, the children are admitted only on the personal application of the mothers. On the front of the building is an inscribed tablet. The following is the wording:—"Captain Thomas Coram, whose name will never want a monument so long as this hospital shall exist, was born in the year 1668. A man most eminent in that most eminent virtue, the love of mankind. Little attentive to his private fortune, and refusing many opportunities of increasing it, his time and thoughts were continually employed in the endeavour to promote public happiness both in this kingdom and elsewhere, particularly in the colonies of North America, and his endeavours were many times crowned with deserved success. His unwearied solicitation for seventeen years together, which would have baffled the patience and industry of any man less zealous in doing good, and his application to persons of distinction of both sexes obtained at length the charter of the incorporation, bearing date the 17th of October, 1739, for the maintenance and education of exposed and deserted young children, by which many thousands of lives may be preserved to the public, and employed in a frugal and honest course of industry. He died the 20th of March, 1751, in the 84th year of his age; poor in worldly estate, rich in good works, and was buried, at his own desire, in the vault underneath this chapel (the first therein deposited) at the east end thereof; many of the governors and other gentlemen attending the funeral to do honour to his memory. Reader—thy actions will show whether thou art sincere in the praises thou may'st bestow on him; and if thou hast virtue enough to commend his virtues, forget not to add also the imitation of them."

I had the pleasure of attending Divine Service in the chapel on Sunday morning, and it was a pretty sight to see the boys and girls march in and arrange themselves in tiers according to their respective height, small ones in front. They were dressed uniformly and their attention to their drill was excellent, rising and sitting down with perfect regularity.

SPURGEON'S ORPHANAGE.

This institution is at Stockwell, and is a beautiful place, and the boys and girls, to some of whom I had the opportunity of speaking, seem to be very bright and happy. Many of them have never known father or mother, so that the words "He will be a Father to the fatherless" appeal to one. I noticed many carriages going to and fro, and found that some of them did so for the purpose of selecting children for adoption, or as aids in the household. Others brought ladies and gentlemen to visit the children, and others packages of clothing, etc., for their use.

THE CITY TRAVELLING.

In going to the last mentioned place, I made use of the underground electric railway, which passes through a tube, and even under the bed of the river Thames. The greatest part, by far, of the city travelling is done by these railways, and they not only cross the city but also circle around it completely more than once. There are also railroads on the street level in some parts, and in others they run along viaducts or trestles at great height. Many 'buses are driven by petrol engines, and tram cars are constantly on the run. These have two floors, and one of the best ways of seeing London is to take a place on the roof of one of these and to view the city from above, and without the inconvenience of being hustled by the crowd. In this way many miles may be traversed in all directions.

I would like to refer to an incident that occurred when visiting the East London Ragged School one Sunday. A supporter of the School introduced me to the Superintendent, who asked if I would take charge of a large class which had no teacher, and I did so. This consisted of scholars from 12 to 17 years of age, and there were many of them not even able to spell their own names. It is evident that a good work is being done there, and also that there is need for increased help in that direction.

My short and disjointed references to London will be excused, I hope, as it is too large a subject for the space at my command.

While in London I heard that my old captain, C. C. Couves, with whom I sailed in the "Dorset," was still alive, and living in Penarth, South Wales. I wrote him, and he expressed a desire to see me, so I made a journey down and was heartily welcomed by him. It was almost like the "Prodigal's Return,"

CAPT. THOS. F. GATES.

so delighted were both to meet again. He has been living in this pretty little seaside town for more than twenty years and is most highly esteemed by all who know him. He is just as active in doing good as ever he was, and is connected with many benevolent and religious institutions of the town.

Through him I heard of the whereabouts of one of our apprentices on board the "Dorset," T. F. Gates, and had the pleasure of renewing his acquaintance. The following extract from the New York "Shipping Illustrated" will be of interest:—

"CAPTAIN THOMAS F. GATES,

"Master of the Atlantic Transport Steamship 'Minneapolis' and a well-known Trans-Atlantic Commander.

"It is with pleasure that 'Shipping Illustrated' presents to its readers the interesting sketch of our this week's 'Headlight,' the popular commander of the Atlantic Tansport liner steamship 'Minneapolis.' Capt. Thomas F. Gates was born at Bury St. Edmunds, in the County of Suffolk, England, in 1863. He left school in 1878, and, intending from the outset to devote his life to the sea, was apprenticed for five years on the sailing ship "Dorset" of London, trading around Cape Horn and between China and Vancouver. This early and vigorous training in the art of seamanship proved of great assistance to him in succeeding years. In 1883 he entered steam and as third mate of the steamship 'Surrey,' belonging to Hooper-Murrell and Williams, the pioneers of the

Atlantic Transport Line, made several voyages, being in that vessel until she was wrecked off the Scilly Islands on December 17th, 1885. No lives were lost. He had charge of one of the crowded boats and spent a whole night with a heavy sea running and the weather bitterly cold, and by his skill landed his passengers safely. After making a few trips in the old African Royal Mail Co., trading to the west coast of Africa, he rejoined the Atlantic Transport Line in 1887, as chief officer of the steamship 'Missouri' and was promoted to be captain of that famous vessel in November, 1889. Capt. H. Murrell was master and Gates chief officer when on April 6, 1888, in mid-ocean, they fell in with the Danish emigrant steamer 'Danmark' disabled and in a sinking condition. From her 735 people were rescued, including 20 babies under 12 months, and a baby was born in the chief officer's berth the same night, being christened on board the 'Missouri,' with the names Atlanta Missouri Lenne. This rescue, one of the greatest in the annals of Atlantic travel, was made the subject of a historical picture entitled 'Every Soul Was Saved.' For the part that Capt. Gates took in the saving of life he was rewarded with gold medals presented by the cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore; he also received a gold watch and a purse of gold from the Lord Mayor of London. Capt. Gates has in turn successively commanded most of the vessels of the Atlantic Transport fleet, and is now master of the 'Minneapolis.' Capt. Gates rescued the crew of the Dundee bark 'Lady Gertrude,' which he fell in with

VIEW OF PENARTH BEACH.

in a sinking condition, also the Norwegian bark 'Persia,' the King of Sweden presenting him with a handsome pair of binoculars for this service. Besides rescuing the crews of the two sailing ships, Capt. Gates has to his credit the towing of two valuable disabled steamers, the 'Greenville' and the 'Rialto.' During the late unpleasantness with Spain, Capt. Gates made several trips, trooping with the steamship 'Manitoba,' and brought home Roosevelt's Rough Riders to Montauk Point. Although a strict disciplinarian on his ship, the crew, officers and men, from chief engineer to the baker's boy, respect and like him. He is a man of iron nerve, full of resource, and inspires one with confidence. His particular hobby is painting in water colours and, strange to relate, his taste lies in landscapes and portraits, rather than in nautical subjects. His works have received praise and favourable comment from academicians and artists of note. Capt. Gates is a home-loving and God-fearing man."

While at Penarth I visited Llandaff, where has existed a cathedral since about 170 A.D. Certainly, it is the oldest see in the British Isles except that of Sodor and Man. There are no remains of the original church, but a very great deal of the present structure consists of the remains of the one that followed it, viz., that erected by Urban, the first bishop appointed by the Normans. It has several times been extended and restored. The western towers are of the date of 1485, one of them being the gift of Jasper Tudor, uncle of Henry VII. Subsequently it was so neglected that in 1575 it was almost a ruin, much helped to that state by the Parliamentarian soldiers. In 1732, a building for worship was erected inside the walls, but it was never completed. In 1835 the spirit of revival was aroused in Wales and some years later, Bishop Ollivant was installed, and from that time on he never rested until it was restored to its present completed and beautiful condition. It is now one of the finest buildings and most beautifully fitted of any in the western part of the kingdom. The present vicar, Rev. J. R. Buckley, D.D., most kindly showed me over the building, pointing out its numerous points of interest.

I also visited Cardiff and inspected the fine old castle dating back prior to the Roman invasion, and which they strengthened and added to considerably. Portions of these older buildings have been restored to their former condition by the owner, the Marquis of Bute. In Cardiff, also, a very handsome block of buildings has been erected at immense expense for the housing of the business departments of the city which was opened by H.M. King Edward VII. in 1907.

At Penarth the first Marconi wireless telegraphic apparatus was erected as an experiment and was made to communicate with the Flat Holme Island, lying off Penarth Head at a distance of about six miles.

I trust that I have kept up the interest of my readers to the present time and that it may be profitable to them. If so I am well repaid. Let me conclude with the words of "the Preacher" in Ecclesiastes xii and ix:—

"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: "Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man." "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest." "I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise,, nor yet riches to the men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all."

THE END.

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